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# HOME SERVICE ;

OR,

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE,

AT

OUT AND HEAD QUARTERS.

BY

BENSON EARLE HILL,

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARTILLERY OFFICER."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1839.

442.



**LONDON :**  
**F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPEST STREET, HAYMARKET.**

TO GEORGE RAYMOND, ESQ.

---

Dear Friend !

You were one of my youth's gay acquaintance, on whose fidelity I had no claim.

Never did I possess the power of serving *you*, who have not needed the good offices which I should have felt every inclination to pay.

Standing the tests of time, absence, changed fortunes, *you* did not forget me, among your many more prosperous admirers ; but have invariably *proved* your zeal for my interests, your sympathy with my feelings.

I took you for a " bright summer flutterer "— you have been constant as the Robin, through frost and storm.

My natural mistake did you injustice, but I appreciate you now ; and confess the wisdom of those who selected, as an emblem of imperishable spirit, a creature stingless, soaring, devoted to the Beautiful, therefore inevitably a type of Truth.

With unflattering brotherhood of heart I inscribe to you these trivial fond records of our lang syne, wishing you many years of such happiness as you have oft bestowed on

Your ever grateful,

BENSON EARLE HILL.

Brompton,  
February, 1839.

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# HOME SERVICE.

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## CHAPTER I.

THANKS TO MY PATRONS—HOME—WARDE—LITERARY SMITHS  
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INTENDED RETRIBUTION—HANGED EXECUTIONER—A RISE  
IN THE WORLD—GENOA—THE STRANDED REEFER—THE HEAD  
OF THE EAGLES—NAPOLEON'S CHIN—MADDENING MEMORY—  
SHAKING THE POPEDOM.

WHEN first I ventured on the arduous character of Captain Plume, I knew not how I might pass muster at the reviews ; but, accustomed to run the risk of being cut up, I marched forward ; and now proceed, at the encouraging order of that ornament to the service, General Reader, who has already armed the “ Artillery Officer ” against defeat.

Seriously, in publishing my Recollections, I was resigned, in humble sincerity, to be decided by their fate, as to whether or no I should ever put forth a second series.

Honestly avowing my surprise at the praises bestowed on my first light sketches, by so many

a competent judge, whose personal acquaintance I do not enjoy, I assure those who have emboldened me to write on that they have also prompted me to *improve*; and, though the following scenes are neither warlike nor foreign, like their forerunners, I trust they will, for those very reasons, prove more full of *life*, and come more nearly *home* to the tastes and feelings of my countrymen.

Returning to England, from the Army of Occupation, in the spring of 1816, leave of absence had been granted me without hesitation, in consideration of my having been so long employed on active service. I hastened to rejoin my family in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

How eagerly did they listen to all my "moving accidents by flood and field!" and, though I had no crutch to shoulder, I did my possible to show how fields were won. Had my faithful Turner accompanied me home, I have little doubt that, with his aid, some miniature fortifications would have arisen in the garden, though I question if his matter-of-fact notions would have converted a pair of jack-boots into mortars, as so skilfully managed by that prince of military valets, James Butler.

Very few days had elapsed when our fireside party was increased by the visit of my friend

Prescott, by this time well known under the *nomme de théâtre* of Warde. Our meeting was of the most cordial character, and I was enabled to afford him news of his mother, having repeatedly visited her in Brussels. Warde impressed upon me how anxious he was that I should witness his performance, assuring me that I should perceive a considerable improvement since the days of our school-play. I embraced the earliest occasion of attending the theatre, and received great gratification from the talent he evinced, and the vast popularity he had obtained. He certainly held out to his friends at that time the promise of one day reaching the highest station in his profession.

I was glad, by way of respite from the relation of my adventures, so constantly required by my family, to occupy their attention by reading to them. Numerous works of sterling merit and absorbing interest had appeared during my absence from England, and a selection from these served to beguile many an evening.

Amongst the books brought from Shircliffe's library, were two written by Brooke and Orton Smith, (brothers), and equal in knowledge of character to any production of their namesakes, James and Horace. I should, perhaps, be disposed to lay down a book, bearing as its author's name a John, Thomas, or Daniel Smith, but

eagerly peruse it, if I perceive that two of the family, with more promising appellations, had been concerned in it; the Smiths are, undoubtedly, most to be admired when they run in couples.

“Confound it, George!” said I to a younger brother of mine, “do leave off that eternal allusion of your’s, ‘When I was up the Mediterranean;’ it reminds me of an old purser I once had the misfortune of being condemned to meet every day for some weeks, who made it a point to prelude his tiresome relations with, ‘When I was in the Arches of Peligo.’ Do, my dear fellow, favour me now and then with some adventure unconnected with the everlasting Mediterranean.”

“Considering the spell I had of it, I think ’t is very natural I should talk about places and people I saw whilst I was up the ——.”

“There you go up, up, up! Well, I find it’s of no use; so to prevent my being bored to death, I shall leave you to yourself, and try to forget that such a sea exists, by ascertaining how Leigh Woods and St. Vincent’s Rocks look ’neath the moonlight.”

Saying this, I drew on my gloves, took my hat and stick, and was about to go forth in search of the picturesque, preferring the English scenes, of whose beauties I could have “ocular proof,” to

the "foreign wonders" known but by hearsay. This might be a very unclassical taste; but, be it remembered, that a reefer's prosings may disenchant the most attractive theme. A lady bard, of course, may reiterate her praises on the "Mediterranean sea of blue," *ad libitum, ad infinitum*, and never once cry, *Have patience, good people!* A knock at the door arrested my intention.

"Now who the deuce can this be? Eight o'clock in the evening is no hour for paying visits; and *I* know no one who would think of intruding unasked."

"I expect an old shipmate of mine," replied George. "I asked him to come and take a glass of grog with me, and talk over old times, when we were both up the ——."

"Two from *up* that accursed sea!" cried I. "Human fortitude could not endure such an infliction. Moonlight and solitude for me!"

The servant announced Lieutenant Luce; and instead of a marine monster which I had anticipated, he proved a school-fellow whom I had not seen for years, whose ingenuous appearance was any thing but unprepossessing. After heartily shaking the proffered hand of my brother, he turned to me, and, with a slight reserve in his manner, said:—

"I suppose you hardly recollect me. I was



but a very little chap when you left home for the army."

I hastened to assure him of my perfect remembrance, and anxiously inquired for his elder brother, Tom, who had been my chosen associate and constant playmate. The very name of my dear companion brought back so many recollections, that I felt I should be paying the memory of lang syne but an ill compliment in quitting the house whilst the brother of my friend paid it a visit ; so, putting my Bicknell and ground-ash in a corner, I resolved to stay at home, and do my possible to make the young sailor welcome. Wine was produced, but grog was to be the order of the night, consequently—

" Whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum,  
And baccy (to) puff away,"

were paraded. It was evident that my observation had somewhat cowed Master George, for Portsdown Fair, the Blue Posts, Gosport Theatre, Ivy Bridge, Lisbon, and Cadiz, were the subjects that occupied these blue jackets ; at last Gibraltar was named.

" Now," thought I, " they touch the verge of all I hate : if once they pass the Rock I'm a lost man !"

It *was* passed ; for, after seeing his messmate's

glass supplied, and replenishing his own tumbler, my brother began thus :—

“Do you remember, William, the time that Admiral Pickmore sent me ashore at Minorca, to do duty as signal midshipman on the heights above Port Mahon? I must tell you what happened to me there. You need n’t fidget, Benson, you’ve never heard it.”

I lit a fresh cigar, leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to my fate.

“The small party I had under my charge,” continued George, “occupied the house of a good-hearted native, whose principal support depended on the sale of his muttons; whether for meat or wool I do n’t remember, but I believe he disposed of both. I happened to be a great favourite of the old man’s, and many’s the glass of grog I have given him, in return for vegetables, and other things much more to my mind than the *aqua denta* our purser served us out for rum. One day the old Minorquen came to me with a long face, and, in a most doleful strain, told me that a fine young lamb, worth Lord knows how many dollars, had been carried off by a vulture, that lived in a large hole half way down the rock, and this was not the first time he had been so plundered. Compassionating the poor fellow’s tears, I asked if we couldn’t manage to destroy

this enemy of his ; he shook his head, and lamented the utter impossibility of catching the thief, or of killing him, as we were strictly forbidden to use fire-arms, unless for the purpose of alarm.

“One of my men coming up at the time, and seeing the *Senhor's* distress, I held a palaver with him on the subject ; he stated that the only chance there was of doing any good was watching the old birds' flight from their hiding-place, then descending by means of rope to the cave, and killing the young ones, which would perhaps have the effect of driving the parents from their present quarters.

“But this descent was not so easily managed, as the rock receded from the crest to the base nearly at an angle of twenty-two and a half ; so that when you were opposite the mouth of the cave, you were many feet from the entrance ; in short, the thing was deemed so dangerous and difficult that the consultation ended in my man's saying—

“‘Take my advice, Mr. George, don't you have nothing at all to do with it ; if the old Spaniard wants to kill the creturs, why—let him do it himself: he'll never catch 'em alive, if he had Lot's wife at hand to break up and throw at their tails.’

“All that night I thought of nothing but de-

stroying these formidable sheep-stealers, and my morning's resolution was that, at all events, I would make the attempt. Fearing opposition on the part of my countryman, I determined to let the old farmer into my secret. Tom Norton was to go down to Port Mahon next day for provisions, and I determined to take advantage of his absence for my descent.

"I provided myself with a cutlass, a large canvass biscuit-bag, to bag my birds if I took them, and a longish pole; there were plenty of serviceable ropes about the signal-house, so, selecting one thick enough for the purpose, I accompanied the owner of the lambs to the point of rock just over the cave, which I had often seen when laying off; giving him directions how to lower out the rope gradually from the place I had lashed it to, I got astride the noose I had made for my crutch, and slipped off the top of the rock as quietly as possible.

"I had calculated the number of fathoms I should want served out, and, after an easy descent, found myself opposite the abode of the vultures; true enough, I was at least fifteen feet from it, and to get inside it, for I saw it was large enough to hold half-a-dozen fellows, I began gently swinging backwards and forwards, 'fending myself off with the pole till I had got swing

ome fresh lamb-chops for breakfast.

I approached them they set up a lou  
and the strongest began to show fight.

a douse over the head, which laid hi  
eam-ends; the other brute seemed qui

so I clapped him at once into my sac

a cutlass in hand, lest the old cock or ho

ome home, launched myself out of th

ieves. As soon as the rope hung straigh

a good strong shake, as a signal to l

up; finding that no notice was take

ed it; still there I hung midway betwee

sky, expecting every moment to see th

return, who would soon have heard th

eir young one, for my friend in the ba

loudly enough. Minutes rolled on, an

most trifling movement of the rope.

began to grow alarmed."

med!" said I; "why your bare d

has turned me cold - but go on for nity

so I may doubly call it. In vain I tried to surmise the cause of my being thus neglected, in vain I sung out as loud as my lungs would permit, all to no purpose. I hav' n't the power of description to relate half what I suffered. I tried to sing, then I prayed, then I cursed and swore, and vowed to thrash the old shepherd well as soon as I got up. 'But, shall I ever get up,' thought I; 'nobody knows where I am but the Senhor; perhaps he thinks that, if I hang here, the vultures will prefer my flesh to his mutton, and he will save his stock whilst there is a morsel of skin on my bones.' "

"A very consoling contemplation, truly!" remarked Luce, whilst George took a swig at his grog.

"At last my brain became bewildered, and I felt more than half disposed to end the insufferable anxiety I endured by freeing myself from the noose, and falling into the sea; nay, I even tried to disengage one leg, preparatory to my plunge, but my limbs had become benumbed, and that strange pain, arising from checked circulation, prevented my carrying my rash purpose into execution.

"Despair had utterly seized me, when, of a sudden, I found myself moving upward at an almost imperceptible rate; in a few minutes my

progress was much quickened, and, as I neared the rock, it was so rapid that I closed my eyes to prevent my quitting my hold from dizziness; the sound of human voices soon recalled me to my senses.

“‘Look out, Master George, and mind how you land! Don’t leave go the rope till you’re high and dry.’

“I obeyed, took a firm grip of the shelving rock, and, by dint of some exertion, soon found myself sprawling on the turf that crowned its crest. Tom Norton lifted me on my feet, and let fly a volley of angry words at the rash act I had committed, the dangers attending such fool-hardy practices, and the insufficiency of the cause to the undertaking.

“‘My precious eyes!’ he exclaimed; ‘so, because that there old son of a Turk, that José, had lost some of his flock, you must run the risk of your life, you d—d young green-horn, to go and kill the birds, eh? a pretty to do, by——! Now I should like to know what the Admiral would have said to me, if you had been capsized, tail over tip, into the Mediterranean! I should never have heard the last of the jobation, for although, young gentleman, I’m under your command here, you must know that you are under my *care*, and a precious rumpus there would

have been aboard the flag-ship, if you had lost the number of your mess while I had the charge of you. Don't stand snivelling there, Don José, but go and ax pardon for having sent Master George on such a fool's errand.'

"Hearing this, the old man rushed at me, caught me in his arms, and lavished numerous kisses upon my cheeks, his close contact nearly depriving me of breath, from the fumes of garlic with which his attempts to call upon the saints were accompanied. As soon as I could get clear of his clutches, I begged to know why he had suffered me to remain pendent so long; he attempted to explain, but his anxiety and agitation prevented my clearly understanding what he said.

"'Haul in your slack, *Senhor*,' said Tom; 'look here, youngster, this will show you why he couldn't bouse you up again; you see your swinging backward and forward upon this rope, strained taut over a sharpish bit of rock, has cut it through all but a couple of strands; and as soon as the old chap saw the ticklish state of the line, he dared not pull at it, for fear that, in so doing, you might have given him the slip. All he could do was to sit down and cry, and call upon the Santissima Trinadada—not that I believe the old beggar ever had his foot aboard that craft



in his life; and there I found him, when I come up from Port Mahon, beating his breast, and counting his beads, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks as big as red cabbages for pickling! So, to get you out of your quandary, I laid myself down flat upon the ground, and worked myself close to the edge, old Spit-to-windward there holding on by my legs. I took a round turn of the rope, below where it was cut, upon my arm, and then he hauled me in, till I could have a fair pull upon the sound part, and here you are as safe as a diamond in cotton.' " \*

Here George took breath, and I could not but say — " I'll forgive all your past transgressions touching the Mediterranean; this story of your's has made ample amends."

" Avast!" cried the narrator; " I hav'n't quite done yet. By Jove, what Tom said was true enough, and my escape was marvellous; but I mollified the honest fellow's anger, when I produced my prize. After admiring the bird, he hastened to supply it with some undressed fresh beef, saying, ' You see, young gentleman, 'tis the nature of them varmint to take their dinners without troubling the cabouse.' The young vul-

\* There is another story of vulture-catching extant, but in it the adventurous dangler nearly separates his own rope with his own cutlass, and, in terror at that perilous accident, becomes suddenly so gray, that he can never again sport his own hair.

ture grew up into a very fine bird, became much attached to me, and, when I was ordered home on sick leave, I gave him, not a very inappropriate present, to Sir Thomas Lewis, who commanded the L'Aigle frigate." \*

"Well done, messmate," said Luce; "that yarn of your's deserves an extra allowance, so help yourself and pass the Jamaica; and I'll tell ye a spree I had at Genoa, that is, if the soger officer isn't tired of our jaw."

"By no means," I replied; "besides, it would never do to let the reefer have all the talk to himself."

"Did you go ashore at Marseilles, George?" he commenced.

"No, I lost my chance; our ship was sent to Malta to take in troops."

"Beautiful place that Marseilles, by Jupiter! I was ashore often; then we went to Genoa, and such a shindy as there was the day the English soldiers took possession of the town, I do think never was equalled. All the blackguards of the place were up in arms to receive us, such hurraing, such *viva-ing*, and *à bas l'Empereur-ing*! My

\* I have often remarked that sailors scorn to be precise in naming ships of French christening, and have constantly heard *the* L'Orient, *the* L'Etoile, *the* L'Ixion, and *the* L'Ardent, thus prefixed by a plurality of articles.

Captain landed to communicate with the Commanding Officer, and he had ordered me and four or five hands from the barge to keep in his wake ; well, just as we were crossing the square, such a hallaballoo was sung out by some of the natives, that I thought all the devils in H—— were out for a holiday. We followed the chaps into the *Masongvil*, as they call their Guildhall in foreign parts, and swamp my old shoes ! if they didn't climb up to the place where the Judge or Mayor was in the habit of sitting, and knock a marble head of poor Boney right off his perch ; down he came by the long run, and the scoundrels set up a yell enough to wake a deaf man.

“ Most of 'em had sticks or clubs in their hands, and to work they were going, to break Mr. Nap's head into bits, when one of our Captains got astride of it, and by dint of a bit of bully, and throwing a handful of francs amongst the ragamuffins, carried his point ; two of our lads, I think 'twas Bill Simmons and Joe Baber, helped him to secure the great man's nob, and shove off with it ; the rascally turn-coat Genoese had given their Emperor a sliver over his chin, and spoiled the geometry of the face, and so, as a memento of the row, I picked up the bits, and I have 'em safe enough in my chest to this day.”

In a moment a recollection rushed across me.

During my sojourn in Portsmouth, in 1814, I had enjoyed an intimacy with Captain Madden, and his charming family. Calling one morning, I found the Captain busily employed in placing a magnificent marble bust of Napoleon upon a pedestal of *scagliola*, which had been constructed for the express purpose. As soon as the head was fixed upon its new stand, I was requested to give my opinion of it as a work of art, and could not but speak in terms of the highest admiration, mingled with regret that a small portion of the chin had been knocked off. In reply to my question of how such accident had occurred, I heard from Captain Madden a more polished version of the story just related by the young Lieutenant. "Do you value these fragments very highly?" I demanded.

"Why, d'ye see, I've kept 'em by a good while, and I shouldn't like to part with them,"—then with the natural generosity of a sailor, he added, "except it was to oblige a friend, then I wouldn't mind—but they can be of no value to anybody but me."

I recounted what I have above stated, and my good-humoured friend not only promised that the fragments should be given to the owner of the bust, but, as he was going to Portsmouth in the course of a few days, he would take care to deliver them himself and see if they fitted.

I have every reason to believe that the broken chin of the Emperor was restored, after being "absent without-leave" for six years.

This *par paranthèse*—to return.

Luce had reminded me of an anecdote.

"Ha," I said, "the effigies of mere conquerors might have felt resigned to rough familiarities, then and there, could they have been conscious of what befell Italy's most sacred individual in *propria persona*."

"D'ye mean in Genoa?" asked George.

"Yes, that's the English of it."

"I thought so; then do tell us, pray; let us have your share."

"Well, my story is short, but true. 'The *Pius* Pope, after escaping from the persecutions of his own children — I mean professors of his creed — signified his liberal and tolerant will and power to throw himself on the protection of our Protestant compatriots at Genoa. As soon as the when and by which road was known, the senior British officer of the garrison ordered a guard of honour to be in readiness, and, accompanied by a bevy of field and staff officers, rode out to receive the holy father. A French lady exclaimed, '*Le moine va voir son Papa*.' I don't know if you two have French enough about ye to be aware that one *so* named ought to be *au fait* at all monastic etiquettes.

It so happened, however, that Colonel L——, spite of his Norman origin, was a thorough John Bull; brave, kind, and gay, with ‘no nonsense about him.’

“As soon as Pius saw our military coming to welcome him, it is to be presumed that a struggle commenced in his breast, between gratitude and prejudice. He looked, we may suppose, with great respect at his own foot, all true Roman Catholics, he knew, would be but too blessed in kissing it. Yet, should he deign to put it forth, for the salute of heretic lips, it was just possible that they might not duly appreciate the designed condescension. He wished to conciliate the English by some act of grace unexampled in Popish annals; he would reduce himself to a level with the King of England—’twas a sacrifice, but he *would* hang out his ungloved hand for the reverent touch of the noble commander approaching him. He did so. Jack L—— galloped to the carriage—he had not the excuse of Swift’s hero for not ‘taking off his hat,’ had he chanced to think such a ceremony at all needful; but, at the sight of that benevolent venerable face, our Colonel grasped the Pope’s pale withered fingers, and *shook* them heartily, as he all but shouted in English—

“‘How d’ye do, my dear old gentleman? very

glad to see you! welcome to Genoa! You've been damned ill-used; but never mind! we'll take care of you, we'll make you jolly and comfortable. God bless your old heart!

"And all this while was he shaking and squeezing the hand of his Holiness the Pope; nay, what is stranger still, Pius, who understood a little of our language, was not at all offended."

"Why should he?" asked George, simply; "he was the obliged party, and I'm sure, if the Colonel had been his own son, he couldn't have treated him more respectfully."

"But, my dear fellow, the Pope!—a heretic even to touch the end of his little finger——"

"Much pleasanter than his great toe."

In short, it was in vain that I urged the piquancy of, my tale, the dignity of a Pope's little finger — I could not make these sailors *see the point!*

Before bidding his old shipmate good night, the lieutenant expressed his hope that ere long they might be afloat together; and did not appear to be in any way gratified when my brother told him that he intended to change the colour of his cloth, and turn "soger officer."

## CHAPTER II.

LONDON LIONS — BREACH OF TACT — CREDULITY — WOOLWICH —  
BARLOW — DAIRY OF CAMELS — PUN FROM THE PYRAMIDS —  
THE ROYAL BRIDE — SHORNCLIFFE — LAWLESS ORNITHOLOGY  
— A GAY PROPOSAL — DOVER — THE SHAFT — COLONEL FORD'S  
ROAD — MILITARY EXPEDITION.

THAT George might know something of his intended profession, I invited him to pass some time with me in barracks, and, that we might see a few sights of London on our way, left home the middle of June.

Of course the theatres were our great objects of attraction. The divine O'Neil was then in her zenith of popularity, and Belvidera, as performed by her, could not fail to make impression on hearts so young as our's. We were also among the hundreds who vainly essayed to effect an entrance to the Panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, upon the anniversary of that day of glory. Soon afterwards, however, we were more fortunate; and, although the details of the fight were very confusedly represented, the fidelity with



which the field<sup>4</sup> and its surrounding landscape were depicted reflected great credit upon the artist. Some of the portraits, too, were strikingly like; especially that of the gallant Sir Felton Harvey.

To avoid the expense of living at an hotel, I had persuaded a friend of mine to suffer us to join his family as boarders. He had lost a leg in the naval service, and now held office at Somerset House. I remember being somewhat annoyed at a solecism which my brother committed. Returning from a long walk, and being too tired to ascend to his bed-room, he, with the utmost gravity, asked our excellent host if he could accommodate him with a "*pair* of slippers."

"Would to God I could!" he ejaculated, and thrust forward the wooden evidence of his incapacity so to oblige.

A brother clerk of T——'s was our fellow boarder; this person, from his official duties requiring his presence at an early hour, (for London) did not indulge himself with a glimpse even of the two or three newspapers usually found on our breakfast table; but, whilst taking his tea, muffin, egg, or what not, would ask me if there was any thing new stirring. On one occasion, not having observed any subject worthy of detailing, I drew upon my invention for the first

improbability that presented itself, and appeared to read the astounding intelligence from the pages of the journal. I saw that my good friend swallowed my information with as much ease as he did his hyson, and expected that he would not apply to me again when he detected the silly trick I had played him.

What then was my surprize when, as seated over our wine, he seriously related, upon the authority of a man high in power, who had visited his office in the course of the morning, the identical fabrication I dished up at breakfast, but with minute details attached, that proved his inventive powers far superior to my own. It was impossible to resist the pleasure of repeating this innocent hoax upon my too credulous hearer, and, strange to say, the more improbable the fiction I gave him in the morning, the more astounding the particulars with which he would garnish my tale in the evening; sometimes, however, so entirely altering its main point as to place me in danger of betraying myself by laughter. One instance of this kind shall suffice.

“Nothing new stirring, my dear sir?” the unvarying question.

“Why, no, unless there be any truth in the report that, in order to humour the mob, the statue of Charles I. is to be removed from Char-

ing Cross, and that of George Washington erected in its place."

"Washington!" repeated the newsmonger, "I forget who he was."

"The great American general, and republican president," said I.

"Oh, true, to be sure, King Charles to be taken down, to make room for him? a very suspicious rumour, indeed, Captain."

"Ah, but it may not be authentic——"

"That we shall soon know. Good morning, sir."

At dinner this gentleman appeared thoughtful, and, on being asked the cause, replied—

"Really, sir, I heard something just before I left my desk—and from a Tory — by no means a *croaker* by nature — you understand — excuse my punning ! I was astonished — You who have victoriously fought against the Yankees will be outrageous, sir—orders are issued from certain quarters—to humour brother Jonathan by immediately pulling down Charles II. in Leicester Square, and, in his stead, putting up an effigy of General Wolfe !"

This was a glorious perversion of the author's meaning — certes, though one of those who, according to the proverb, "should have good memories," my apocryphal acquaintance's confusion

of materials was a vast improvement on the art of playing the *lyre*.

Six years had flown since I had left Woolwich, and I devoted a day to the purpose of paying it a visit. Many familiar faces were there to greet me, and amongst them one who had been unremitting in his attentions to me when I first joined the regiment. With what mingled sensations do I record the name of Edward Barlow ! how my eyes fill, and my heart beats, at thy recollection—dear lost friend ! But I have no right to anticipate.

Barlow, with his usual hospitality, invited me to his table ; it was his wont to absent himself, now and then, from the mess, and surround himself, in his well furnished quarters, by two or three congenial souls, who were sure of partaking of fare the most *récherché*, for he was a gastronome of first-rate calibre, and a gourmand of no mean capacity. The creature comforts did not, however, constitute his all of wealth ; an extensive library of valuable and rare books, a museum of natural curiosities, of considerable pretension, and numerous folios of engravings, embracing a complete set of the works of Gilray, were sources of amusement both to himself and his visitors.

He was, indeed, a man of weight, standing six-foot-four in his shoes, of just proportions, and

weighing then about five-and-twenty stone. He was one to whom every body must look up, and nobody could call a slight acquaintance; yet he was graceful and active, both as an equestrian and a dancer. He was blest with a sharp and ready wit, and launched forth his jokes against friends or foes with the same gusto.

Amongst those whom he had invited to meet me was a surgeon of our's, whose irritability of temper had been constantly and kindly lectured by Barlow. In the course of our wine-and-walnut chat, the Doctor, speaking of the sufferings our poor fellows had endured in Egypt, from the want of pure water, added that *he* had escaped the misery attendant on severe thirst, by a very simple expedient.

"Taking advantage," said he, "of some milch camels, employed to carry the hospital stores, every morning of my life I obliged my damned lazy rascal of a servant to make whey for me."

"Egad," said Barlow, "whether at home or abroad, I never saw a servant of your's who was *not* obliged to make *way* for you!"

The evening previous to our departure for the coast, we visited Covent Garden, with the double inducement of seeing the Princess Charlotte, and Mrs. Siddons; the latter performing Queen Catherine, at the express desire of her Royal

Highness ; as it was generally believed that this surpassing actress would not again grace the stage, I hope I may escape the charge of disloyalty when I say that she was to me an object of far greater interest than England's Hope. Both the Kembles performed in Henry VIII. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the audience on this splendid night, nor can I omit to mention that, on the Lord Chamberlain's repeating the lines craftily introduced by the Poet, in honour of his Royal Mistress,

"and who knows yet,  
" But from this lady may proceed a gem,  
" To lighten all this Isle ?"

the plaudits were most vehement ; the Princess, then supposed to be in a hopeful way, instead of shrinking abashed at this passage, rose from her seat, and acknowledged the application of the text to herself, by two or three very gracious, but very ungraceful courtesies.

I duly attended muster at Shorncliffe, the first of July ; after which ceremony I strolled down to Sandgate, to see if any changes had occurred in its appearance since I had left it, two years before. A few more fishermen's huts had arisen, and some girls, whom I had last seen in pinafores, now bloomed forth in early womanhood. Many of my old acquaintance, in the Rifle Brigade,

were stationed at the barracks. I also found that my kind and veracious friend, Mr. Wellwood, was in the enjoyment of perfect health, and as much devoted to his favourite branch of Toxopholitism as ever.

The re-occupation of my old quarters, the very room I formerly held, produced a strange sensation ; an almost belief that the events which had occurred since I quitted it were but those of a dream. Not a single change of any feature, either in the landscape or the building, had occurred to mark my absence ; there stood the martello towers, there grazed the sheep. I would not prosify this visionary mood by wondering if they were the *same* I had left behind ; they might have been so, with no disparagement to the tenderness of their mutton. There walked the old lame shepherd, who could tell you the history of every regiment that had occupied the barracks since their construction, and, at the same hour as of yore, passed by farmer Jefferies to his club at Folkstone, where he diurnally expended fourpence, and returned to his house, under Cæsar's camp. Sometimes I could hardly persuade myself that I had twice crossed the vast Atlantic, visited fair France, dimly seen across the Straits from my windows, and lost, by the casualties of war, many a friend whose presence had once gladdened the walls by which I was environed.

I was standing one morning at my window, looking on the strange and beautiful variety of colours by which the sea was marked, as it lay before me, smooth as a polished mirror, when a fellow, in the ordinary dress of a fisherman, approached me, and said—

“If you’re in want of a few canaries, I’ve got some of the finest you ever looked on, both for colour and quality.”

“No, thank you, my friend, I’m not fond of caged birds.”

“May be, you’d prefer a piece of Gay’s?”

“Certainly,” thought I, “any one of the fables that make birds talk epigrams, rather than the actual noise of their wordless song. What do you know about Gay?” I asked.

“What do I know? I think I ought to know something, considering the hundreds that have passed through my hands; but do you let me show you some canaries!”

“You don’t mean to say you carry them about you?”

“Lord bless ’e, yes! only let me inside, and I’ll soon convince you of that.”

Without waiting for consent he entered my room, and my poetical bird-fancier *supposed*, produced from under his jacket a set of yellow handkerchiefs.



"There, I call them as pretty a lot of canaries as ever you see, and here," he added, drawing out another bundle from the opposite side, "are some Gays," meaning kerchiefs of various colours.

These were indeed "Counterband," as dear old Fawcett invariably pronounced the word, and, pretending to be shocked at this open defiance of the revenue laws, I told the man I never dealt with smugglers, desiring him to put away the tempting goods; this he did with reluctance, and, in a very off-hand manner, said —

"You've got a nice barrack up here, Muster. I was looking all over it a night or two ago. That's a tidyish bit of ground at the back with the high walls round it."

"Do you mean," said I, "the square in the rear? that is to be converted into a vegetable garden for the men."

"I wish you would let me be your tenant for a month or two. I'd pay you a pretty sight more money than ever you'll get for cabbages. I wouldn't mind giving at the rate of ten guineas a month, and take it just as it is."

"What possible use could you make of it?" said I, curious to know how he could realize enough to pay a rent so enormous.

"Why, bless your heart, those heaps of loose-

earth are just the thing for my purpose. I had a couple of hundred tubs buried there only last Friday week, and, if you'll let the ground to me, you shall never want either Moonshine, Bandanas, or any fancy dry goods from t'other side, as long as I'm your tenant."

"You must be a great fool, my friend, as well as a great rogue," I observed, "to make such a boast, and to think of such an offer to me. I thank you, however, for the information I have so strangely obtained, and will take care to have a sentry posted over that place, to prevent its being made the receptacle for smuggled goods. The sooner you leave the Cliff the better for you, as I shall inform the Preventive Service officers of your tricks before I dine. Never let me catch you selling canaries here again, or you will find yourself in Maidstone jail before you are aware of it."

The fellow, evidently alarmed at my serious manner, wisely withdrew.

In the middle of the month an unexpected order arrived for the removal of my company to Dover. Satisfied as I was with my present quarters, still, as I knew very little about the place of my destination, I was not sorry to have the prospect before me of exploring new scenes. The weather being intensely hot, we marched at an

early hour in the morning, and, after toiling up the precipitous hill beyond Folkestone, inhaled the fresh breezes from off the sea, which, like "the Doctor" in the West Indies, gave us renewed strength and animation.

By keeping close to the edge of the cliffs we reached Archcliffe Fort, without entering the town, at the eastern extremity of which this fort commanded extensive views of the harbour, and the small bay terminated by Shakspeare's Cliffe.

To my extreme gratification I found Colonel Ford, of whom I have made mention in my first series, still occupying his old quarters there. This gave me hopes of improving my acquaintance with him; they were soon realized, his well-known hospitality being constantly shown in my favour.

Amongst the wonders of Dover, which I had not seen on previous visits, was the Shaft, or triple staircase, forming a communication with the Heights, and entered from below by a long gallery, excavated in the base of the cliff. I lost no time in viewing this extraordinary specimen of military ingenuity, and was amply repaid for the labour attending its ascent, by the splendid view obtained from the summit. It will scarcely be believed, though I can vouch for the fact, that a butcher of Sandwich, for the trifling wager of

ten pounds, undertook to ride his pony up and down this corkscrew staircase, and won his bet, at the expense of the flaps of his coat, and the knees of his unmentionables, rubbed off in the undertaking. Had the poor animal made one false step the slayer of beeves would never have known when he reached the bottom.

A curious circumstance, connected with the construction of the range of barracks which I now saw for the first time, deserves mention.

During the threatened invasion, the number of troops assembled at Dover were far greater than the means of accommodation ; the inns and private houses were obliged to supply quarters at a great inconvenience ; to obviate this evil, the officers of the Barrack-board visited Dover, and fixed upon the site for some extensive buildings. Colonel Ford, as the commanding Engineer, was sent for, and asked, by the president of the board, how long it would be before the required erection could be commenced ; the first step towards it being the construction of a road from the citadel, where the bricks were deposited, to the spot agreed on.

Before answering this question, the Colonel wished to know if, as soon as the road was complete, the buildings were to proceed ; he was answered in the affirmative, and the majority of the

members agreeing that a month must perforce elapse ere the first brick could be laid, requested the Engineer to begin the work as soon after that period as possible. The Colonel bowed and withdrew.

On reaching his home an orderly was despatched, requiring the immediate attendance of the officers of the *Corps de Genie*. They assembled; but, before they were apprized of the duty on which they were about to be employed, were regaled with an excellent repast.

"Boys," said the Colonel, "we must work till night-fall, so take your dinners now, and then for the Heights!"

Before dark the line of the intended road was picketed out; at day-break the next morning a strong fatigue party were in full operation; by twelve o'clock P. M. the road was completed, and a train of carts, carrying bricks, seen upon it. The officers of the Barrack-board were astonished, and the zealous Colonel delighted at their surprise.

## CHAPTER III.

MAXWELL—THE IRISH REBELLION—AN INCIDENT IN NINETY EIGHT—AN UNJUST STEWARD—TREACHERY DEFEATED—L'ESPRIT DE BILLET—A CHRISTMAS LARDER—DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

PASSING through London, in November, I encountered my Portsmouth acquaintance, Major Maxwell; and, as there existed on my part rather a serious claim upon his purse for sums disbursed for his son and himself, I hoped that our accidental *rencontre* would lead to a settlement.

The fascinating Major appeared rejoiced at seeing me, gave me a pressing invitation to call upon him, and, without absolutely referring to such vulgar things as pounds, shillings, and pence, implied that he much wished for half an hour's conversation with me, on *business*; the last word, significantly emphasized, gave me positive hopes of repayment, and I agreed to call upon him the next day. I found him at home, living at a splendid house, in Manchester Street;

a lady was introduced as Mrs. Maxwell, who I knew had no right to that appellation. An elegantly served dinner, and some choice wine, spoke well for the state of finance, and I had little doubt but that he would be the first to broach the subject of our account current. The lady retired ; it was evident that now, left alone with me, *his* object was to talk on every subject but the one I most expected. France, Ireland, any place but Portsmouth was named, as recalling scenes in which he had been engaged. I shall select one out of the many stories which he told me, to beguile the evening, and ward off the dreaded theme.

During the Rebellion in Ireland, Major Maxwell was Brigade-Major to Lord Cavan. Long before the troubles began, his beautiful and elegant wife had joined him. No sooner did affairs assume a serious aspect, than she received an invitation to reside with the M'C——'s, a Protestant family, of great wealth and influence, possessing a seat near Derry. Mrs. Maxwell gladly availed herself of the comfort and protection thus proffered, whilst her husband was occupied in his military duties, which, day after day, became more arduous, from the reckless daring of the rebel forces.

A skirmish had taken place not far from the

town; the King's troops were the victors, and some twenty or thirty prisoners had been taken; these wretched and misguided men were brought in under a strong escort of yeomanry, and it was lamentable to observe the fierce passion and inveterate hate to their better regulated brethren that they exhibited. The groupe was principally composed of men in the very summer of their days, full of life and robust health, clothed in tatters, with feet unconscious of covering, lacerated in their late conflict, hasty retreat, and the march to which they had been forced to submit.

Amongst them was a lad, about eighteen years old, whose dress bespoke him of a more respectable class than his associates; his demeanour was also at variance with that of his fellows; instead of the air of insolent scorn with which they viewed their captors, he marched amongst them the very image of despair, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground, whilst his cheek, alternately deadly pale and flushed with the deepest crimson, gave evidence of the intense anguish he endured.

The prisoners were safely stowed, and the Major was on his way to Mr. M'C——'s, when suddenly his horse started at some object in the road. The shades of evening had fallen sufficiently to prevent his seeing the cause, but his



first impulse was to disengage a pistol from his holsters, and prepare for the worst.

“Och then, for the love of Jasus, don’t shoot, Major dear, but harken to what I have to say! There’s life and death upon it; ’tis not from meself that you’ll larn the truth, but from one dearer to me than me heart’s core. Och, Major, darling, did you obsarve the poor prisoners that the army brought in? did you notice one of them, the finest lad that ever blissed a fond mother’s eyes? and he now in jail, and the grief chokin me as I spake of it.”

Here the wretched mother burst into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands, with that impassioned air and mournful sound usual to the Irish in affliction. The Major, accustomed to hear such lamentations, oftentime from *hired* mourners, was about to ride on, when the woman, seizing the bridle, exclaimed,—

“Och then, turn your horse’s head towards Derry, make at once for the jail, and order Ned Farrell to be brought before you; but, for the love of the Saints, do it quietly; don’t let his comrades know that you have call to him, or his blood will flow by their hands, fettered though they be. My son it was who sent me after you. ‘Mother dear,’ says he, ‘would you risk a thrifle to save me?’ ‘Would I vally my own life or

salvation for your sake, Ned?" says I. 'Mighty well,' says he, 'and thank ye,—folly the Major—he may take you for an impostor, and if my party guessed your interfarence you'll not be safe; so have a care, and tell him *I* have that to say will be worth the while of his listening; but to no human soul save himself will I spake, and when the Orangeman's rope has been round me neck, why then it will be too late for the both of us.' 'Tis no lie I'm telling you, sir; take my advice, and ride back without delay!"

There was an earnestness in the woman's manner so intense that Maxwell yielded to her desire, and, in a short time, reached the prison. The lad he wished to see was easily distinguished from his fellows, and the officer of the guard arranged that he should be brought to the keeper's room without exciting the observation of the other prisoners. On entering the chamber he bowed to the Major, and, approaching him, said, in an under tone—

"I beg pardon, sir, for me bouldness, but before I spake on the business that brought you, we must be alone."

Maxwell signified the boy's wish to the officer and the gaoler — they retired. The moment the door was closed Ned began:—

"You've seen my mother?"

"I have."

"Her heart is breakin at the thought of my fate; 'tis more for her sake, nor my own, that I wish to have my life spared. If you will get Lord Cavan to grant me a free pardon, why then I'll tell you how to presarve them that is dearest to you from certain destruction, and a cruel death. Let me have his lordship's own haud and sale to it, and you'll bless the hour that you listened to me mother's entreaty — 'tis for you to chuse—save *my* life, and that of the unborn babe wid its lovely mother—let *me* hang, and they will soon fill a bloody grave."

Maxwell did not hesitate for a moment; leaving directions that Farrell should remain where he was till his return, he hastened to Lord Cavan, and speedily procured permission to make terms with the rebel.

The face of Farrell was pale, and his frame much agitated, on the re-entrance of the Major.

"Am I saved?" he eagerly demanded.

"Listen," said Maxwell; "if what you are about to communicate prove true, and is the means of preserving the lives of those to whom you have alluded, I have the guarantee of your pardon; but if you have invented any falsehood to mislead me, hanged you will be, as sure as that you were taken in arms against your rightful sovereign. So attempt not to deceive either

yourself or me ; upon your own words your life depends."

"Enough," said the prisoner. "You know O'Dwyer, butler to Mr. M'C——, at the big house?"

"I do."

"Mighty well, then — next Friday night, by the blessing—no, I don't mane that—next Friday night O'Dwyer intends to let in the boys, and I needn't say, if he does, not a living soul in the house will be saved. You may well stare, Major, but it's the truth I'm telling, as you'll know yourself, if you go cleverly to work. I have no more to say. Saturday morning I shall expect you with my release in your hand."

As soon as this brief conference was ended, the Major retraced his steps, and shortly reached his destination.

He cautiously apprized Mr. M'C—— of what he had so strangely learnt.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the listener ; " 'tis a vile fabrication. O'Dwyer has lived with me from childhood. I'd stake my life upon his honesty and affection."

"It will be easy to ascertain if he be the honest creature you suppose," said the Major ; "but in this affair I implore you to be guided by my advice, and suffer me to arrange matters

so as to be prepared for the threatened danger. Precautionary measures can do no harm."

Mr. M'C——, confident of his servant's devotion to him, yielded, at length, an unwilling consent.

On Friday, *the* Friday named by the captive, O'Dwyer was sent to Derry with a large sum of money, and directions to purchase such a variety of articles that the execution of his commissions must necessarily detain him till late in the day. As soon as he was gone, Maxwell contrived to get into the house, by small parties of two and three at a time, some twenty infantry soldiers; these were smuggled in, unseen by the servants or the family, and secreted in his wife's room; she being, with the exception of M'C——, the only person aware of the circumstances connected with such measures.

In the evening O'Dwyer returned, and handed over receipts for the various disbursements. This confirmed the confidence in his integrity which his kind-hearted master felt for him. After expressing his satisfaction at the punctuality and zeal displayed, Mr. M'C—— inquired of O'Dwyer if he had brought any news.

"Nothing, your honor, but the defate of the Croppies; the murdering theives have been beaten right and left, and the town jail is full of the vil-

lians; high hanging to the blackguards, saving your presence, your honor! Sure it's well that none of the vagybones ever took it into their heads to pay this house a visit."

"If they did, you would show fight in the good cause, would you not, O'Dwyer?" asked his master.

"'Pon my conscience then, sir," replied the butler, with an air of great simplicity, "Irish as I am, I was never too fond of fighting when I was young, and now it's pace I'm for entirely, for good ating has burdened my years with fat and laziness; but may be I could still be of use, comforting the misthress, and taking care of the darlints, not to spake of the friends staying with you. The heart of me you'd find *was* in the cause, tho' my arum may be waker nor it was years ago, master dear!"

The old gentleman poured him out a glass of wine, and O'Dwyer taking it, continued, "May the Madara choke me, sir, if I'd not lay down my life for the family!"

"I believe you, my good O'Dwyer," said his master; "and yet ——"

"And yet," interrupted the Major, perceiving that the incredulous M'C—— was on the point of recounting the accusation against his man; "and yet there can be no harm in our taking the

usual precautions ; so, finish your wine, get your supper, and don't sit up to let me out ; I mean to stay here to-night, as all appears likely to be quiet in town."

" 'Tis to be hoped, and in country too, Major. Good night, and sound rest to both your honors !" said O'Dwyer, as he retired.

For many years it had been the custom of the house for the butler to lock the hall-door, and retain possession of the key till morning. The mansion, in which the events I am endeavouring to record occurred, was an old-fashioned building, having a wide staircase, with spacious galleries, (or, as they are termed in Ireland, "lobbies,") communicating with the various floors.

On the first of these lobbies Maxwell had, a few minutes before midnight, quietly posted his small party of Infantry, so as to command the hall-door ; the men being directed to crouch behind the antique and massive balustrades. This had scarcely been effected, when O'Dwyer appeared, carrying a dark-lantern, the light of which enabled Maxwell to trace his every movement—he crept cautiously round the hall—listened—with stealthy pace he soon reached the door, and, ere he applied the key, shook his clenched hand with a threatening action in the direction of his master's sleeping apartment—the key was to the lock—Maxwell whispered—

"Up, men, and present !"

The door opened, and instantly a body of about thirty rebels rushed in with a hellish yell — they made their way towards the stair-foot.

"Now, lads, fire !"

The house shook with the volley. Screams, groans, curses, and the noise of retreating steps followed —

"Load, and be ready," said the Major ; "lights there !"

A man, left for the purpose, brought candles. Maxwell hastened down stairs, to ascertain the effect of the musketry, a reception the intruders very little expected. Four men lay dead, two were severely wounded ; the traitor O'Dwyer, who had been the chief contriver of this harm, had received a ball in his forehead ; the lantern which he carried serving to direct the aim by which he fell. Leaving half the soldiers in the hall, the Major led the others round the house and adjacent shrubberies, but the rest of the scoundrels had fled.

On his return, Maxwell found his wife and Mr. M'C ——— actively engaged in quieting the alarms of the family. In answer to M'C ———'s inquiry, as to the fate of the miscreant O'Dwyer, he led him to the spot where the body lay, the countenance awfully distorted. The kind-hearted



master burst into tears at the sight of his intended assassin, and, with more of mercy than justice, exclaimed :—

“ May the Lord, in his goodness, forgive you, O'Dwyer, for the evil you contemplated against your indulgent master !”

“ Rather thank Heaven, sir, that the villain has been overtaken in his treachery, and the lives of the innocent spared,” remarked Maxwell, somewhat irritated at the misplaced compassion of his host.

O'Dwyer's crime seemed, indeed, gratuitous ; for, though himself a Papist, he had never obtruded one difference of opinion on his heretic patron, and would certainly have gained less by plundering than by sparing the liberal Mr. M'C——.

The soldiers remained on the *qui vive* all night. The proper authorities visited the house the next day, and congratulated the family on their happy escape from so base and villanous an attack. The bodies were removed, and the house cleared from the stains of rebel blood.

Faithful to his promise, Maxwell hastened to the jail with the order for Farrell's release. The mother of the boy was seated on the pavement opposite the prison-door, and seeing the Major arrive, said to him :—

“ May the Heavens smile on you for evermore,

if 'tis my son you are going to give back to the widdy that's lonesome ; but, och ! lose no time in letting him out. I have a car beyant the town, and we must be many miles from this before night ; deep oaths are sworn to have the life of him that told the secret of last night's attack. Hurry, Major, and the blessings of the fond mother be on you !"

A few minutes sufficed to restore Ned Farrell to his doting parent, and Maxwell could not but applaud the intention of the woman to remove her son from the immediate scene of his conscientious breach of faith.

But Farrell was not destined to escape so easily from the hate of his late associates. In a lonely part of the road the car was beset by four ruffians, who, with their heavy bludgeons, beat the wretched lad till they felt assured his life was extinct. His poor mother, for many a long day, despaired of his recovery ; she had, by means of a trusty friend, informed Maxwell of her son's dangerous state. The M'C——s afforded the sufferer medical aid, and supplied his home with comforts during the tardy period of his convalescence. He arose from his sick bed a reformed man. Protected by the M'C——s against any future outrage from the vindictive savages he had defeated, Ned Farrell prospered, and the sight of

his honest thankful face was some atonement to his benefactor for the misery of having gazed on such a spectacle as that of the ingrate unprincipled miscreant O'Dwyer.

Thus ended the Major's story, and, interesting as it proved to me, I wish, for the credit of his cloth, he had evinced as much "punctuality" as conversational talent, but the Major did not like that paying back !

During a visit which I again paid to my family that winter, nothing of interest occurred, save the marriage of my friend Warde, and the accession of Mr. H. Kemble to our theatrical company. His wife was my old acquaintance, but, had she not been so, I should not then, never have lost an opportunity of paying whatever attentions lay in my power to any scion of that race, to which public talent and private worth alike attached me. The son of Stephen found my house his home ; he had been highly educated, and was, at that time, living very domestically. Uncongeniality of habits subsequently broke off our intimacy. But peace be with him !

As a proof what strange ideals of etiquette are formed by rural recluses, I must transcribe a brief lesson in the epistolatory style, which, about this period, reached me, from a romantic dowager ; the pink-edged, trophy-stamped, silky, per-

fumed, and motto-sealed *billet*, bore these lines, traced in a neat crow-quill hand—

“Mrs. W——, having a *presentiment* that Mr. Hill intends favouring her with a visit this day, announces that her hour for chocolate is from one till two.”

The desire of my sailor brother to turn soldier was gratified ; he purchased an Ensigncy, and left us to join his regiment at Fermoy.

Calling upon a friend at the Bush Tavern, towards the latter end of December, I could not but observe that its present proprietor was anxious to maintain the reputation which had for years been attached to the larder of this hotel. Excellent as the fare usually was throughout the year, at Christmas the house was so famed for its collection of luxuries as to attract the attention of hundreds for many miles round.

I am tempted here to relate an anecdote connected with its former landlord.

Jack Weeks was as good a man as ever sat behind a bar ; hospitable, charitable, patriotic ; and Christmas week was to him a period of pride and gratification. Satisfied that no similar establishment could exhibit such an array of “dainty dishes” as his, having thus amply catered for the rich, he turned his thoughts to the poor, and many an honest family blessed his

name, as the donor of their roast beef and plum-pudding.

On one of the returns of this festive season his head waiter, aware of his master's benevolence, informed him that he had more than once observed an elderly gentleman, who, from his dress and manner, he conjectured had seen better days, examine many of the eatables with a longing eye, and retire without saying a word. Weeks, happy at having a fresh opportunity of doing good, desired Thomas to be on the look-out for the stranger, and directed him how to act.

The next day, Thomas having kept vigilant watch, perceived the unknown, who was at the moment handling, with the air of a *connoisseur*, some very fine woodcocks; the old gentleman was respectfully invited to walk into the coffee-room, a basin of turtle was speedily placed before him, and Thomas said —

“ My master, sir, keeps open house at this time of year ; let me beg you will try if this soup is to your liking.”

After some little pause, he continued —

“ Mr. Weeks hopes you will not be offended, but he bids me to say, he should be very sorry if a respectable man, like you, had not a good dinner on Christmas-day; and you will do him a great favour by accepting this ;” and honest

Thomas insinuated a guinea into the hand of the stranger. He stared at so unexpected a proceeding, and, for a moment, his brow was clouded; but, speedily regaining his placidity, he said —

“Tell Mr. Weeks, with my compliments, that I duly appreciate his intended kindness; but I am not in want of a dinner or a guinea, as I shall be happy to prove to him, if he will favour me with a visit in London. I am easily found there — my name is Coutts.”

And the *Millionaire*, returning the proffered boon, with a guinea from his own purse, walked out of the room before the astonished waiter could muster any words of apology for the mistake of which he had been guilty.

## CHAPTER IV.

GENTLEMEN AMATEURS—THE ARAB GREEN-GROCER—A CRUEL  
TURK—IRISH ARGUMENT—POLITIC JUSTICE—CHARLTON  
PLACE—THE KING'S COUSIN—REHEARSAL—THE BUMPKINS  
—MASCULINE LANDLADY—PATRICIAN AUDIENCE—REFORM-  
ED COSTUMES—HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS—KELLY AND  
O'NEIL—A JEWEL OF A DRAMATIST—WEST AND LATHIERE  
—MAIDEN FEARS—CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

RETURNING to Dover, on the first of January, 1817, I found the walls of the town covered with placards, announcing that the manager of the theatre, Mr. Copeland, was about to have a benefit, under the patronage of some distinguished amateurs, who not only lent their interest on the occasion, but played for the worthy man.

My curiosity was excited, and, of course, I attended the representation, on the night in question. Maturin's tragedy of Bertram was selected for this display. The Robber Count was enacted by Mr. Foote, a gentleman of fortune, residing near Barham Downs, and devotedly attached to matters theatrical; he read the part with good

emphasis and discretion, but there was a sad want of ease in his action.

The Prior of St. Anselm was performed by an elderly gentleman, named Dilnot, whose appearance was to me superlatively ridiculous, from the fact that, failing to receive the imitated Tonsure necessary for the character, he had substituted a closely fitting Welch wig (the small curls of which were well powdered), resembling that worn by his Majesty's coachman on state days. On the whole, however, the performance gave satisfaction, not only to the audience, but the *Beneficier*, whose pockets were filled by the attraction of the night. In the course of the evening I was introduced to the first tragedian, and, on expressing a hope that he would repeat his performance, was requested to join the corps of amateurs, who made his house the scene of their theatrical exhibitions.

All the world assembled on the 7th, at a splendid ball given by Mr. Fector, the banker, which afforded me an opportunity of being made known to many of the resident and neighbouring gentry.

I have already alluded to the hospitality of my neighbour, Colonel Ford; it was from him I learnt what follows.

While serving in Egypt, he was one morning seated in his marquee, when he saw, drawing near, a miserable Arab, bestriding the hind-quarters of



an ass, which also carried a pair of large panniers, filled with garden esculents — acceptable, and somewhat rare commodities, at that time and place.

This purveyor of greens was jogging inoffensively along, looking out for purchasers, when his evil star sent him such a customer as he did not bargain for — a tall and powerful Turk, richly dressed, and armed to the teeth ; who, without a word, dragged him from his seat, kicked the panniers off their bearer, “ and spread his vegetable store ” upon the sand. Pressing as this hero’s temporary necessity for a steed might be, it was probable that he would not have tolerated one so mean, but for the pleasure of tyrannically usurping the goods of a powerless inferior ; yet, ere he had lifted his leg high enough to cross the animal, a dapper fellow, much below the ordinary size of soldiers, who had been cleaning his master’s belt close by, roared out—

“ What d’ye mane by dat, ye big blackguard ? How dar ye maltrate the Arawbian, in his lawful calling ? Let go his ass, or you’ll sup sorrow, my lad ! ”

The Mussulman, though he might not understand a word this champion of the injured poured forth ; could neither mistake nor relish the hostile looks and menacing gestures of little Jemmy

Mullhollan, to whom, however, he only vouchsafed the mute and dignified hint of laying his hand on his dagger.

"Och, you murtherin' thief! you mane that, do you?" cried Jemmy. "By all that's holy, I'll tache you manners!"

Then, springing upon the formidable persecutor, he wrenched the weapon from his hand, and flung it into the air.

"Hooroo!" shouted Jemmy, dancing with passion, and reiterating the wild exultant cry so frequently heard in an Irish *scrimmidge*.

The follower of Mahomet stood for a few moments utterly confounded by the suddenness and success of this attack; but, recovering his self-possession, prepared to draw a pistol from his girdle.

"Ye're there, are ye, ould muslin cap? Bad 'cess to ye, but I'll take the shine out of yez yet!" Saying this, Jemmy made a furious butt with his bull-head at the breast of the Moslem, which felled him to the earth, with "the boy" on top of him. As they rolled over each other in their prostrate scuffle, the active Hibernian absolutely abducted his foe's pistols. In drawing the second from the folds of the shawl, it went off, and alarmed the guard; some of whom hastening to the spot, secured the combatants.

Mullhollan, spite his narrow escape from ball and blade, was unhurt ; but the Turk had one eye " bunged-up ;" while, on his nose, the fist of Erin had performed a diametrically contrasted operation, broaching its claret, by which a handsome vest was liberally stained. This was a ready-made-out strong case of assault and battery. The suffering party, addressing an officer, who had been led to the scene of action, insisted on seeing the Commander-in-Chief, to make complaint of the rough usage by which he had been insulted.

The poor Irish lad was conveyed to the guard-house ; the Turk to Lord Hutchinson, on whom the command had devolved—

" When the brave Abercromby received his death-wound."

His lordship ordered the matter to be investigated ; and Captain Ford, in detailing what he had witnessed, dwelt with pleasure on the humane impulse of the little Irish fighting-cock. Still the malignant and the turbaned Turk demanded the life of the offender in expiation.

It was the policy of Lord Hutchinson to treat the Ottomans and Mamelukes, who still hung about our camp, with every mark of respect : peculiar circumstances would have rendered it dangerous to refuse even this request.

A drum-head court-martial was assembled ; Mullhollan's transgression fully proved ; he was ordered for instant execution. The sentence being made known to the belaboured and vindictive infidel, he seemed appeased, though his satisfaction was somewhat qualified when he heard that " the regulations of the British army would not permit persons of an opposite faith to *witness* a punishment."

In about an hour a strong detachment was seen marching towards the sand-hills, in the rear of the camp ; and, in the midst of this guard, the prisoner, who, to his honour be it spoken, seemed to bear his fate with extreme fortitude. As far as the soldiers would permit, the poor Arab followed on his donkey, wringing his hands, and wailing over this reward of his protector's brave good nature. Just ere Jemmy's escort turned this grateful creature back, the condemned man begged leave to speak with him—

"That is," added Jemmy, as his entreaty was granted, " to shake his brown hand, and pat his brown baste, in token that, if it war to do agin, I'd do that, and more, for an onlucky divil as couldn't help himself ; and I don't mind what's come of it, at all, my man ; so be aisy !"

The gallant bearing of the speaker reassured

the being to whose wrongs he was a victim, and they parted.

The appointed spot was soon gained ; the fatal volley fired. As it reached the ear of the maltreated Turk, he was seen to smile, and, with a heart full of gratified malice, hurried from the vicinity of the camp.

In a few minutes the soldiers returned ; when, in full regimentals, carrying his musket, and occupying the centre of the rear rank, *marched Jemmy Mullhollan !* who had lent himself to this exhibition of justice, and, for many a year after, would laugh over the story.

“ Shure I liked the fun of licking the long chap, and chating him after it. He was a bigger jackass than the ould cabbage-man’s own, if he thought my Lord would rob the sarvice of a lad like me, for all the Turks that ever wore whiskers. I tuk good care to keep shut of him ever after, for all that — as, if we had met, he’d have fallen out wid me for being alive, to a sartainty ; and the next shindy I had wid him, I might not have been let off so convanient. The Arawbian did twig me at last, and frightened enough he was ; but I tipped him summut handsom, not only to show I was no Fetch, but to make him hould his tongue.”

Before the month had elapsed I was favoured

by a call from Mr. Foote, who kindly invited me to visit him at my earliest leisure. I had seen him before under the disguise of theatrical costume, and was now much struck with his appearance. He was certainly a remarkably handsome man, of very polished manners; as graceful in private life as he was awkward upon the boards. I gladly accepted an invitation so flattering, and holding out a prospect of again enjoying my most favourite amusement.

Duty detained me from carrying my wishes into effect till the latter end of February, when, obtaining a few days' leave, I set off for Charlton Place. The lodge gates stood on the high Dover road, about midway across Barham Downs; an easy descent, through some fine young plantations, led to the house, which was a plain, old-fashioned mansion, with nothing remarkable in its architecture to attract attention. The grounds in its immediate neighbourhood were laid out in good taste, but the season was unfavourable, and no correct opinion could be formed of what the homestead must be in more genial weather.

I was cordially welcomed by my host, and speedily presented to his lady — a noble and elegant woman, with a somewhat reserved manner, but who speedily won all hearts by the fascinating dignity of her deportment. It was

impossible to be in the presence of Mrs. Foote, without feeling a deep respect for her, and this did not arise from the fact that, although the wife of a country gentleman, she was nearly related to the reigning family of England. Her mother's sister, the Countess of Waldegrave, having given her widowed hand to the Duke of Glo'ster, thus my fair hostess was second cousin to the Prince Regent.

After partaking of luncheon in the library, Mr. Foote led me to the portion of his house occasionally devoted to theatrical purposes; a more splendid room I have never entered; he had built this immense wing to the old mansion in order to support becomingly the office of High Sheriff of the county, which he had recently sustained, to the satisfaction of many, and the envy of more.

The newly erected drawing-room was of lofty proportions; the cornice, curtain ornaments, and carvings of the marble fire-places, exhibiting, most tastefully, that staple commodity of Kent, the picturesque hop. Ottomans occupied three sides of this spacious apartment, which was entered by a lofty and elaborately carved doorway; it was capable of containing four hundred people, and every way suitable for private theatricals.

The intended representation was, of course,

the all-absorbing subject of conversation. Two of the corps dramatique arrived, and were introduced to their new member; they were pressed to stay dinner, which invitation they gladly accepted, certain that, after a liberal allowance of wine, they should enjoy the happiness of a rehearsal; nor were they disappointed. The play proposed was "the Honey Moon," and, as the Duke, Duchess, Volante, Lampedo, Jaquez, and Balthazar, were assembled, several of the best scenes were gone through, to the infinite amusement of those concerned.

The next day a large party assembled, amongst whom were two officers of the Greys, whose names were highly appropriate to a cavalry regiment—Walker and Trotter.

I volunteered to paint a cottage scene for the comedy, which, on its completion, was much admired. Our Thespians having assembled in full force, a representation was given to about three hundred persons, consisting of the tenants, tradesmen, their families, and friends. The performance elicited vehement applause from many of the rustic spectators, the splendour of the Spanish dresses seemed to afford them more delight than the language of the author, and their applause was divided between "the Squire and Madam Foote," and Mr. Dilnot, who played the Hostess. The



feminine garb of this gentleman amused the clodpoles, who knew his sporting qualities, and the mincing gait he assumed strangely contrasted with the sturdy pace in which they were wont to see him perambulate his broad acres.

The farce of "Killing no Murder" failed to excite the risibility of the country-bred portion of the audience. It was cleverly acted, too, but they saw nothing to laugh at in Buskin or Belvi; they came prepared for some sanguinary piece of tragedy, like their favourite local drama of Arden of Feversham. All went well, however, and a capital supper was the crowning blessing, at which every man criticised his neighbour's portion of the night's performance, with much more satisfaction than he received the remarks bestowed upon his own exertions.

It is a fact established amongst actors and authors, that the second night's performance of a new play is invariably a heavy affair. The excitement attending a first representation has evaporated, the spirits are lowered in consequence, and the exertions of the performers seen to disadvantage. We amateurs knew nothing of this, and, regarding our first essay to the *bourgeoises* in the light of a drest rehearsal, determined to shine forth with redoubled splendour on the following evening, devoted to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood.

A brilliant assemblage congregated to witness our efforts ; the applause, though by no means so loud as on the preceding evening, was infinitely more judicious, and the clever farce of Hook's sent them to their carriages in the best possible humour. A very few of the guests remained after the performance, to partake of supper ; these were selected from the friends of the house, who would join in conversation almost exclusively devoted to theatrical matters.

Leaving Charlton Place, with my name regularly enrolled amongst its amateurs, I returned to Dover. A series of gay dinner-parties, given by the Magnates of the place, the Fectors, Lathams, Rices, Winthrops, Maules, *cum multis aliis*, occupied my evenings during the boisterous month of March. My leisure was devoted to the necessary preparations for receiving my sister Isabel as a visiter, and these being completed, I repaired to London to give her the meeting, and safe escort to her bachelor brother's quarters.

Independent of my rooted love of play-going, I had now the double inducement of gratifying my young charge. I hastened to show her the inside of my favourite temple of the Muses — Covent Garden. The play was Cymbeline. Young's Iachimo was a most finished representation. Booth enacted Posthumus. It was unlucky for

this handsome clever youth that he reminded us of a greater little man. The Keanites were ready to smother him in comparisons.

When Egerton said to the "princely boys"—

"Arise, my knights of battle!  
Ye shall be made companions with ourself,"

I could not forbear exclaiming "K. C. B." My party took this kindly. I repaid them by an assurance that the drama before us, as well as *Lear*, would soon be represented in correct costume; a plan at once instructive and economical. Each performer, male and female, instead of perspiring beneath finery, unknown to Albion's sons and daughters at those remote periods, would henceforth, like a true blue ancient Briton, exhibit an illuminated or emblazoned skin; with birds, serpents, and full moons, azure, devoted to appropriate portions of the human frame divine. This improvement would render *Cymbeline* a pleasant comedy for *warm* weather, and suit the taste of the spinster, who dubbed what are usually voted unmentionables, indispensable "superfluities."

*Robinson Crusoe* was the Easter-piece that year. Its scenery and dresses almost realized the dreams of boyhood. Grimaldi was Friday. Emery, another true genius, shone in it, too. Both are gone now!

Our stay in London being limited, I determined to devote each evening to some *salle de spectacle*; and, accordingly, we next repaired to Astley's. Ducrow, I remember, was a very graceful Demon, in steel armour; and the supernatural effect of his vanishing through a wall, with the rapidity of lightning, was actually terrible. I knew nothing of whalebone traps, then novelties by the way.

An unexpected but most welcome visiter was announced early one morning, and I had again the satisfaction of shaking hands with my Valenciennes friend, Colley Grattan. He was not then literary; that is, had not yet published, even as a poet, but blended a bashful humility, unusual to his countrymen, with a vast fund of Irish wit and originality. I can assert that Fame has reassured without spoiling him; he takes a joke as kindly as ever.

A fair share of talent and agreeability graced our little coterie. After the first-named, the Representative of Ireland, came he of Scotland, truly called by his country-woman Mrs. Moore, on the great haggis day in 1815, "that gude creature Trotter;" a fine creature, too, quoting Burns, and raving of his country's scenery. Then "St. George for merry England!" we had John William Cole, of the 21st Fusileers; a travelled eccentric, "nothing if 'not critical;" our best

actors with him were "awful;" our most popular authors "dire." He went to operas, *because* he hated music, that he might vapour forth: — "By all my fears, another song! that's illiberal!" A very brilliant companion did this fidgety fire-brand prove.

Drury Lane was next visited, and here I beheld for the first time a new order of sea; which tossed and rolled in "the Inn-keeper's Daughter;" an admirably got up melo-drama. Wallack won hearts by "bushels," in Richard, and Miss Kelly — *the Kelly*! but to name her is to praise. In those days she drew "tear for tear," if not house for house, with O'Neil herself. Ireland's Juliet had beauty, a delicious voice, and the language of Shakspeare, Otway, and Southern, to back her. Kelly lent her picturesque symmetry to the filling-up of mere sketches, the naturalizing and dignifying of dialogue often meagre, sometimes nonsensical. She had to brave personal dangers, not to speak of fatigues, from which man might have shrunk; but enthusiasm strung her sensitive nerves to the task, and her hearty feeling extorted sympathy even for the homeliest woes.

Talking of O'Neil reminds me of her usual hero, Charles Kemble; though then forty, he was a better Romeo than he had been in his youth, but not half so *good* a one as he subse-

quently became. He might be too tall for a boy-lover, too fair for a son of the South, but no one could read the whole character so finely ; while, in the chivalrous and philosophical scenes, he elicited admiration unqualified.

In one week I saw two plays narrowly escape perdition. A first night is always exciting ; contending parties make it doubly so. In the Conquest of Taranto, Young, who always became the Turban, was more than usually oriental, and saved the cause by "fainting dead away," to the very life. Booth stood next in favour, Macready still awaiting a fit opportunity for displaying the talents then but half divined even by his warmest votaries.

At the end of this "Conquest" the Christian and Pagan banners were raised together, with the words —

"Now let the cross and crescent wave in amity!"

The author, with his wonted *taste*, thus had joined two things which *Heaven* decreed should *never* meet. A song by this dramatist, containing the lines :—

"Oh how sweet the water gushing,  
In the thirsty Pilgrim's ear,"

(instead of his mouth), elicited some witty severities from the Editor of John Bull, on this

habit "of putting things in the wrong place." This dramatist has lately died the Great Unhanged.

Elphi Bey was the Drury Lane production, in which "Little Knight," through all his unchristian disguise, asserted himself our own country boy, as usual.

Nor were our mornings misspent. West's Christ Rejected and Lathiere's Judgment of Brutus were both visited. Gay colours and lovely faces won glory for the President (I was going to say of the United States). After witnessing the triumphs of the self-taught American, the *chef d'œuvre* of the Gallic artist at first looked too cold and classic; its figures statues, without statue beauty; but depth of feeling and purity of taste pervaded this Roman group. A toga, as if flung down in haste to spare the father's eye, concealed the decollated head, and all the inevitable horrors; another such hid the neck of the just executed son; the transparent pallor of the drained dangling limbs, one little smear on the edge of the axe, told all. Oh, what a red sea, what an ocean of mulberry jam, have I seen served up on like occasions, by *some* painters! The hands of Brutus were tightly clenched; if he unclasped them it must be to embrace his yet surviving child; I could not join the multitude in

their petition for *his* life — 't was a chubby, light-haired lad, not worth the saving.

A fortnight devoted to sight-seeing soon fled ; it was now time to journey towards the coast. At the King's Head, Canterbury, where we alighted from our chaise for the night, was that "common thing." — a pretty chambermaid, (so called). She had long been conscious that I thought her — not an angel, but something far more to the purpose ; nor had I ever missed a kindly welcome from her till now. But, when I came accompanied by a young lady, the buxom *camariste* found "a change come o'er the spirit of her dream." The waiters, who stared sufficiently at my charge during dinner, I can imagine reported to "cha-maid" that, from the diffidence of the lady, and the fond attentions of the gentleman, they were sure this was the wedding-day.

When we sent for Maria she entered, with a look in which frigid respect contended with less amiable, less comfortable emotions.

"Oh, about beds," I began.

"You can have the best room, if you like, sir," half pouted the maid.

"No, show this lady beds as near together as possible."

"Umph ! we *have* a double chamber, sir," she answered, with somewhat decreasing pique.



"But we want two, close to one another."

"Two *rooms*, sir?" she asked, brightening up apace; "*two*!"

"Yes. I do not usually lie in the same apartment with my sister."

"*Sister*, sir!" she repeated, all smiles and curtesies; "God bless the dear Miss! to be sure, how silly I was not to see the likeness at a glance — so *very* young, and looks as if she enjoyed a bad state of health, too. Lord, captain! what a stupid ——! — this way, if you please, ma'am; your own brother? such a nice gentleman! you *shall* have two rooms that open into one another—*almost*."

As it happened this diverted us both, but I can readily fancy that a *real* bride would neither have liked the gaze of the men, nor the *down* look of the maid.

Early next morning I led my sister to view the beauties of the cathedral; few buildings in England possess so many historical associations. The chapel in which the ambitious Becket received the blow that conferred upon him the glory of martyrdom; his tomb, the steps leading to which are deeply indented by the knees of pilgrims; the sepulchre of the gallant Black Prince, the armour which he wore at Cressy hanging over it; the inscriptions on the altar, emblazoned on the back of

the same panelling which had served during the sanguinary reign of Mary ; the rings placed in the pillars of the great aisle, where the steeds of Cromwell's cavalry were sacrilegiously stabled, the effigies of saints and fathers of the church, perforated with the bullets of his Roundhead traitors ; these, and a thousand other memorable traces of times bye-gone, cannot be regarded but with interest.

A walk on the Dane John was proposed to warm our feet previous to commencing our journey. The numerous piles of hop-poles were novelties to my sister. I had seen them covered with a hoar frost, and, as the sun shone on their whiteness, they resembled tents, giving the effect of an encampment surrounding a beleaguered city.

A few hours drive brought us safe to Archcliffe Fort.

## CHAPTER V.

ARCHCLIFFE FORT—MYSTERIOUS FEMALE—A WALKING WAREHOUSE—NERVOUS SHOCKS—SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF—SMITH'S FOLLY—SEA FLOWERS—SIM FAIRFIELD—GAMING AND DRINKING—AMPHIBIOUS FAUX PAS—FEMALE FORGIVENESS—CATCHING A BUCCANEER—A BLACK TIGER—PARENTAL FEARS—FAITHFUL SAGACITY—ROBBERY AND DESERTION—EXPOSURE—ORIGINAL EPISTLE.

My quarters being now my sister's home, I must describe it as apparently a wing of the house, whose remainder was entirely occupied by Captain Scott of "our's," his wife, babes, and domestics. Colonel Ford's dwelling was detached; no other officers shared the fort. I had thus a door and staircase as truly my own as if I had not been in barracks at all, with the military advantage of sleeping surrounded by guards against all kinds of intrusion. My front portal opened into a large dining-room, within which was my dormitory, also bearing the aspect of a sitting apartment by day; its window communicating, by low steps, outside and in, with the paddock. My sister had two rooms above.

Descending, one day, to a somewhat late breakfast, she found my sanctorum still locked, and, walking forth, saw that its blind was yet down; fearing me ill or lazy, she appealed to Turner for the cause of my invisibility.

"Whoy," he hesitated mysteriously, "it wouldn't do for *he* to let every body know his dealings with *she*. He's got a 'oman there, as comes some toimes on proyvut bizness, ye know."

His uninitiated hearer only knew me incapable, hitherto, of polluting *her* abode with impure specimens of her sex, and thought her good opinion confirmed, as I tapped at the window, and peepingly beckoned her in. She entered without demur.

Mrs. Spearpoint, as I announced the female who stood beside me, though no girl, was neat and pretty *faced* enough to have been *kicked* out, ere she could explain her errand, by *some* of the Xantippes who call themselves the best and most lady-like of wives; though her pale and sharp features surmounted a figure suiting the round rubicund visage of a Wapping landlady. Yet "the creature's situation" was *not* evident to my sister's eye. Curtseying very low, all nods and winks, our guest began, "Sarvunt, Miss! Cappun says you're ready to swear — all upon — umph! and you doat upon — gunpowder; want a

card of—hush! to trim up your—snug? or make your—honour bright! with a packet of—hey? for that pretty little—mum! if you're fond—under the rose—got 'em long and short, smallest sized—French kids!”

The early part of this speech might have been unintelligible, but the *kids* brought to mind the *Canaries*, and Bell guessed that this lady's goods were about as like beasts as my gentleman's were like birds. The good dame, finding herself understood, began to rummage her dress, all pockets, pulling from the bosom gloves, laces, and silk stockings; from her front and nether woman pounds of tea, and bladders of brandy; thus “reducing her shapes,” and growing “monstrous thin,” like dear Colman's “ladies at the brick house.”

A soldier had one day taken a more summary method of tapping her dropsy, by mischievously sticking into her most prominent side, that at her back, not a spear point, but a bayonet's, letting the unconscious smug walk on, “dropping odours,” to the certain loss of her spirits, and the great risk of her craft's detection; about which she was as pitiably nervous as the broken-down lady, who, when set up as a cake woman, used to glide down bye-lanes at night, feebly tinkling her bell, and murmuring under her

breath, "Muffins! I hope to Heaven nobody will hear me!"

Poor Spearpoint! the numerous and varied perils of her man, and the comparative cheapness of her irresistible commodities, made me her extensive customer, in spite of my conscience.

It was a source of great pleasure to me that my rooms were soon visited by very different persons from the fair one last mentioned. The wives, sisters, and daughters of my numerous circle of friends, civil and military, called on Isabel, as soon as her residence with me was known; novel guests in a bachelor's barrack!

Before I accompanied her to the house of one of the first families, I was obliged to apprise her that, on my introduction to the amiable, sensible, and lady-like matron we were about to visit, she had scarcely honoured me with her conversation for two minutes, when she went "off at the head" with a start, and a nasal inspiration, so violent and abrupt, that I imagined her seized with a sudden fit; no one else, however, seemed at all concerned at these symptoms. The gentlewoman herself, with equal good nature and good breeding, suffered my dismay to pass unnoticed; whereby I perceived that I ought to have done the same by her habitual nervous affection, which so frequently recurred that I soon grew accustomed to

it ; but 'tis cruel to both parties, in careless or partial friends, not to put strangers on their guard against such peculiarities.

I was once given a letter of introduction to a charming talented old maiden, never prepared for the fact that I should find her visage decked with so Nestor-like a beard, that, when she ate green pea-soup, she must have looked like a river-god.

The beauty of the spring weather we now enjoyed tempted us to many a long walk after the hours devoted to the pleasing duty of returning visits. Shakspeare's Cliff was the pilgrimage on one hand, and Smith's Folly on the other.

The first, stupendous as it still remains, must have lost a considerable portion of its altitude since the days of the Bard, and, certainly, much more since the time of Lear ; a fact easily ascertained by the immense quantity of chalk which has rolled down from its original station into the sea, forming almost a natural pier of some extent.

The building called Smith's Folly was situated at the eastern extremity of the Orange walk ; it was an eccentric pile of building, constructed, if I recollect rightly, under the direction of the father of Sir Sidney, the hero of Acre. The roofs of the several apartments were formed

of wood-work, representing boats, whilst the rooms they covered were low, ill-shaped, inconvenient, and, withal, unbearably hot in the summer, the only season for which this fantastic residence was constructed ; a small ditch ran round the queerly shaped nest of rooms, whilst the pomp of a drawbridge and flag-post aided the general insignificance to remind one of the palaces of Lilliput.

Near this whimsical edifice grew, in great profusion and endless variety, those very lovely Zoophytes, called " Sea Anemones." The colours of these marine sensitive flowers were brilliant as those of their namesakes on earth, but the slightest touch would change their appearance, and leave nothing visible but a fleshy-looking excrescence, firmly attached to the rock. I made several experiments to ascertain if they would bear removal, taking large fragments of their bed home with me, and covering these lovely creations with sea-water ; they certainly did once more shoot forth their hundred leaves, but this was only " a lightness before death," for, in a few hours, an odour exhaled from them so much more fishy than floral as to render their removal imperative.

The merry month of May was rendered worthy of its name by the frequent parties to which



we were invited. To the residence of Admiral and Mrs. Winthrop I always led my sister with delight. Dear Mrs. Winthrop, once known, could never be forgotten. She was a beauty, between the Siddons and the Catalani styles; her every movement, grace; her every accent, melody; yet in manner so cordially unaffected, in dress so plainly rich, that, after a moment's gaze on her, it was difficult to treat half the fine ladies one met with common courtesy. She used to address her parent, the venerable Mrs. Farbrace, as "My mother." With little girls of her own she could not say "Mamma," nor would she obtrude the word *dear*, as a preface to that nobler name; it was "My mother, shall I help you to this?" "My mother, will you sit here?" From such lips nothing sounded fantastic; on the contrary, the phrase warmed one's heart.

Strolling on the pier, the usual lounge of the place, I encountered, one morning, early in June, my friend Fairfield, on his way to Paris; although no longer living *en garçon*, I could not resist the pleasure of inviting Sim to share my dinner, which he cheerfully accepted; and was in due form introduced to my sister. Fairfield still wished to be tolerated by ladies of character; to such he could never have been dangerous, in spite of his exquisite singing and showy person; for

his air was an unfailing antidote to all tender interest. The dashing swagger of his brawny figure, the vinous tint of his hirsute face, the impudent glitter of his eye, the bold prominence of his nose, and sensual fun of his full mouth, made him altogether brazen.

The more modest he tried to seem, the more he was suspected — detected — as a *roué*. On one occasion I chanced to ask him, before our female friends, if he had ever met some fair one, who, of course, I deemed virtuous, or should not have alluded to her, in such a presence; but Sim, with a twinkling leer, smacking his moist lips, cried—

“Met her? by Ja—by—by the bye, I — I — *waltzed* with her once!”

The significant way in which this was uttered set one wag of a girl off into an irrepressible laugh—on the rack she could not have told why. Perhaps (queer waltzer as he must have looked!) Fairfield meant no more than met the ear; nor do I record this as associating waltzing with one immoral idea, for I verily believe had he, with that mischievous wink, said — “I went to — *Church* with her,” the effect would have been the same.

Sacred Dian! what *real* naughtinesses have I heard glide from *some* demure lips, uncensored,

though apt to make girls laugh o' t'other side their mouths.

But to return to Simon. He appeared to be well satisfied with his fare, volunteered one of his best and most sentimental songs, before my sister left the table, and, with much ease, put a couple of bottles of port under his belt. It now drew near the hour named for the sailing of the packet to Boulogne, and Fairfield seemed so particularly anxious to cross the Channel, that I could not help inquiring if he had thought it *necessary* to leave London; he assured me that his only object for wishing to reach Paris was that he should find his favourite amusement, the Hazard table, in full operation there; whilst, during the summer, scarcely a *decent hell* was open in town. I regretted most sincerely that the vice of play had become so deeply rooted with my friend, but found argument or persuasion on the subject unavailing.

At his request I accompanied him to Podevin's, where his luggage had been deposited, and, finding that the tide was not sufficiently high for vessels sailing, he ordered a couple of glasses of negus, as he said—"For the good of the house." For myself I had taken quite enough wine, and therefore suffered the tumbler to remain untouched. Not so my companion; for, as if to

convince me that I had not entertained him with due hospitality, though his departure from the Fort was at his express desire, he drank glass after glass, swearing after the second that the next should be the last, until, to my utter astonishment at his extraordinary capacity, I found that he had swallowed *sixteen* tumblers of the seductive liquid.

Those who remember him will readily believe my assertion ; and those who knew him not, must be pleased to receive it on faith.

Heartily rejoiced when the commissioner announced "Packet ready," I took leave of my wine-bibbing friend.

Visiting Ledger's library, the next morning, I found many of the quidnuncs in unusual good humour, particularly Mr. H—— L——; and ascertained that their merriment proceeded from an adventure which had occurred to his brother John, and which I cannot resist telling.

This young gentleman was a mighty swimmer before the Lord, and, by his brave humanity, had saved some lives ; a godlike office, a divine sensation ! but, *hélas !* the sublime grows near the ridiculous, and *the* false step from one to the other is facile as the descent into Hell.

One morning, just too late to bathe without a machine, rather too early, in the season, as in the

day, for lady dippers, Mr. John repaired to the shingly beach, took a machine, only one other was at work; he made sure that it had been hired by his acquaintance, Mr. J——, who, the night before, had named his intention, adding, “that he made it a rule to go into the *sea once a year*, for *cleanliness*’ sake.”

Well, John divested himself of all his raiment, and swam away, like a porpoise, till thoroughly tired; then, turning round, struck out for his moveable tiring-room, and jumped into the wrong machine, presenting his denuded limbs *not* to the eyes of the *clean* Mr. J——, but to those of two flannel-gowned ladies!

For once ’twas any thing *but* rude for a gentleman to turn his back on such; he dashed beneath his briny veil without a word, the shrieks of outraged decorum still ringing-*wet* in his ears; but — hapless man! at one glance he had recognized the ladies, and that recognition had been mutual; yet apologies would only make bad worse. The trio, who then and there had met with such sudden briefness, and in such array, must meet again, in crowded halls, without reference to this event.

The most politic thing the fair ones could do was to appear unconscious, unconcerned, by no means cool to the unintentional intruder on their privacy; besides — women, those “only hypo-

crites deserving praise," are generous as well as artful. Can any costume, or no costume, in which a man has preserved his fellow creatures be unbecoming in their eyes? It is a fact to their honour that the athletic John had never been so great a favourite before with the ladies, as he was after that morning's mis-swim; nay, it was their opinion, that, when he died, he would not leave his equal behind.

Whether his supremacy was ever contested, or my amusement at the incident chastised, time will show.

On leaving the reading room, I was about to ask some question of the worthy proprietor, when an elderly gentleman, whose appearance bespoke a hale constitution, entered, and inquired if Mr. Ledger had a copy of Buchan's Domestic Medicine for sale.

"I have not," replied the obliging bookseller, "but will procure it for you, from London, by return of post, sir."

"You are very kind," returned the would-be customer, "but I wished to consult it this very day, on a matter of serious import to me. I am sorry to appear so troublesome, but do you think you could borrow a copy for me? I will leave treble its value in your hands, to insure its safe return — but I *do* wish, very much indeed, to see it to-day."

"I have a copy, at your service, sir," said Dr. Broadrip, stepping forward, "and will send for it immediately ; let your boy run to my house, Ledger !"

"Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you," bowed the unknown.

The Doctor's residence was within a few doors of the library, and the required volume was speedily procured. It was placed in the hands of the stranger, who, with a million of thanks, retired to peruse its contents. The moment he had quitted the shop, Mr. Ledger said :—

"Doctor, I am surprised at *your* lending such a work—you, a physician, a regular practitioner, supplying the gentleman with a book with which he will perhaps cure himself, and rob you of a patient."

"You are mistaken, friend Ledger," replied the Doctor, "it was to insure a patient that I lent him Buchan ; he will, as he reads, persuade himself that he is labouring under half, if not all the diseases described, and will very shortly be obliged to consult me, on his newly-discovered maladies."

The event proved the truth of the Doctor's prediction. The stranger brought back the volume the next day, looking in a state of nervous excitement ; and, after sundry expressions

of gratitude to the lender, asked the librarian if he could recommend him to a physician, as he dreaded a serious illness. Ledger named Dr. Broadrip. The gentleman was delighted to find in his medical adviser the disinterested possessor of Buchan ; and many a golden guinea chinked in the purse of the prophetic Broadrip, from the hoards of this "*malade imaginaire*."

A very young Engineer officer, with a half-grown Newfoundland dog, I used frequently to meet upon the pier. The boy, with whom my acquaintance was then but slight, used to boast that "Tiger would drag any man down, if set on by his master, or carry any one's hat into the sea," or some such childish vaunt ; and, on one occasion, offered to convince me by personal experience of the brute's docility. I said something about being annoyed by *puppies*, and Whitmore, instead of retorting, frankly apologized ; we became excellent friends.

Whenever he visited my rooms, I expected him to bring Tiger, who came in for whatever bones, scraps, brose, or milk could be spared. He was, indeed, a whelp of the first water, and, when his master was ordered on foreign service, I volunteered taking care of the fine fellow, who would have been a heavy trouble and expense on march or voyage ; so the noble Islander slept in my



stable, and boarded with my servant, both rough diamonds, and so attached to each other, so mixed up in my ideas, that I once, having a drawing to mount, caught myself calling—

“Tiger, make me some fresh paste, for that rascal Turner has eaten the last cupful.”

“*I never touched it,*” retorted my man, with his peculiar dry laugh.

’Twas delightful to see the giant cub, conscious of his youth, but not of his size, strength, or weight, indulge in all the freaks of puppyhood, while his uncouth gambols upset every thing that stood in his way. He was an especial pet with the children of Colonel Ford. The youngest would bestride his black back, hold on by the *mane* and *tail*, and gallop round the paddock, till both steed and rider rolled together on the grass; but, on a hot day, Master Tiger returned from a ramble with the evidence of a recent fight—a severe wound above one fore paw.

The Colonel, a most affectionate father, saw nothing less than the certainty of canine madness for his whole brood, if this bitten dog remained one hour at liberty; nay, he could not be satisfied with his being chained up in the stable, he must be sent away. I was certainly better pleased with the prospect of giving poor Ti change of air, than I should have been at de-

prising him of his freedom ; and a gunner on whom I could depend starting that day for Deal, I tipped him well for my dog's keep, and packed them off together, till all danger should be over.

The nine days' wonder past, we heard of Tiger as being led to the sea, morn and evening ; at other times allowed the range of the battery, but not to go beyond it. Colonel Ford still begged that the creature's leave of absence should be extended ; one afternoon I was supplying Tiger's place, by acting horse for the youngsters, when a shout from the wicket made me start, and, in an instant, covered with chalky dust, poor Tiger leaped upon me, licking my face, wagging his tail, whining and barking, in all the ecstasies of return home.

The Colonel was again in alarm, but, though Tiger was mad with joy, no rabid animal ever frisked in that fashion. Thinking the best welcome home was an offer of something to drink, I instantly set a full bowl before him, and all fears of hydrophobia vanished with the water. The fact, as we afterwards learnt, was, that watching his first opportunity for escape, the affectionate fellow had ran back the ten miles, finding his way on a road he had never traversed but once before, and then in a cart at night.

It may be well supposed that Tiger was now

more the darling than before. Early in the morning I used to take him with me to a retired nook, among the cliffs, to the westward of the fort, and, tying my habiliments in a handkerchief, leave them on the beach, while I held by Tiger's tail, and was fairly towed out to sea. The great ruffian's delight was to pull the said tail from my grasp, saturate it well in salt water, and then whisk it into my mouth. I had borne this, on a certain day, till, half diverted, half provoked, I boxed his ears, crying impatiently, "Home, sir, go!" He obeyed, with the utmost alacrity; but with the most zealous care for my moveables. I had used him to fetch and carry; he now set up upon his own account; and, to my horror, I beheld him with my bundle in his mouth, taking a short cut, whither I could not have followed him, even had I been in fit trim to attempt it; but all I could do was to continue standing more than breast high in the waves, beckoning and shouting to our sentries for help, fearing every instant to be discovered in this unseemly pickle.

The devil of it was the tide was rapidly receding, so that I was obliged to step back with it, and should have expected to find myself "naked alive in the open air" at Calais, but that the cursed crabs, jealous of a rival retrograder,

kept nibbling at my lower fingers. I did not hope that they would leave enough of me to get half seas over, and was just crouching behind a lump of chalk, overgrown with sea-weed, when Turner, out of breath with speed and anxiety, came to my aid, with the needful for re-entering the fort.

He had thought me drowned. Tiger had arrived with the clothes, quite safe, but with a most injured-party aspect, as who should say—"Ay, for all he struck and scolded me, I've brought this heavy parcel home, on purpose to oblige him; and would do as much or more, at any time, to serve my master."

There was no being angry with his honest blunder, or with the bit of vindictive mischief which he so cleverly passed off for one.

Calling on the Quarter-Master-General one day, I found him busily engaged in despatching some official letters to London; as my visit was on a matter of duty, I awaited his leisure—my kind friend giving me his ponderous scrap-book to amuse me for the time. Colonel Marlay had been long employed at the Horse Guards, and enjoyed the personal notice of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Among the remarkable documents which enriched the collection I now looked over, I discovered one which tickled my fancy amazingly.

Some epistolary genius had applied to the Commander-in-Chief for a commission, in favour of a relative, but omitted the aspirant's sponsorial appellation, which was required, with a promise of granting the request. The letter this query elicited was as follows.

“Honoured Sir,

“Touching the subject of my brother whereon you have been graciously pleased to hear me, and in your benignity to gratify me too, without intending the least infraction on your philosophical time, so well bestowed for the welfare of human happiness, that his name is Thomas, and I do in the sincerity of my soul believe, that I shall continue to pray for the same as long as my name is

“Y——— Q———.”

## CHAPTER VI.

A MARRIED MAN—LA BELLE ADELE—FRENCH TRAGEDY—  
SOLDIER'S FUNERAL—EPHESIAN WIDOWHOOD—AN AIRY  
LECTURE—THE NEW LUMINARY—A SCOTCH HEROINE—  
THE PRICE OF THINGS—HAMBURGH—IMPORTANT LETTER—  
RECOGNITION—DETECTION—PENITENCE REWARDED—GOOD  
RESOLVES—DENOUEMENT—MORE HONESTY.

IN the beginning of July, my unloverlike soldier servant, with blushing hesitation, announced that he was going to be married.

"Then," said I, "Turner, you must quit me. I can neither give you leave, night and day, to visit your wife, nor have her about my quarters, with the prospect of squalling brats."

"Time enough to talk of that," pleaded he; "she's a respectable, quiet cretur, in sarvice here, and whoy shouldn't she be Miss's sarvunt, stead o' Sergeant Penson's woife, who can't sleep on the spot? You ax Mary's caritur, that's all."

He enabled me to do so; the result was satisfactory, and, on the 7th, the bride was brought

home. I am particular in the date, for a reason I have.

My sister and myself were seated, tête-à-tête after dinner, one day, when Turner entered abruptly, saying—

“Here’s Sergeant Clarke’s wife says she must see you !”

Before I could oppose the entrance of (as I expected) some dowdy gunneress, such a vision of beauty burst upon us as I can never forget. Dishevelled and in deshabelle as she was, Mary (not the God, but the actress) never looked more distinguée.

“Oh, Monsieur ! mon pauvre Clarke !” she sobbed forth, in a rich full voice ; “il meurt, cet homme respectable ; mon mari, oui, vraiment, mon epoux ! mais — mais — expliquez pour moi, bon Turnere !”

“Oui, Madam Clarke ;” and my man, having recently seen the sick soldier, explained that some forms were still wanting, to secure the wife’s claim on his prize money, and that I could be of service in completing these, if I would attend to them at once, as the poor man was not likely to see another sunrise. I promised the business my instant care, cheered the lovely mourner by kind words and a glass or two of good wine, led her back to the invalid, and

settled every thing to their satisfaction, just in time; for he did indeed die next day.

The widow herself came to announce this event.

"Oui, ma'amselle," she wept; "il est mort, il a quitté pour toujours son Adèle! que le bon Dieu lui pardonne! for noting — ma foi, but dat he vas hertique — excusez moi! he had no oder fault — il m'a sauvé, moi et ma sœur, in Bruxelles, après Vaterloo — Oh! il a sauvé plus que ma vie! Dans un an j'ai perdu mon père, marchand de dentelle, je vous assure, mon petit enfant, et son papa cheri! Ah! pauvre Adèle! c'en est fait de moi!"

Here even Turner broke in, with "Ne cryee voo, Madam, voter mari is up with the Bong-jew, and so's the jolly infant."

She was grateful, to a disproportionate pitch of enthusiasm, for our little civilities.

The sergeant's obsequies received the customary military honours. The burial-ground, appropriated to the soldiery, was situated at a considerable distance from the military hospital, in which Clarke breathed his last. The melancholy procession had therefore to pass through the principal streets of the town, and, from the circumstance of the funeral taking place on a Sunday, vast numbers of people followed the



body. The deceased having been a non-commissioned officer of the Horse-Artillery, a led charger, in sable trappings, formed part of the cavalcade.

The attention usually bestowed on the four-footed mourner was, however, in the present case, trivial, compared with the interest expressed for the lovely widow ; whose tottering steps I endeavoured to support, during our slow march. So violent was her grief, that I feared she would not retain strength enough to fulfil her sad duty.

A delay of some half hour, at the entrance of the burying-ground, was an additional trial of her spirits and my patience ; at length the clergyman, who had been detained by other duties, arrived. The service was performed with due solemnity, and the corse of the gallant sergeant lowered into the earth ; it had scarcely reached its final resting-place, when the beauteous Adèle, springing from my arms, threw herself into the grave, on the coffin, with piercing cries.

The excellent Mr. Maule, the officiating clergyman, and myself, extricated her from her position. Violent hysterics had succeeded the calm which she had endeavoured to preserve during the service ; and, consigning her to the care of some benevolent females who resided near the cemetery, I marched my party back to the barracks.

When I reported this scene, my sister felt sure

that the bereaved one would not long survive. I sent Turner to inquire for the poor soul, desiring him to bring her to us, but she had started for London, to spend some time with her husband's brother, who was in business there.

In less than a fortnight Adèle returned to Dover, and again paid her devoirs in the fort. I had now time to observe that the coarse material of her weeds was set off by French taste, and had a most fashionable air. We congratulated her on looking better.

"Monsieur est très honnête!" she answered, curtseying with April smiles; "de mourning, hélas! me convient assez joliment, on me dit. Ma'amselle, I make him myself, troo all my tears. Oh mon pauvre Clarke! mon Dieu! de bombazin est mosh more sheep en France—mais, toute desolée que j'étois, I would do respec to my good osban. Son frère he vish me to stay for always vid him. Oh, mes dignes amis, entre nous, c'étoit impossible; dans quel sael quartier de Londres he live! un si triste séjour!

"Juste as I require some changement to divert me, toujours prie a Dieu! toujours a l'église! nevare to de spectacle. Si j'avais tort en epousant my Clarke, j'en suis assez punie. I shall cross overe, and stay vid ma sœur, dere I ave un ami, qui, loin de rejoice dat my pauvre bien-aimé

is dead, vill sympatise vid his Adèle, car il a aussi un cœur sensible."

All our fears that this "widowed heart would break" thus vanished, and, had I been living *en garçon*, I should certainly have endeavoured to convince Adèle that I, like my friend at Mons, had "*beaucoup de sentiment*." But now, as I saw her depart, I could not forbear humming a verse of that "pious Chanson" well known in the army —

" In came Madam Clarke,  
And she fell a crying;  
Jump about, *says I*,  
Never think of dying!"

Some grave astrologer took the little theatre, thereat to display his Eidoranon, or transparent Orrery; and pleasantly edifying it was for young folks, sitting together, in the dark, to see how the world wagged, and have all the circulations of Venus set to music before their eyes, by the Cestina, a very dreamy sphere-like contrivance.

The lecturer showed us a twelve foot high miniature of the Moon, calling the inequalities on its surface seas and mountains; but, though a disciple of one Walker, he knew nothing of his Lexicographic namesake, for thus did he continue —

" Having proved that this beautiful planet has water, what becomes of the hypothesis that she

has no hair? water comes through hair. There could be no Jews without hair; if some of these dark spots are forests, she must have hair; hair is necessary for all fruits, and vegetation is necessary for the hair. Because, then, we cannot see it, nor ascertain the quality of her atmosphere, dare we conclude that, while we are plentifully blest with hair, she has been deprived of it?

"If she be occupied by feeling beings, she surely has hair; for how could they subsist, if that chief blessing of life had been cut off, or torn from them? there can be no animals with no hair; no birds without hair to float in; we know that many insects and reptiles live upon nothing but hair, nay, even the fishy tribe must have hair.

"Hergo, if the useful, the universally admired object in question has but one mount, one sea, one forest, 'tis hard but she should be allowed one inhabitant; and, as he could only breathe through hair, 'tis evident that hair she must decidedly have, as abundantly as ourselves!"

A day or two after this we were to pass the evening with some of our Western heights' friends. Anxious not to be late, I interrupted my sister in a small job of needlework which she was doing for me, and up the shaft we hurried.

Not long had our cronies' hospitable quarters received us, when I fancied the whole party had gone Orrery mad.

"Have you seen the Comet?" asked Mrs. Taylor. "No? then come hither! and I'll lead you to a spot whence it is just now visible, with a *tail*."

Then followed such whisperings, pointings, and titterings, that I was curious to ascertain their cause.

"Pray show *me* this comet of your's, ladies!" I cried.

"Eh, man," said Mrs. Montgomery, "ye're just the last person here likely to see it, tho' ye may feel its influence."

"Do describe it to me, then!"

"Well, first it *HAS* a *tail*; then a luminous appearance, like a pin's head, stuck in a white circle; to and fro, eccentrically, it moves over the blue serene, with a pendulous motion, sometimes crossing the Moon's disk."

What there was to laugh at, in all this nonsense, I could not guess; but the more I went from one to the other, bowing and entreating explanations, the more the gypsies simpered. At last Mrs. Taylor, opining that, "if the luminous body entered the disk, I *might* feel its influence painfully," rendered the Comet "objective" to my vision.

The fact was, my sister had sewn one end of a roll of tape to the back of my waistcoat. I had broken in on her, ere she could cut it off to the right length, and donned my vest with this appendage dangling between the flaps of my jacket.

"Trifles light as air" suffice to raise a laugh, among friends met to be merry. Both the ladies to whom I have alluded were young, handsome, and clever; so was their constant companion, Mrs. Simcox; but Mrs. Montgomery, the fair Scot, had a spirit which, from her very girlhood, had turned even serious annoyances into themes for jest. She was the only — the motherless daughter of the stern General Campbell, who early installed her in the duties of housekeeper, and expected this giddy puss to give in her accounts with the precision of a Mrs. Decorum; but it sometimes happened that, in setting down the articles purchased, and their prices, she "put the cart before the horse;" her gruff papa never lectured her verbally, but wrote his remarks on the margin of the paper, and returned it for correction.

One such instance was as follows:—"General Campbell thinks five-and-sixpence exceedingly dear for Parsley." Henrietta instantly saw her mistake; but, instead of formally rectifying it, wrote against the next item—"Miss Campbell

thinks *twopence-halfpenny* excessively *cheap* for *fowls* ;” and sent it back to her father.

At about sixteen she freed herself from these restraints, by eloping with a handsome ensign, and though poor, burdened with brats, unforgiven by her father, she retained not only her love for “ dear Hugh,” but her courageous cheerfulness and national humour.

Dining with Mr. Fector, I heard from him the outlines of a story, which I afterwards endeavoured to improve, by giving it “ a local habitation and a name ;” and which I here take the liberty to introduce episodically.

Late one evening, a packet of letters, just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Myn heer von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburgh. His head clerk awaited, as usual, for any order which might arise from their contents ; and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded ; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—

“ Donder and blitzen !” he burst forth ; “ but this is a shock—who would have thought it ? The house of Bennett and Ford to be shaken thus ! What is to be done ?”

“ Bennett and Ford failed ?” cried the astonished clerk.

"Failed! ten thousand devils! not so bad as that; but they are in deep distress, and have suffered a heavy loss; read, good Yansen, and let me have your advice."

The clerk read as follows:

"London, August 21.

"Most respected friend,

"Your's of the 5th instant came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you, with deep regret, that the son of the trustworthy cashier of this long established house has absconded, taking with him bills, accepted by our firm, to a large amount, as per margin; and a considerable sum in cash. We have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound for Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburgh (where our name is so well known, and, we trust, so highly respected) for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes; speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin; but, as we have a



high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to provide for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expence of his voyage, giving him the sum of two hundred louis (which you will place to our account current, condition that he does not attempt to re-embark for England till he receives permission so to do.

“ We are, most respected friend,

“ Your obedient servants,

“ BENNETT, FORD, and C

“ Mynheer von Kapell.”

“ My life on't,” said Yansen, “ 'tis the lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange, who appeared half out of his wits, looking anxiously for some particular yet shunning general observation: his features answers the description.”

“ That's fortunate,” said the merchant, “ I must devote the morrow to searching for him, and bring him to me, if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent friends, Bennett and Ford of London.”

Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch, for several hours, in vain; he was returning, hop-

he saw the identical youth coming out' of the door of a Jew money-changer; he brushed hastily past the clerk, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel! seventy per cent for bills on the best house in England!"

Yansen approached him. "Young gentleman," said he, in a very mild tone, "you appear to have met with some disappointment from that griping wretch, Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by; I shall be happy to treat with you."

"Willingly," replied the youth; "the sooner the better. I must leave Hamburgh at day-break."

The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side-door, desiring the young man to be seated, whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he re-appeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Hamburgher having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly—

"So, Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received.

Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet.

"Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for

ever—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother !”—here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands—“you,” he continued, “are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering.”

“Boy, boy !” said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, “listen to me ! are the bills safe ? If so, you may still hope.”

“They are,” eagerly exclaimed the youth ; “how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, sir, take them, I implore you,” pulling from his breast a large pocket-book ; “they are untouched. Spare but my life, and I will yet atone. Oh, spare me from a shameful death !”

There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen’s saying significantly to his employer, “As per margin.”

The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. “Take heart,” said he. “‘Wenn die Noth ist am ’größten die Hülfe ist am nächsten’\*—there’s an old German proverb for you. Sit down, and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents ;

\* When things are at the worst they must mend.

your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter ; you will perceive how generously they mean to act ; their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read ; and, Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock ; trouble always makes me thirsty — three glasses, my good Yansen."

Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, " I do not deserve this lenity. My excellent father ! this is a tribute to your virtue."

Von Kapell left his guests' reflections undisturbed, till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table ; when she retired, he resumed —

" And now, what devil tempted you to play the — runaway ?" swallowing the term he intended to use. " Was it for the wenches, or the dicing-table ?"

" Spare me, most kind and worthy sir, I intreat you ! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults ; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes."

" Well, well, take another glass of wine ; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the Christine sailed for Batavia, and——"

"Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sandbanks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two."

"You are lucky, youngster," quickly added the merchant; "the Christine has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," said he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant added as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm grasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour — was in a few hours out of sight — and, the next morning, Mynheer von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills so fortunately recovered.

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In less than a fortnight the following letter reached the good old German :—

“ Sir,

“ We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat.

“ We remain, with great respect,

“ Your’s,

“ BENNETT, FORD, and Co.

“ P.S. If you should ever hear again of the person you have, at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know.”

What can be said of the good Von Kapell’s feelings, but that they may “ be more easily conceived than described !” \*

The day after I heard the Banker’s story, it was my fate to listen to one almost as ingenious, and equally villanous. Mr. Rundall, of the well-

\* This “ Incident in the Life of a Rascal” first appeared in the Monthly Magazine, for July, 1832 ; and, although I had placed my scene in the Pays Bas, I was grievously disappointed of my remittances from *Holland*.



known firm of Goldsmiths and Jewellers, came post-haste to Dover, in the hope that, aided by his friend, Colonel Ford, he might recover a quantity of valuable diamonds, which had been stolen from his house. My readers will doubtless recollect the facts of the case. I shall not, therefore, trespass their repetition here. By the advice of the Colonel, Mr. Rundall set off, on his route to St. Petersburg, a market more likely to be available to the thieves than Paris, and, by great good fortune, found one of the robbers at Aix la Chapelle, from whom he recovered half the stolen jewels.

## CHAPTER VII.

VENICE—THE RIALTO—CANAL OF REAL WATER—WHOSE BELVIDERA?—A ROYAL DEATH—ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS—THE TAMED FORESTER—NATURE WILL BE NATURE—PORTSMOUTH—A WAGER—BROGUE AND BLARNEY—THE BET DECIDED—HOUSE BREAKING—BED MAKING—A MARKED MAN—THE LION'S HEAD—A SWALLOW.

TOWARDS the end of September my sister left me for the West. I was, therefore, doubly glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Foote had returned from a continental trip, and intended to resume their theatrical amusements.

I was invited to attend a Thespian council, at Charlton Place, where, after due deliberation, it was agreed that, however commodious the drawing-room had proved for the purpose, there was nothing like a theatre, after all. Negotiations with Cope-land were immediately set on foot, for the use of the Dover play-house.

"Venice Preserved" was fixed on for the tragedy, and "Raising the Wind" for the farce. Invita-



tions to all the neighbouring gentry were issued, and these were not all the busy notes of preparation. After a diligent search amongst the stock scenery, nothing like a view of the Rialto was to be found, not even a foreign street that might do for the nonce; the one row of houses, which served either for Verona or Rome, London or Athens, were decorated with brass plates, bronze knockers to their doors, and iron railings, interspersed with lamp-posts. To play Venice Preserved without a Rialto was impossible; my success in depicting Aranza's cottage was brought in judgment against me, and I was implored to set to work on the Venetian bridge. Two days were completely devoted to my new occupation, which proved tiresome enough, from the fact of the canvass being laid flat upon the stage, and I very readily accepted an offer of assistance, made me by an officer named Condry. I had taken vast pains with the buildings on the opposite side of the canal, had arranged a tolerably successful fore-shortening of the bridge, on the left of my picture, and requested my new auxiliary to throw in the reflections of the houses, whilst I went home to dinner. Certainly no professed artists work harder in their crafts than amateurs, who are stage-struck. I swallowed my repast, hastened back, and found that Condry had employed so much nicety of touch for the reflec-

tion, as to make the actual objects appear secondary considerations. To obviate this defect, I had recourse to the following expedient, which I executed whilst my friend stood by, horrified at the treatment his portion of the painting received. I sent for divers filled buckets, and a couple of new mops; one of these, well-saturated, I drew along the waters of the canal, as long as moisture remained in this huge painting-brush; then, taking the other into use, Condry was directed to wash off the colour he had so laboriously laid on, and have the instrument sufficiently cleaned for what he thought my work of destruction. When, however, the canvass thus treated was perfectly dry, he confessed to me that my experiment had succeeded marvellously; a transparency and *liquid* effect had been produced, that was perfectly extraordinary, considering the strangeness of the tools I had used.

Our various preparations being completed, adhering to the Charlton Place system, we gave a dressed rehearsal to the tradesmen, &c. of Dover. Our amateur force did not muster strongly, but the gaps were easily filled by the members of Cope-land's company. Fanny, his youngest daughter, enacted the gentle Belvidera, and even those who know the laughter-inspiring Mrs. Fitzwilliam of to-day would have then declared tragedy was her forte. The love of dramatic display had

spread its influence even to the servants of Mr. Foote. John and Thomas, the two footmen, entreated permission to tread the boards, and the subordinate parts of Spinoso and Theodore were entrusted to them. Never were men more gratified than they, when the costume they were to assume was shown them ; their remarks on trunks, doublets, ruffs, and russet boots, were edifying in the extreme.

Our grand night was fully attended. Box, pit, and gallery, crowded with *gens comme il faut*, who really appeared to have come on purpose to realize the motto over the procenium—" Omnes Gentes Plaudite ;" and, as many of them read it, " every gentleman is expected to applaud," those present did not wish their gentility to be questioned, if so slight an exertion as smacking their kid gloves together, with continuous rapidity, was the test.

The intention of our master of the revels to give another performance, in the course of a fortnight, was frustrated by the untimely death of the Princess Charlotte. This event spread universal gloom, and created the most anxious apprehensions in the bosoms of mothers, husbands, and near relatives, for all the ladies, of their family and acquaintance, who were expecting their first confinements. Every demonstration of regret was shown by the garrison and town, flags half-masted, muffled bells, and.

general mourning. All social parties were suspended, and dulness reigned despotic.

Nearly connected, as I have already observed, the Footes were with the Royal Family, still the ruling passion gained the mastery ; and, as soon after the funeral as decency would permit, we renewed our dramatic amusements—the cousin of England enacting our cousin of Denmark, the princely Hamlet.

I remember being much amused at seeing old Copeland, who had played Polonius, assist in digging his daughter's grave ; and, when sent off by his companion of the spade and mattock, to fetch a stoup of liquor from Youghan, throwing a black gown over his working dress, and advancing as a priest at the head of the funeral procession.

Captain Thomson, who personated the Ghost, was a precise elocutionist, and pronounced “ Adieu, Adieu, Adieu ! ” with so Gallic an accent, that a wag shouted—“ I say, you are taking French leave of us ! ”

The family of the “ top lawyer of the place ” frequently attended our balls. On the brothers arriving once, without any of their sisters, their remarkable name gave somebody an opportunity for complaining that there were “ so many Knockers, and not one belle.”

These young folks had, one day, met in Wal-

dershare Park, (their father being, I ought to add, land-steward and agent to Lord Guildford) a keeper, bearing a poor fawn, who must have been wounded by mischance, being too young for the table; the man thought, however, it would be charity to put it out of its pain; but one of the ladies was so sure she could revive it, that the noble owner gave it to her care, and it became domesticated at the country establishment of the Knockers, rejoicing in the peculiar name of Bushy Rough. The fawn took a particular fancy to the old butler; it would trot after him, as he waited at the table, and pop its innocent nose between the shoulders of the guests, eating bread or fruit out of their hands. Thus this most picturesque favourite throve, till almost too big for a pet of the house; his antlers sprouted formidably, and when the season returned at which Diana gives over her foresters to Cupid, the dark-eyed darling turned restless, shunned his human friends, pined, neglecting his food.

It was thought, by the inexperienced, that, if he were turned out among the herd, he would yet do well; or even, all the Knockers hoped, that, if sent to the farm of their friends the Rutters, he might find relief; pain as it would be to part with him—to think that his haunch might one day smoke on the table against which it had so long and so often

rubbed in safety, yet the creature must have its liberty; but he had grown up to stag's estate; unused to lodge and board like a wild deer, unknown to his kind, he seemed to dread the sight of them, as if instinct told him that they would give no peaceful welcome to one sophisticated; and yet some other instinct said such should have been his companions, his loves. Without ever growing vicious, he languished to a mere skeleton, dying at last, a victim to mistaken kindness, and an unsuitable education.

A Jacques might have "moralized this spectacle into a thousand similes;" but I give facts, without comments.

The 14th Regiment being hourly expected to arrive at Portsmouth from Malta, I was most earnestly entreated, by the ruling powers at home, to hasten thither, and give meeting to a brother of mine, who had been some years absent; and, although this request was any thing but opportune, I could not refuse it.

Taking London in my way, I soon reached my destination. How changed since last I had visited this splendid sea-port did it appear! Really, and not figuratively, grass was growing in its streets. Instead of the constant throng of blue and red jackets, that I had been used to look on—a solitary sailor, steering his undisturbed course, was a

sight to see. The wind being unfavourable for the arrival of vessels from the Mediterranean, I feared that I should be condemned to remain some days in this place, so shorn of its former glories; it was therefore with considerable pleasure I encountered a warm-hearted friend of former years, Colonel Thwaites of the 51st.

It was late in the afternoon when we met; with the characteristic hospitality of his country, he insisted on my accompanying him to the barracks, and dining with him at the mess. So cordial an invitation I could not refuse.

It is customary, at military tables, if you have a visiter upon a day not appropriated for the reception of strangers, to secure a seat near the president, by turning down two plates, one for the invited, the other for the inviter. The kind Colonel, on reaching the mess-room, proceeded to perform this ceremony, whilst I awaited him at the door, to be shown to his room, till the drums beat the "roast-beef." I heard a voice exclaim, "Hollo, Colonel! a visiter, and not upon a guest-day? I thought you were averse to such arrangements." "Only," replied the Colonel, "that I may not induce the youngsters to drink wine oftener than they can afford; but this is a particular case, a friend passing through; some of ye know him, Hill of the Artillery, an old Hythe crony, and, more by token, a countryman of mine."

"Hill's not an Irishman," replied the unseen.

"The devil he's not? May be you'll say that I'm not, by and bye."

"Come, Colonel, I'll bet you a dozen of claret that he's not."

"I wouldn't rob you, my lad; sure I ought to know."

"Rob me? you're afraid to bet, Colonel! but I'm not. I'll lay you two dozen to one."

"I'll not take odds, at all, upon it; but you are so mighty fond of wagering, I'll back my opinion—my certain knowledge—by a couple of dozen, to be drank at mess this day."

"Done!"

I could not help hearing this, and was pondering on what course to take, when my young friend Johnstone came hastily to me, saying—

"How are you, my dear fellow? delighted to see you! have but a moment to put you on your guard; have you heard? well, keep up the joke, and we'll have some fun with the dear old Colonel."

My host now appeared, and led me to his quarters; to the various observations he made, I replied in a mighty quiet brogue, to begin with, thinking that, if I changed my note too suddenly, he would have suspected some mischief. The clock struck, and we descended. I found some three or four men whom I had met on service, and was intro-



duced to several new acquaintance. Every glass of wine I swallowed gave me confidence for carrying on the plot, and my conversation with the Colonel had the effect of rendering my Irish intonation more correct, as I caught the sounds he uttered, and replied to him in tones as like his own as I could. I mustered every scrap of pure Irish that I possessed, and interlarded my discourse with these precious *morceaux*, convincing my too credulous friend that he was sitting on velvet; he could not suppose that these emerald gems of the western world came out of the mouth of a stranger. Dinner past. The king's health and one or two toasts deemed indispensable were drunk, when Colonel Thwaites, rising, said—

“ Mr. President. I beg leave to inform you that I have been under the necessity of doing a thing for which I have a mighty strong aversion; but I trust when I tell you that it secures to the present company a couple dozen of claret, I may be forgiven.”

“ Hear ! Hear ! ” from the subalterns.

“ Mr. President ! I have accepted a wager with my friend Captain Brown, merely to cure him of the trick he has of knowing better than any body else; and I have the satisfaction of informing you, that the wager can be decided by the very person about whom it is made; my friend and guest on

my right hand. Sir, with your permission, I will state to that gentleman what the bet is about, and receive his answer, which will settle the matter at once. Captain Brown bets me that Hill of the Artillery is not an Irishman ; now, my lad !” (slapping me good-humouredly on the shoulder) “spake out, for the honour of your country !”

I rose, made my obeisance to the chair, and replied, in my usual manner, “ Captain Brown is perfectly right. I am an Englishman.”

“ Och, get out of that !” cried the Colonel : “ d’ye hear how finely he mimicks your English gab ? How the devil did you pick up their lingo ? You’d better not play off any of your London airs, when you go home, I warn ye ; come now, no more funning ! by the virtue of your oath—are you not, heart and soul, Irish ? ”

“ No, bless’ee, I be Glo’stershire.”

Roars followed this *dialectic* reply. Every body laughed but the Colonel ; he stormed, raved, called me “ renegade, false-hearted denier of my native land ! ” and appeared to be mortified at the turn affairs had taken. The winning Captain left his seat to shake me warmly by the hand ; and Thwaites, determined to show that the loss did not affect him, soon joined the rest in the laugh, which certainly was at his expence.

A very wet afternoon this turned out ; for, no

sooner was the claret drank, than a party followed the Colonel to his room, where brandy and water, cigars and broiled bones, kept us together till an early hour in the morning. It was not, therefore, a matter of surprize to me that the door of the George was closed, and that all my pullings at the bell were unavailing. Recollecting young Dorn-ton's persuasive reasons to his father, when he was locked out, I determined to avoid the evils therein named, and "take mine ease at my inn," if it were possible. The house of the Port Admiral (I forget if the venerable Sir Richard Bickerton then tenanted it) was under repair ; borrowing a ladder from the scaffolding, I mounted to one of the drawing-room windows of the hotel, and, to my extreme satisfaction, found it unfastened.

Effecting my entrance so easily, the next thing was to get rid of the means I had employed, by pushing away the ladder, in such a manner as to fall on the opposite side of the street ; this done, I made my way to the door of the room I had just entered, and, cruel fate ! found it locked, the key on the outside. This was provoking ; but ingenuity provided for my comforts, by the application of many things to uses for which they had not been originally destined, and, as Dr. Watts says, "as my wants were well supplied ;" a sofa, and as many table covers as I could muster, with the hearth rug

over my feet, stood instead of the anticipated bed and bedding. Thus I was enabled to snooze cosily enough till a scream from the housemaid awoke me. She was not prepared to find a sleeping beauty in the drawing-room, and rushed down stairs to alarm Boots and the coach porter, the only persons yet up, with the intelligence that she had found a thief on the first floor ; the men hastened to make him captive, and were somewhat surprized, on reaching the room, to find it unoccupied, as I had taken the earliest opportunity of making my way to my bed-chamber, leaving the militia of the inn to hunt for the intruder.

It was not till I descended to breakfast, and confessed my night's adventure to the waiter, that the mysterious and sudden disappearance of the robber was explained to the much agitated Betty House.

The officers of my own corps, quartered here, were strangers to me, a circumstance easily understood, when the great number which constitutes our regiment is taken into consideration ; but the return from leave of absence of one I knew soon served to make me known to the others. My friend M——, who was a fine fellow, and had seen most of the Peninsular campaign, kindly invited me to the mess. Washing my hands in his room before dinner, I observed an unusual collection of letters embroidered at one end of the towel he handed

me—on making out the characters, I found, instead of his name at full length, which I at first supposed it was, that the inscription ran thus —“ We Artillery of the First Division.” I requested explanation, and learnt that his family had been much amused, whilst perusing the letters he wrote from the seat of war, by his frequent phrase “ We the artillery,” &c.; and that he having been how acceptable a new set of shirts, table cloths, towels, &c., would be, they had forwarded to him the desired linen, every bit of which the fair hands of his female relatives had marked in the same whimsical manner which I found upon the towels. The following day I received a note from Colonel Thwaites, which ran thus —

“ My dear boy !

“ Though I ought not to call you so, I am aware of the cruel trick which you served me the other day in disowning the Green Isle, after your brogue had fully persuaded me that you were what, at all events, you deserve to be — an Irishman ; but you then were good enough to take us in at the rough, come, dine with me to-day, and you shall fare better, *cuid mille failtá!* as our countrymen say ? Well, the bet’s decided, and the claret drawn. I don’t mean seriously to doubt your word ; but I would be overpaid for the start you took out

me, if you would own to-day that you are a born Hibernian after all.

“Your’s, ever, my dear fellow.”

In *coorse*, as the Colonel would have said, I went; and although no more bets were offered about me, I had the good fortune to elicit some mirth, from the following circumstance. When the cloth was withdrawn, a very massive silver snuff-box was placed upon table, which was only paraded on gala days; this tabatière was a tontine; the names of the original subscribers duly engraven inside the lid; many of whom had long deposited their dust in boxes of larger dimension. It was ornamented by a row of lions’ heads; and it so happened, that their number exactly corresponded with the list of names. A gentleman who sat on my left, and who had, during dinner, made a vast number of observations, tending to prove that he was not over-blessed with common sense, but a capital subject for a trot, occupied himself in reading these names over once or twice, and regarding the box in every variety of position. I was tempted to risk a remark to him, which was not intended to reach other ears.

“Yes, sir,” I said, “the box is indeed valuable; you are aware, I presume, that the portraits are allowed to be faithful.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTH-SEA COMPANY—MASCULINE NEEDLE-WORK—"ONE WHO HAS HAD HIS LOSSES"—THE INVINCIBLES—THE SEWERS SEWED—FIXTURES—AS GUDS SYNE AS SUNE—THE LAST STITCH—ORIENTAL RESEARCHES—FOOD FOR THE MIND—SUSANNAH AND MY ELDER—FLIGHT NO DISGRACE—FIRE QUENCHED SWIFTLY.

To get rid of the effect of my last night's late sitting, I borrowed a horse from one of my own corps, and accompanied Colonel Thwaites in a ride over South-Sea Common and its neighbourhood. The sight of these well-known scenes brought back to my remembrance an evening I had passed within the walls of a neighbouring fort, and which escaped me in my first Recollections.

It was in the year 1814, and during the time that I was garrisoned in Portsmouth, that I received a note from Sir John Trevelyan, which ran as follows —

“ Fort Cumberland.

“ Dear Hill,

“ Will you do me the favour to come out here to dinner to-day ? If possible, prevail on

Doyle to accompany you. I want the aid of both to sew up the Fogeys.

“Your’s, very truly,

“JOHN TREVELYAN.”

I protest that I knew not what assistance the Colonel required at my hands, or the exact meaning of the strange phrase with which he terminated his brief note; and I think it most probable that my reader is in a similar state of ignorance; but I will do my utmost to explain these mysterious words.

Sir John Trevelyan commanded a regiment of Militia called the Cornish Miners; finer fellows never wielded pickaxe or musket; a more jovial set than the officers never sat at board. The Allied Sovereigns were daily expected to visit Portsmouth; and to make room for a regiment, which had returned from service, the Miners were marched off to Fort Cumberland, on the verge of South-Sea Common, already occupied by a veteran battalion.

These old soldiers had received the new comers with great cordiality, and it was determined to take the earliest opportunity of returning their hospitality, by inviting them to the mess of the Miners. It was to this dinner that my friend Doyle and myself were asked; and, as we were intimate not only with the Colonel, but most of the pleasant men of his regiment, we readily complied with his wish.



In our very best embroidered jackets, and severely got up for the day, we reached Fort Cumberland; were kindly welcomed by our friends, who however, did not carry their affection so far as to favour us with the hug for which their county is celebrated.

The mess-room, like every other apartment of the fort, was a low casemated chamber, receiving light from the narrow windows which flanked the only door it possessed; but, from the thickness of the masonry, and the quantity of earth it supported (which formed the parapet of the fort,) was extremely cool, and appeared admirably adapted for a summer refectory.

The dinner drum beat, and the Veterans began to assemble; the first trio who arrived had four arms and five legs to their share; then came two more, each minus a fin, but sporting capital lower limbs. The Major, who was next announced, had been severely wounded, though the shots, which had left such evident marks of a ruined constitution, had spared his precious limbs. Several others, more or less maimed, came dropping in. Doctor and myself were made known to these gallant chaps as they appeared.

The dinner was served, the Colonel was about to take his seat, when looking round, he said —

“ I do not perceive Captain Camplin, I ”

nothing prevents our having the pleasure of his company?"

"Here I am, Colonel," shouted a stentorian voice from the bottom of the room, and, with a rapid pace, the speaker advanced. He, poor soul, had lost leg, arm, and eye; but the brilliancy of the orb that was left was extraordinary; and the activity with which he stumped along almost tempted you to believe that he had been born with a wooden leg.

"Here I am, my dear Colonel; beg pardon for being last, but I had to attend some female friends, who came to see our fort here, and I have been promenading with them on the common."

Placing the Major on his right, and the senior Captain, a fine-looking old man, with silver hair, named Micklejohn, on his left, the Colonel took his seat. I had been requested to sit next to the Major, and Doyle to take another of the visitors under his especial care. Opposite to me sat the last comer, and, on my dexter side, a sturdy old cock who was blest with his proper quantity of digits. Soup being a one-handed invention was no criterion, but, when the fish was served, I was surprised to see that my opposite acquaintance managed to eat with as much ease as his more gifted neighbours, nor was his drinking less expert; he was challenged by most of his Cornish friends, by several of his

own corps, and, of course, by Doyle and myself, (we were not fulfilling the object of our visit.

It was impossible, during dinner, to enter into conversation, even with your nearest companion, the rattle of knives, forks, and plates, reverberated along the roof and sides of our dungeon-shaped chamber. When, however, the cloth was drawn and the wine made its circuit, a stillness, by comparison, reigned.

Various toasts were drank, and many speeches made; excepting in the glass of the Major not a single heel-tap had been detected. Presently the old boys, warmed with the generous grape, began to relate to their militia friends the battles they had seen. Captain Camplin outshone them all; marvellous as many of his adventures were, it would have been cruel to doubt a single statement from so marked a man.

The Major related to Sir John, that when his battalion arrived at Waterford, some two years before, the people had stared at the mutilated figure that passed; but Camplin's company closing the line of march, and his triple suffering meeting the gaze, an impudent rascal pointed him out to his fellows, saying, "Now, by Jasus! the town taken!"

"I remember," replied the hero on whom the remark had been made—"I remember our W"

terford quarters well ; I dined one day with a merchant there, and he, being anxious to give me a taste of some curious Claret of his own importing, was prevented by the fact of the corkscrew being absent without leave ; I won his heart, and those of all present, by producing one from my breeches' pocket, which I invariably carried, and, on the handle of which I had caused to be engraved ' The young man's best companion.' "

" A most profane appropriation of the name of an excellent buik, my good Camplin," observed Captain Micklejohn ; " but you were a'ways a ne'er do weel, or you might have had some of your blessed members spared ye, and your Lisbon campaign not attended wi' such melancholy circumstances."

" May I ask what happened there, sir ? " said I to the white-haired warrior ; but, ere he could speak, the piercing glare of the one eye was full upon me, and the sufferer said quickly —

" A trifle, sir, not worth relating ; known only to my friend Micklejohn and the surgeon, however ; we'll change the subject. Sir John, couldn't you prevail on one of your officers to favour us with a song ? "

The requisition was obeyed, and the singer was entitled to the privilege of a call. The Major was asked to name those of his officers who were given

to the "concord of sweet sounds," and many voice quickly proclaimed Camplin their principal vocalist.

He wasted no time in useless ceremony, but loudly chanted forth the cheering appeal, said to be written by General Wolfe, of "Why, soldiers why, should we be melancholy, whose duty 'tis to die?" with such a volume of voice as proved that his lungs were as "ilegant" as any in "Bally racket."

The nine o'clock drums had beaten some time but "Devil a man would stir from his can." About ten, the Major, pleading ill-health, made a stealthy exit, and I of course closed up to my host.

"Did you ever," said Sir John to me, *sotto voce*, "see such a set of fellows? why half my lads are tipsy at this moment, but not one of the venerable sponges seem to have sopped up a quarter of the wine they intend to carry. I plainly I shall have a difficult task in sewing up the Fogeys; however, something must be done for the honour of Cornwall."

He whispered a mess-waiter, who left the room on the instant. Bumpers were proposed, in rapid succession — some to be drank with honours; and it was a sight to see how manfully the lame, hump and blind stood up, whilst many of their Milit

friends were obliged to balance themselves by holding on to the edge of the table.

Suddenly the door flew open, and the band of the regiment entered the room, playing their county tune of "One and all!" and paraded several times round the assembled party. I could not but smile to see the black man, who played the cymbals, clash them together close to the ears of the visitors, as he passed, and the big drum soon followed the example of his sable countrymen. Such a din I never heard, and most heartily glad was I when the musicians were permitted to return to their beds, from which they had been so unexpectedly summoned.

Their visit had produced the desired effect; one by one the party lessened, inviters as well as guests; and, about eleven o'clock, none remained but Captain Camplin, Micklejohn, the President, Doyle, and myself; the former, in joyous accents, said—

"Ah, my dear Colonel, this is delightful, we can now enjoy an hour or two in rational conversation; the bandsmen are gone to their barracks, and my milksop brother officers have sneaked off to their rooms; I don't mean to follow them just yet, although I pride myself on being an early man."

"The devil you do?" ejaculated Sir John, in a low voice.

“ Yes, Colonel, there’s Andrew Micklejohn as myself, old companions and fellow-sufferers, v like to set a good example, and usually reti early.”

“ It would have been well for you if you ha done so all your life, Camplin, but that infer Senora or Donna at Lis——”

“ Well, well, don’t let’s talk of those matti now ; four or five more glasses of wine, and th we’ll wish the Colonel good-night.”

These four or five were speedily despatched, t worthy Scotchman had suddenly ceased to join conversation, finding his articulation become eve moment more indistinct, and rose to leave t room.

“ Don’t go, Andrew ; three or four more glass and I’m with you, for you know, old Crowde I’m an early man.”

Doyle, under pretext of assisting the Caled nian, made his retreat ; but it would have puzzl a Solomon to say which of the two staggered mo

“ Well, Sir John, we’ve had a delightful day good dinner, excellent wine, and plenty of Capital Port your’s—not a head-ache in a bin-ful if I wasn’t an early man I could take anoth bottle with pleasure ; but, as it is, three or fou more glasses shall suffice, and then I’ll bid ye good-afternoon——”

"Morning, you mean," said the Colonel, beginning to evince some signs of weariness.

"Impossible, my dear sir; I make it a rule to be in bed before midnight—have done so for years—am well known by all my friends as an early man."

"Take another anchovy toast, my good sir," said I, rather anxious to see the end of the carouse, which very little more wine must effect.

"Thank you, my dear fellow; I honour you, and I honour your cloth; you've gained immortal laurels this day, drinking your wine like a man, and keeping sober as a judge—as wise as a dove, and as innocent as a serpent. I'll tell you what happened to an officer of your regiment in the year 1770, when I was a lieutenant—no, I wasn't gazetted till 68—yes, I was—it was at the taking of one of the West-India Islands, or the Cape of Good Hope, or Flushing, I don't remember where—just now—but, however, a glass of wine will refresh my memory—thank you, Sir John, I'll drink your health in a bumper; and then, if you will do me the honour to come over to my room, we'll have some cold cigars—a little brandy—and some—beef and water—Artillery man, Sir John's health, up standing, with three!"

The jolly old cock got upon his leg, the wine found its way down his throat, and his body to the



floor ; down he fell, flat and speechless. I hastened to assist him, but Sir John, catching my arm said—

“ Join me, my dear boy, in a cheer ; we’ve won the day — Hurrah ! we’ve sewn up the Fogeys ! ”

A transport, having on board a portion of the 14th regiment, arrived the next day ; from one of the officers I learnt that my brother had been left at Malta with the last division, and was not likely to reach England for some time. On this intelligence I took leave of my Portsmouth friends, and hastened to Bristol.

Before I relate any adventure that befel me there, let me take the opportunity of correcting an error which I committed in my first series, regarding a display of gold coin in a jeweller’s window including sovereigns, which were not current in 1814. My two visits to Portsmouth had become confused in my memory. It must have been at the period of which I am *now* treating, that what I attributed to an earlier date had fallen under my notice. This mistake of mine was first detected by no less a personage than John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. ; and I cannot help feeling proud that volumes so slight as mine should have been honoured by his perusal.

Whilst at home, I beguiled, as was my wont, the

evenings by reading to my family. Moore's Oriental Romance was then new ; writing down its title, I sent for it, to the Circulating Library at which I subscribed, by the very maid whose " carrots and geraniums" flourish in my first series.

After a long absence she returned, saying—

" Please, zur, Mrs. Routh wunt ha none till the next ship da come in ; and at Merryweather's, awver the Change, it be three shillings a pound."

" What d'ye mean, girl ? I sent you to Rees's !"

" Iss, zure, zur, and thur I went ; but a tould I that were my mistake, and zent I right."

" Why, surely, he couldn't understand——"

" Oh, a did though, well anough, zur, thof I'd a lost the peaper, I zed the neame playn out to'n."

" What name, child ?"

" Why, arrow-root, zur."

Fancy " Lalla Rookh" warm with sugar, to be taken at bed-time. After this blunder I thought fit to transact all such business in person, though my stupid messenger was soon dismissed, and a new parlour-maid coming in her place.

My leave was within a week of expiration. I thought of writing for a renewal ; 'twas a dull evening, I had several volumes to return, in order to procure fresh ones, and intended starting with them into the town, but was begged by my mo-

ther to wait till after tea, when the just arrived domestic should carry the books in a basket. I was pencilling down a list of others, when our "cooling beverage" was brought in, and I was disturbed by some awkward stumble on the part of this maid, which nearly upset the whole ~~equi~~ page.

"Why, Susan!" said my mother.

I looked up. That I saw before me a very, pretty plump blonde, still in her teens, was nothing—but I *had* seen her previously, and in circumstances which rendered it extremely awkward for me to encounter her as my mother's "maid;" which she certainly was not likely to have become, had she guessed the name of her former "friend," his relationship to her future mistress, or his residence in that house. Mark me, reader, I had nothing of which to accuse myself as to Susan, and resolved that I would *not* have. What had been venial and *venal* too, under other auspices, would have been seriously unbecoming now and here.

Judge then my embarrassment as I judged that of the girl, while her lady, in blest unconscious naïveté, said—

"Now, Susan, put on your bonnet, for as soon as you have taken away the things, you will go to Bristol with your master."

"Are we to be turned out together?" those blue eyes seemed to say.

But her mistress went on—"Yes, go with Mr. Hill, Susan, where he will take you, and do as he bids you; he wishes you to transact some little business for him, and when he has taught you how and where, you can do the same for any of the other young gentlemen when he is gone."

Luckily none other of the young gentlemen knew why I bit my lip. Go with Susan I must, by parental command, and go I did; but, as soon as we got without the walls, said to the now crying and fluttered soubrette—

"Wilcox, fear nothing from me! I shall take my place for London instantly, and start to-morrow morning, without betraying what I know to any body; keep your own secret; by finding you in service I hope you intend to lead a steady life; at any rate, quit your present situation rather than disgrace it. You will hear when I am again expected home; then you *must* make some pretext for leaving, as I won't return till you are off, and shall be wanted back in a few months; so buy yourself a riband, and dry your eyes."

I think it will be owned I told no falsehood in asserting that *duty* called me away. There are dangers from which 'tis brave to fly.

Susan behaved so well, that, in a short time, she

was recommended to a spinster who needed a confidential attendant; perhaps an easier and more profitable, certainly a safer post, than that which my mother had assigned her about my person. I never saw her more; and do not record this as a Joseph-like boast. There is "consistency in sinning"—"a time for all things:" a man may avoid violating bonds obviously sacred, without any want of good taste and gentlemanly feeling.

Once more in London, need I say I visited the theatres? Harlequin Gulliver was the pantomime at Covent Garden, and, since the days of the far-famed Mother Goose, no entertainment of the kind had afforded such general satisfaction; from the dear little rogues home for the holidays, to children of a larger growth, all ranks were enchanted. I do not blush to confess myself one of the latter, on this and many other occasions.

It is impossible for those who never had the happiness of seeing Joe Grimaldi, "every body's Joe," to form a correct idea of the unceasing humour of his acting; however grotesque or ludicrous the situation, you could not but perceive that the artist was a man of first-rate genius. Like many established favourites, he could play a very fantastic trick, and still there was "no offence in't!" The gorgeous palace of Lilliput was enveloped in flames; very little firemen, with very small engines, hastened

to the spot ; Joe knew his author, and, in proof of this, placed the whizzing water-pipe in such a position as to realize the actual manner in which the conflagration was subdued ; yet this was done so skilfully, so neatly, that roars of laughter followed — loudest from those who recognized the Dean's own expedient.

## CHAPTER IX.

MORE COLE—INNOCENT ADULTERY—MELPOMENE BEATS HER  
SISTERS—GAINING A NAME—THE CHARTERS OF OUR LANE  
LOSING A NAME—LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS—THALIA TI  
VELS—AN UNLUCKY TRIP—DUNDER AND BLITZEN—UPS A  
DOWNS—LAST WORDS—DUKE FOR A DAY—KENT COMING  
DOVER—"COME I TOO LATE?"—BOTHERED ENTIRELY.

I WAS fortunate enough to encounter an old friend, as much given to play-going as myself, Captain of the Fusileers; and not an evening during my short stay in town but I accompanied him to call on some of the large houses. He was on half-pay, had determined to woo the Muses, informed me that he had nearly finished two volumes of essays, and was wanting a little quiet and retirement to complete the undertaking. I invited him to my barracks at Dover, on the understanding that we were to share the housekeeping; an arrangement much more economical for him than living at the Hummums. He appeared delighted at the proposal and promised to avail himself of my offer.

With the prospect of enjoying the society of such a companion, I rejoined at Dover. Scarcely had I unpacked, and put my traps in order, when I received a request from Charlton Place, that I would enact the part of the Prior in Bertram, Mr. Dilnot having resigned the character, and given his Welsh wig to an old retainer.

Much against my inclination, I consented to study this charitable churchman, and, forewarned by the fate of my predecessor, took care that my head should be rendered as like the caput of a true son of holy church as possible.

In order to insure the complete success of the play, as far as regards each man knowing what had been set down for him, a rehearsal had taken place previous to my return ; but as the lady of the house personated the heroine, her lord had carefully revised Maturin's language, and made the following important alteration —

“ We met in madness, *but we guiltless* parted.”

This purification turned the rest of the plot into gratuitous crime, and utter nonsense ; but wise men will sometimes do silly things !

Although the excellent Mr. Dilnot had given up St. Anselm to my unworthy hands, he had not relinquished his amateur propensities. I witnessed, with great satisfaction, his representation of Frederick, in “ Lover's Vows,” for a charitable purpose,



at Canterbury; and beheld Kotzebue's boy-hero attired in the full regimentals of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry, whilst the head of the actor, over which sixty summers had passed, was dressed *à la militaire, bien poudré* with a most captivating little queue, that moved backward and forward, during the impassioned scenes, like a pendulum.

Valentine's day, instead of bringing me letters filled with hearts, darts, and the other commodities so plentiful on this love-making anniversary, was rendered agreeable by the arrival of my friend Cole. Due preparations had been made, and he found himself in a few minutes perfectly at home.

It was agreed that this day should be devoted to viewing the town, castle, &c.; but he would positively, and in serious earnest, commence the completion of his task to-morrow. It came, and I left him seated in a room I had given up to his exclusive use, plentifully supplied with writing materials. We met at dinner-time—a cloud hung over the brow of my guest—I was on the point of asking what had occurred to annoy him, when, suddenly he threw his knife and fork down, and exclaimed—

“By G—d, I'll not write another line of these d—d essays! I'll go on the stage.”

“The stage!” I cried; “in Heaven's name, how long has that crotchet crossed your brain?”

"I have thought of it for some time ; my mind's made up ; I must get an engagement directly. I'll open in Iago, or Sir Edward Mortimer. I feel certain of success. Fame, fortune, all lie before me ; yes, I'll be an actor."

This was a sudden and startling resolve ! That I did not consider it derogatory to a gentleman, my subsequent conduct proved ; but might not some of Cole's relatives differ from me ? was he of a *temper* to brook their prejudices, or to "rough it," in a provincial company ? Then, Iago, Sir Edward Mortimer ! my friend, though he well deserved the title of "little symmetry," lacked dignity, and had a thick, hurried enunciation, which, I feared, he would never get over. All this and more, as brotherly as I might, I stated. My observations were unheeded, the position was kept with a pertinacity which I could not conquer. It only remained for me to use what little interest I possessed to procure the required engagement, and to give my friend a *nom de théâtre* ; the first I named hit his fancy ; I pledged him in a bumper as "Mr. Calcraft," and from that moment he has been known by no other name.

With as strong a recommendation to Mr. Harry Dowton, the Canterbury manager, as I could indite, my newly christened godson left me next morning.

Amongst various valuable works of art, my neighbour, Colonel Ford, possessed a remarkable fine collection of Hogarth's works. We were expatiating on the numerous beauties of that "great moral satirist," and I was reminded of a curious question which had been asked in my presence, during the period that I served with Prince Augustus.

"You are of a very old family, sir," said a Prussian officer to Captain Chartres, of my own corps.

"Yes, sir, I have reason to believe so," was the reply.

"We have a portrait of one of your ancestors at my house, near Berlin."

"Indeed! of what date?"

"I should say, to judge by the costume, a pretty distant one."

"Is it an oil picture, or a print?"

"It is an engraving, representing a Colonel Chartres, receiving from a stage waggon a young woman from the country, on whom he is about to bestow his charity and kindness. Are you descended from *that* Colonel Chartres, sir?"

"Heaven forbid! if I mistake not, he was hung, for bestowing too much of what he called kindness on some young woman."

The picture to which my Prussian friend alluded was the first in the series of the Harlot's Progress.

Before the month had waned, I received letters

from Calcraft, filled with the most satisfactory accounts of his success, pressing me to come and see him. Early in March I had an opportunity of so doing, Mr. Foote having promised the aid of the amateurs to the Canterbury manager, for what is called a stock night.

The well known and clever Dowton, having married a daughter of Mrs. (or as she was usually denominated, in the circuit, "Mother") Baker, her theatrical property had devolved on him, at her death; his London engagements rarely permitting his presence, a brother was deputed to represent him on the spot; but, though intrusted with a post of so much responsibility, such were the habits and manners of the locum tenens, so much devoted was he to dog-fights, bull-baits, trotting matches, free and easies, &c., &c., the London comedian had signified his wish that his dearly beloved brother would drop the paternal name, and adhere only to the sponsorial. The other, knowing how good a berth he enjoyed, and not being a very particular person, acquiesced in the arrangement; and, as "Mr. Harry," transacted all the multifarious business of the Canterbury, Maidstone, Faversham, and Tunbridge-wells theatres, to his own entire satisfaction, if not to that of his employer.

The absent and present managers were constantly

named by those under their control as "old Dow," and "old Harry." The latter was oftentimes as much dreaded as his satanic namesake.

But to the play. Mr. Foote had decided on "the Honey Moon;" with a lively recollection of my Dauphine Island display, in Juliana, I considered myself lucky and that of the drama much amended by my receiving the *rôle* of Rolando. Our farce was "High Life below Stairs." I need scarcely add that much of this amusing comedy depends on the supper scene. Our table, in the ordinary course of things, would certainly have been decorated with wooden fowls, brown paper ham, lamb's-wool creams, toast and water, or "that poor creature, small beer," in cracked decanters; but, Mr. Foote, with his usual liberality, supplied an allowance of choice wine, whilst I gave orders to dear Sally Smith, the pet pastry-cook of the garrison for many a long year, to send an ample quantity of poultry, tongue, jellies, and other knick-knacks; taking care that the substantials were ready carved, and duly garnished with parsley.

The time arrived for the discussion of these things. Philip took the head of the table; the ladies Charlotte and Bab, with their hostess, Mrs. Kitty, occupying posts of honour, and separating the Coachman, Kingston the black, with Chloe and the Cook, from those high-bred men, My Lord

Duke and Sir Harry. No sooner were the party seated, than a fierce attack was made on the viands by those who had not to sustain the dialogue of the scene; nay, some of *these* occasionally were hardly articulate, from the quantities crammed into their mouths.

Champagne had been placed in ice-pails; and, as representing the person of highest rank present, I challenged Mrs. Kitty to a bumper; the sparkling liquid flew round the table, to the delight of the supper-eaters and the envy of many among the audience.

The difference which arises between his Grace and Sir Harry, I was fortunate enough to heighten by calling on him for an explanation, with a flask of Champagne in my hand, and, seeing it was on the eve of explosion, kept him in parlance, close to the front of the stage, till the proper moment, when, levelling the bottle at him, off went the cork, with a crack that made the gormandisers jump and Sir Harry wince, for it struck him on the nose, with sufficient effect to draw involuntary tears from his eyes; the ladies interfered, smelling bottles were proffered, and the wounded Baronet speedily recovered.

Returning to the table, I could not but wonder at the complete disappearance of every morsel that was eatable; never surely had men and women dis-

patched a meal with such pleased alacrity. It was certainly a novelty on those boards to sit down to any thing real, and they had not failed to take swift advantage of the occasion.

The curtain fell amidst general plaudits, and before I had time to strip off my ducal liver I was accosted by a New Orleans friend, S Augustus D'Este, who renewed his acquaintance with great warmth, and with that winning manner for which most members of the Royal family are celebrated.

The receipts of the theatre proved so far beyond the sum taken on ordinary occasions, that the leading lady of the company, Miss Barry, solicited, as a most special favour, the powerful assistance, as she was pleased to term it, of the amateurs. Our leader was far too gallant a man to refuse the request of a *fair* applicant.

Milman's tragedy of Fazio had been acted at Bath, and made a considerable sensation, though it had not yet received the stamp of metropolitan approbation. The literati of Canterbury were divided in their opinion as to the dramatic capabilities of the poem; it was resolved, therefore, to give them an opportunity of judging the production on the stage.

The characters were few; to oblige the *fai* *beneficière*, I undertook the part of the Duke, and

determined, in my robes of office, to vie with Lorenzo the Magnificent. Velvet, ermine, and satin were put in requisition, to form my princely garb ; and I had caused to be manufactured, from the most undoubted authority, a diadem of the exact form worn by the ruler of the Florentines ; 'tis true the materials were foil and gold-paper only, but my theatric zeal so entirely won the favour of a dear and kind friend, that her diamonds were lent me for the princely circlet, and by their aid a more splendid coronet was hardly seen on the brow of any Duke that lived. All parties concerned had sufficient reason to be satisfied with the results of the evening, the lady for whose benefit the performance was intended most especially ; she could not credit the statement made by the manager, who was also the money-taker, that the receipts amounted to the unheard-of sum of £97 12s.

Calcraft, who I perceived took a great interest in her affairs, laughingly remarked :—

“It would have been a hundred, but you can't prevent old Harry from *chiselling* you out of something ; he has not had such an opportunity since he has been Chancellor of Dow's Exchequer.”

The success which had attended our dramatic exertions stimulated the officers at Shorncliffe and Hythe to try their histrionic powers ; to strengthen their forces, the Charlton Place amateurs were re-



quested to join their ranks ; and a friendly union was speedily completed, in the cause of charity.

The first play at Hythe had given great satisfaction ; the gentry, both in town and neighbourhood, were anxiously looking out for another. I happened to call on an officer of the Invalid Artillery, close to the town, and was pleased to hear both Colonel and Mrs. N—— express their unqualified approbation of our performance.

“ I hope,” said the lady, “ you mean to let have a lively farce, to send us home in good humour ; have you fixed on what is to be done next ? ”

“ The play is not yet decided, my dear Ma'am ” I replied, “ I *can* name the after-piece ; it is sterling work of the old school, and one which cannot fail to please every body.”

“ Indeed ! what is it ? ”

“ Ways and Means, or a Trip to Dover.”

The lady jumped up, her face crimsoned to her forehead, and, with a bounce, that gave me some doubts of her sanity, rushed out of the room.— The Colonel, too, looked confused, but I was “ as innocent as a sucking dove ” of any intention to disturb their equanimity. Finding that nothing I could say in praise of Colman’s capital political comedy tended to soothe the feelings of my host, hastily concluded my visit, and left the house with

dering what possible cause of offence the naming of *Ways and Means* could have given.

I was not long kept in the dark, but learnt, from undoubted authority, that the character of Sir David had been faithfully copied from old Biggs, the Ordnance Storekeeper at Dover ; and that the present Mrs. N——, of sensitive exit, was his daughter, one of the Miss Dunders ! Whether Random or Scruple was intended for Colonel N——, I never thought it worth while to inquire ; but this I know, that, on the evening the obnoxious farce was acted, the theatre was not graced by the presence of the colonel or his lady.

A valued friend of mine, Captain Pemberton, of the Rifle Brigade, called on me one May morning, to request that I would accompany his uncle, Sir Charles Wale, and himself, over the castle and works. I hastened to assure the General how happy I should be to act as *Cicerone*, and we set off, to view the various objects so worthy the notice of a military man.

I apprised Sir Charles that an extensive view was to be obtained from a particular point of the Castle cliff, if he would take the pains of stooping under a barrier that had been placed to prevent strangers from approaching the spot, which was considered dangerous. To this proposition he as-

sented, and we were much charmed with the prospect presented to us.

We had advanced to the extreme edge of the precipice, when, turning to his nephew, Pemberton said—

“Anthony, this spot reminds me of a circumstance which occurred many years ago, when I was a subaltern at Gibraltar ; my most intimate friend was on the Rock Mortar guard, I had assigned him to his station, to beguile his day’s exile, and to converse with his posts with him. We suddenly arrived at the top of the Rock more than a thousand feet above the sea, and he looked over with an air as calm, nay, more so than mine is now, for the recollection made him shudder — ‘Wale,’ said he, ‘d’ye think you would suffer much pain, if he were to fall from this tremendous elevation?’—‘I should imagine not,’ I replied ; ‘he would be hardly conscious of the fall.’—‘He would be hardly conscious of the thing — more than half dead before he reached the base. It must be an easy death.’—‘You think so,’ he said, and smiled. ‘Farewell then, my friend,’ he said, and in an instant he sprung from the edge, and was lost to my sight.”

Pemberton and myself exchanged significant looks, implying that we could have wished that Charles had chosen a more secure spot for the execution of an event so startling. Associated ideas, in a *locale* so similar to the scene of

Gedy, almost induced a kind of giddiness; for my part I do not hesitate to confess that I crept very cautiously back to the barrier, nor did I think myself safe till I had attained the opposite side of it. Pemberton speedily followed, and, as our companion rose from stooping beneath the bar, his nephew instantly asked—

“For God’s sake, why did you abruptly tempt a nervous subject, like myself? Heaven pardon me! I felt the most extraordinary inclination to follow the example of the poor youngster; what could have caused him to seek so sudden and dreadful a death?”

“That was never known; his family were rich and respectable, and he was neither in love nor in debt, two powerful reasons for jumping out of the world; it could only be attributed to insanity, or to the unaccountable impulse you have just confessed yourself, which is more frequently felt than proved, or even owned, by persons of excitable temperaments.”

What Sir Charles had said relative to the extinction of life being the effect of a fall from any considerable height was a universal opinion, at the time; contradicted, however, by the well-known fact that, when Madame Blanchard had fallen from a balloon, nearly half a mile from the earth, and alighted on the roof of a house, she was heard to

exclaim, "Oh mon Dieu!"—nay, although speechless afterwards, was perfectly conscious of all around, for the brief period that she survived.

On the 5th of June, his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael landed, under a salute from the batteries, and was received by the Commandant with all due honours. His Highness remained at the Ship only time enough to partake of refreshments, and to allow the landing of his carriages. Shortly, all was prepared for departure. Of these unwieldy vehicles which were to bear him and his suite to town, an open landau was the first in the order of march; into this stepped an ugly little fellow, with fiery red hair, and enormous moustache; he was buttoned up in a dark green surtout, decorated with a cross or two, the reward of the services he had rendered his Imperial master, in his capacity of —valet.

Crosses and medals are matters more profusely bestowed by the Russian than by any other power. Three or four carriages contained the personal staff of the illustrious Muscovite; a small mean-looking calèche, in the rear of the rest, was occupied by the Duke and an elderly gentleman of prepossessing appearance.

A line of soldiers had been formed in front of the hotel, to keep off the *bourgeois*; part of this cordon fell back to allow the passage of the car

riages; the mob, anxious to welcome the Royal Stranger, were uproarious in their shouts; all eyes were turned upon the valet, whom they mistook for the object of their admiration, as he led the van; they ran by the side of his carriage, huzzaing as though they had never seen a carroty man, who looked like a Tom cat, before. The little Tartar received their salutations with immense condescension, bowed, lifted his casquet, smiled, put his hand to his heart, whilst the vehicle which brought up the rear was, with its occupants, totally disregarded by the wiseacres.

At the request of several influential ladies of Dover, the Hythe Amateurs gave their aid in behalf of the Lying-in Charity of the former place; whether or no any of the actors had cause to feel a particular interest in the Institution I know not; but the fact of a set of gay young fellows coming forward to assist females who had the straw in perspective, drew a large audience, and mainly benefited the funds of the Charity.

Soon after this performance, I was placed in a situation of considerable perplexity, from receipt of news, that his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent was expected to arrive in Dover every hour; consequently my presence was necessary for the superintending salutes, &c.; whilst I was pledged to my

comrades to play Ollapod, at Hythe, that evening,

Our dramatic company did not boast of any gentleman "who would kindly undertake the part, on a short notice, relying on the usual indulgence;" I did not join them, the play must be postponed; it were impossible to cut out so important a passage as the apothecary; how I fretted and fumed walking up and down my barrack room, torn to pieces by the conflicting passions of loyalty and love of acting. Five o'clock came, and I gave myself up to despair. The "Poor Gentleman" himself could not have suffered more misery than it was my lot to bear; in the very height of my agony, Colonel Ford, who knew how I was situated, came into my room with the tidings that our Royal visiter would not arrive that night, but begged me to return to barracks after the play. I could almost have hugged the dear kind Colonel for the reprieve. To order a chaise from the Ship, to place my portmanteau within it, and to jump in after it, "was the work of a moment." Only eleven miles separated Hythe from Dover.

"Postboy, drive as if the Devil was after you and you shall have no cause for regret."

Off went the chaise, round went the wheels.

Up hill and down dale, along I was rattled, at a pace that, under any other circumstances, would

have been terrific; and, by dint of whip and spur, found myself safely landed at the Swan, before half past six.

My brother actors, hearing the chaise drive up, rushed to the window, and no sooner saw me dismount, than they welcomed me with a loud huzza.

"I knew he'd come if he was alive," cried one.

"What has kept you?" said another.

"We were just going to post up a notice of the performance being put off."

"I'll answer you all, by and by, let's hasten to the Theatre. Waiter, send me down some strong green tea, and tell the postboy I shall want him to go back at eleven; keep him sober, but take care of him."

Under the disadvantage of playing without a rehearsal, I managed to get through the disciple of Galen and votary of Mars tolerably well. In the after-piece of "Botheration," I was to enact Doctor Wisepate, who clears up "a ten years' blunder," but, in my anxiety to fulfill the desire expressed by my kind commandant, I forgot this last scene, and hastened back to quarters.

When the denouement should have taken place, there was no Wisepate to set them right; in vain they called for me. I afterwards learnt that such a specimen of anarchy was seldom if ever witnessed;



neither audience nor actors knowing how it would end ; but, after ineffectual struggles at elucidation the curtain fell upon as fine a bit of " bothers " as heart could desire.

To amateur acting, and for a charity, this was but a charm the more, a crowning grace, finishing one." Had such an exit spread confusion through a professional company, no matter how *well* its members had played, they would have been hissed for the deserter's fault, and he would have expected his discharge.

## CHAPTER X.

**THE MAT—AN ECCENTRIC STAR—DEATH IN THE CASTORS—  
ALL'S RIGHT—WHO'LL SHOOT ME?—AN INEXORABLE AIM—  
BALL-PROOF—WOOLWICH PLAYS—"THE SILVER LINK"—  
"THE SILKEN TIE."**

It was with extreme delight I learnt that the inimitable imitator Mathews was about to appear at our Theatre. I felt a most ardent desire to be made known to him, and the wish was speedily gratified. I had long enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Trotter, the proprietor of the Hythe theatre, and to him I was indebted for an introduction to the son of Momus, on the 25th day of the rosy month of June.

Mathews quickly perceived that I was in earnest, when I assured him of the great happiness I felt in becoming acquainted with him; and, although he was usually reserved with strangers, he proved the exception he had made in my favour, by accepting an invitation to dine with me the following day.

I despatched a note to Shorncliffe, asking my intimate friend, Pemberton, of the Rifle Corps, to

meet the famed comedian; and called on Col. Marlay with the same request. He was charmed with the opportunity offered him, of seeing, in private life, a man who had afforded him such exquisite delight in public.

Many months before the period of which I now speak, I had attended a sale at the Custom House, and purchased some odd lots of Claret which had been seized in quantities as small as one or three bottles. Judging that nobody would take the trouble of attempting to evade duties for anything other than drinkable wine, I bought all that was going, and, by the advice of Mr. Sampson, Comptroller, stowed away my purchase in a bed of sea-sand. No fitter occasion could occur for trying the quality of the wine than the present.

My chief guest having to give his "At Home," it was arranged that our dinner hour should be an early one. Pemberton arrived full of joy having given him the preference on a day promised so much gratification.

Punctual to the moment, Messrs. Mathews and Trotter entered the fort, were made known to two *militaires*, and, in a few minutes, were seated at the best fare my means could offer them.

Mathews was in one of his most amiable moods in spite of which he gave me "a spice of civility." Asking Turner for some fish sauce

bottles, containing Harvey, Reading, Chili, Anchovy, &c., were handed him.

"I don't see any catchup," he said, looking my man full in the face, with an expression which did not indicate disappointment.

"Master never uses it," was the honest reply of the blunt servitor.

"I honour your master for it, and *you* ought to honour your master for taking care that his guests are not killed;" then, turning to Colonel Marlay, he continued; "I couldn't enjoy a mouthful of this excellent salmon, if I thought there was such a thing in the house as that abominable villanous stuff they *call* Mushroom Catchup. God knows what they make it of, but it is a most dangerous and deadly poison."

"And yet," said Trotter, "I've seen you eat mushrooms."

"Ah! they are very different things; that's what I would have said, if you had only taken the trouble to listen to me, and hear me out; there is not one *solitary* mushroom in *all* the catchup ever sold by Burgess, Shout, Lazenby, or any other pickle-man in London."

A piece of roast beef, which took place of the fish, was no sooner set on table, than Mathews began —

"I knew it, I was sure of it; the moment I heard

you didn't use catchup, I was convinced you were a man after my own heart. If there be a thing on earth that I like better than every other dish in the world — it's roast beef. I could live on it all the year round ! let those who will eat those fowls a la mode, give me beef. What do *you* eat, when you are going to act, *en amateur* ?" he asked me.

" Any thing that falls in my way, my mind is occupied by my character that I am indifferent to any other consideration."

" Now take my advice ; if ever you have a long difficult part, order roast beef ; try it, that's all, and if you don't find out the difference I'm no judge."

Oh ! that I could give his manner, whilst I was recording the matter — there was an earnestness in all he said, as though he addressed you on the most important subject.

" Mr. Mathews, some apple-tart ?" said Peaberton.

" No, thank you, Captain ; bilious head-ache and heartburn I don't volunteer for."

" Some macaroni ?"

" What ? macaroni ! well, I see how it is, you must have found out, by some means, quite unnecessary to me, the food I like most."

" Why, Mathews," exclaimed Mr. Trotter, " I

often have I heard you execrate these "tobacco pipes made easy," as you called them, as reminding you of —— but I won't repeat your Long Acre allusion."

"Mine! never!" returned Mathews, as if he had been falsely accused of high treason; "Trotter, I have the highest regard for your memory and veracity, in general; but, if you have mixed *me* up, in your imagination, with any nasty brute capable of *such* a comparison, I shall never forgive you."

"'Tis plain you know what *I meant*, at least," laughed Trotter.

"Nonsense!" broke in Mathews, "I know I always *did*, and always *shall* hold macaroni 'in my heart of hearts, as I do thee;' so, 'no more of that Tom, an thou lov'st me;'" then turning to me, he continued, "I have it; somebody, who has dined with me in town has said, 'if ever that queer fellow, Mathews, is your visiter, give him nothing but roast beef, with a dish of macaroni, and be sure to hide the catchup-castor, and make your servant *swear* you never use it.'"

"I am only too happy that our tastes accord, believe me."

"Thank you, a little wine? Here again, another proof — that's as honest a glass of Madeira as ever man drank, and yet there are a parcel of fools, idiots, beasts! that pretend to vote Madeira un-

fashionable — acid, and the devil knows what ; I have such caitiffs drink nothing but ditch-water and that none of the cleanest.”

The dinner passed, and I was anxious to obtain the opinions of my visitors on my small bin of claret. Selecting four of the best looking bottles I had caused them to be kept in water (ice was not to be procured) during the whole of the morning.

Fate seemed determined to smile on me, the wine was pronounced excellent. Mathews drank sparingly, but, as none of the party had his responsibility, we broached a queer-looking specimen which proved to be Burgundy, of first-rate quality and in high condition. The moment Colonel Marlay spoke in its praise, Mathews opened upon me again—

“Burgundy and claret ! Forgive my asking but what do the colonels and majors of the Artillery drink ? because I should think if they increased their wine-cellars with their promotion, that they used Tokay to make blacking with. I beg pardon I don’t mean to say any thing unpleasant ; on the contrary, allow me to observe, I could not have had a better dinner if I had been dining at the commander-in-chief’s table, and you deserve to live well, if only for your sensible hatred to catchup.”

Our little party was obliged to break up early to allow Mathews to fulfil his professional duties

We soon followed him to the theatre, and it was extremely gratifying to me to perceive that he was in tip-top spirits, and good voice. At the end of a most fatiguing song, he turned towards the box in which our party was seated, and, his face beaming with good-humour, cried out "Roast beef!" in such a tone of triumph that made me bless my stars for having provided the dish that he did love to feed upon.

I have before related how completely my friend Colonel Ford succeeded in puzzling a conjuror.\* I am now about to mention a circumstance connected with a brother of the black art, on which occasion the tables were turned. An Indian juggler, calling himself Khia Khan Khruse, announced a display of several extraordinary feats, and the colonel asked me to accompany him to see the mighty magician. I am not about to tell all the odd things he did, in the way of stone and sword swallowing, but confine myself to one trick, the performance of which, up to this hour, is a sealed mystery to me — a deed of evident confederation with the Evil One!

During the entertainment a pistol was handed round for inspection, the Indian requesting, in as good English as he could muster, that some gentleman would load it with powder *and bullet*, also paraded, and fire at Khan at fourteen paces, Khia pledging himself to catch the ball in his tawny fist.

\* Vide Recollections of an Artillery Officer, vol. i., page 157.



There was a general disinclination to make the experiment, when Colonel Ford said—

“Please to understand, Mr. Conjuror, that, when the pistol is loaded, it is not given back to your hands, but, as soon as the powder and ball are put in, you are to stand the shot.”

“Iss, Saib ! I catch him — he no hurt — you mark bully—den you know him ’gain.”

We carefully examined the weapon ; there was no false chamber into which the ball could fall, the powder was genuine Pigott and Andrews, and the

“Bullets were made of lead, lead, lead !”

Instead of contenting himself with the ordinary nick or cross upon the ball, the Colonel carefully cut “a broad R,” or arrow, the mark which distinguishes his Majesty’s naval and military stores. I loaded, and, as sailors say, “rammed home wad, shot, and cartridge,” then offered the charged tube to my companion, who declined with a smile—

“No, my dear boy, *you* shall have the honour of shooting the fellow ; take a good aim at him, and mind the chandelier.”

Seeing matters in such an active state of preparation, the ladies began to evince alarm, and many a sweet voice implored me to abandon the notion of firing ; whether out of respect to their own nerves, or the conjuror’s carcase, I know not, but I remained most ungallantly deaf to their prayers.

"Him Saib ready?" demanded the Asiatic.

Signifying assent, I asked him where he meant to stand, that I might step out the number of paces agreed on.

"I tan here, you no fright, if kill me I forgive, but me catch de ball, and no debil in it!"

The pit of the theatre was floored over, and I counted out the fourteen steps between me and my willing victim.

"All ready, sar!" cried whitey-brown.

I took a deliberate aim at his body, and, I almost blush to confess, with a certainty of seeing him fall dead from the shot, as no deception had been practiced in the loading. The ladies held their hands to their ears, the trigger was pulled, and "ping!" went the bullet, if ever I heard a bullet fly through the air. Khia Khan gave a leap, which I thought was the effect of his death-wound, and then advanced, showing his fine set of teeth to the greatest possible advantage, with his right hand clenched, saying:—

"Him got him! what him mark?"

"The broad R."

"Ah, me no know what Saib mean, him dis, I tink;" and, opening his palm, there lay the identical piece of lead so carefully marked by the colonel.

Thunders of applause followed this extraordinary

display ; the danger past, even the ladies joined in expressing their unqualified delight at having witnessed so wonderful a trick. I turned to my companion ; he appeared somewhat disconcerted, and said to me—

“ If that fellow were to offer to be rammed into Queen Elizabeth’s pocket-pistol at the castle, for the purpose of obtaining an expeditious passage to Calais, I would n’t allow the powder to be served out for the purpose, for, from what I have just witnessed, I think that in a minute after you had put the port-fire to the vent, he’d be walking in the *Place*, without one gunpowder spot on his muslin. I say we’ve seen quite enough, let’s go home !”

Taking the earliest opportunity, we retreated, with the extreme regret of many present, who intended to favour us with a profusion of questions relative to this shooting bout at the end of the performance.

Adhering to events, as they actually occurred, I find that this chapter will be almost entirely devoted to matters theatrical ; still, what I am about to mention is of a nature too flattering to my vanity to be omitted. About the middle of August I received a letter from my valued friend Barlow, apprising me that the officers of Woolwich had of late got up some plays, in aid of the charities of the town, and

the Regimental Orphan Fund. I confess I was surprised at this information, remembering that when I was quartered there, the then "Big wigs" would have discountenanced any such relaxation from drill and guard mounting; but my surprise was not equal to my pleasure, when, on continuing the perusal of the letter, I found a most flattering invitation to visit head-quarters, and give my aid to the dramatic exhibitions.

I will not quote the civil things that were said to induce my visit, but say at once I was delighted at the prospect of a "Starring engagement," and wrote by return, signifying how readily I should embrace the opportunity of meeting so many old friends.

Before a week had elapsed I found myself in the comfortable quarters of the hospitable and warm-hearted Barlow, and was shortly after introduced to the members of the Dramatic Corps; many of them I had known in former days, and with the others I soon became acquainted.

The receipts being devoted to the benevolent purpose of cheering the fatherless, "The Cure for the Heart Ache" was by no means an inappropriate title to select, nor was the name of the farce out of keeping; many a full-dress rehearsal had taken place on the barrack-field; we had only to change the "Waggeries" from "Windsor" to Wool-

wich, and take care that the evening's representation did not interfere with the real "Review" which was performed once a week during summer season by his Majesty's servants.

Mrs. Lazenby, Mrs. Fawcett, (sisters of Orger) and Mrs. Lamb, were our *colaborate* Truefit wigged us, Lee found the "Costume" as he called it, and thus aided, we played house crammed to the ceiling.

Where all did their best, it might appear ridiculous to particularize; but I cannot refrain from noticing one of our amateurs, Dr. White. Blessed with a phiz in which the eyes of Munro, the nose of Liston, and the mouth of Grimald blended in harmony, no wonder that he succeeded as a comedian. I have seldom seen a more perfect piece of acting than his old Rapid, and cannot help telling him that, should he ever quarrel with the gallipots at home, or the tourniquet abroad, a career was open to him, which, if I had the slightest judgment, must realize both fame and fortune.

The committee who conducted these cheap plays were pleased to express their wish that we would perform on the next occasion, which we cheerfully promised, and took leave of my Welsh friends.

On my return I found the Royal Sovereign

Yacht lying off the quay, waiting to convey His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to the Continent. Finding, amongst the officers of this magnificent vessel, two or three old acquaintance, I went on board to offer my services, if at any time they wished to visit the castle or citadel. In return I was pressed to dine with them; and as I knew that my acceptance of their "invite" would not incur any expense to my hosts, as the Board of Green Cloth supplied the table, I accepted their kindness. Never had I seen reefers fare like gentlemen before, that is, on board ship; no black jacks, or broken crockery, no dirty negro boy as head waiter, but a table supplied with all the elegancies of "shore-going" people.

I presume the quantity of plate which graced the board suggested the creation of titles unknown to the College of Heralds, but, that my reader may clearly understand the origin of these new dignities, I must premise that, during the time the yacht had been in port, and she had entered the harbour many days before my return, the officers had amused themselves by lounging about the streets and Orange Walk, casting sheep's eyes at every pretty girl they saw; at length one of them discovered the face of a lady he had met at a relative's in town, lost no time in renewing his acquaintance, was formally introduced to her "Ma

and sisters," who were invited to visit the Royal Sovereign; and, so highly delighted were the fair ones at their reception on board, that the whole mess were asked to an evening party given by the mamma, at the urgent solicitation of the four Miss D——s, to "those very gentlemanly nice young men of the King's Yacht."

The amiability of the young ladies, the good cheer of their honoured parent, could not fail to produce effect on hearts so soft as those usually found under a sailor's jacket. The only one of the party who was not over head and ears in love with these charming girls was the Doctor; he laughed at their die-away declarations, and their vows of eternal constancy to women they had known a few hours only, and whom they were sure to leave in a few hours more. Too polite to affix any vulgar name to these sighing Strephons, the Doctor hit on the expedient of granting them honorary distinctions, whilst the party assembled, waiting for dinner. He informed them that, as he perceived they all belonged to the Order of Spoons, he should assign each man his proper distinction; selecting the youngest, Lord E—— H——, whose condition was the most desperate, he appointed him Knight Grand Soup Ladle, the next in succession Knight Grand Gravy Spoon, two were installed Commanders of the Table Spoon, the others Companions of the

Spoon; each newly created knight was forced to wear his insignia during dinner, to the utter dismay of the steward, who began to have serious fears as to the safety of the plate-chest; seeing its contents so strangely misapplied, I could not help thinking when I saw these young men thus oddly decorated, what a scene would have occurred had Sir Edward Owen, the commander of the yacht, entered the cabin unannounced; and how, in their attempts at excuse for their innocent folly, they would have merited to the full the title of Spoonneys. The chapter of the order was broken up on the 6th of September, by the arrival of the Duke. Colonel Ford introduced me to His Royal Highness, who received me with the greatest kindness, and I enjoyed the honour of an hour's conversation with him (walking up and down the deck) principally on military subjects; I left his presence, charmed with his urbanity, and gratified with the information I had derived from his communications. With the air of a soldier there was blended so much of the kind-hearted man, as to create affection as well as respect; although his manners and conversation inspired confidence by their simplicity and elegance, yet you never lost sight of the dignity of the Prince.

Towards the end of the month my friend Warde paid Dover a visit, on a theatrical speculation; he



had, during the summer, established himself as favourite in London, by his performances at the Haymarket ; and thus honoured by metropolitan approbation, was now on a tour in the province. We talked over old scenes with great satisfaction and I did my utmost to secure him a good house on his benefit. My presence was again required at Woolwich, and during my journey, I heard from one of my fellow-travellers the facts on which built the story that forms the subject of my next chapter, though the occurrences carry us back some years previous to my personal narrative.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY—FRENCH AND ENGLISH—THE DEPARTURE—CALLED ON TO STAND—FIRE!—SECOND TABLE AMBITION—MORE GLORIOUS THAN SAFE—A FOAMING TANEAND—THE FOX CAUGHT—A PERSPICUOUS ORATOR—OFFERS OF KEEPING COMPANY—A RATTING VALET—THE GREAT NON-SUITED—ORDERS TO MARCH—THE DEVIL AMONG THE TAILORS—QUOTE HIM DOWN BARDOLPH!

"WHAT, again looking out upon the sea!" was the exclamation of Lord G——, on entering the drawing-room, and perceiving one of his most honoured guests gazing with evident anxiety on the turbulent waves that flowed between the Kentish chalk cliffs and the dimly-seen head-lands of France. "What, in the name of all that is diplomatic, do you expect from the opposite side? Some secret communications, the last Moniteur, or an overture from Buonaparte to create you Duke of Normandy?"

"My dear Lord," replied the gentleman questioned, "something much more important than

all these—on the arrival of which more depends than I dare breathe even to you. In the morning I must bid farewell to all the charms of W—, your kind hospitality, your spacious library, and the advantage of your society. If I do not sleep in Downing Street to-morrow I'm a lost man; I will tax your friendship so far as to beg you will take no further notice of my restlessness, and permit me to have private audience with any one who may arrive during the day. Surely I shall not be disappointed, if I am—what an object of ridicule, nay of insult, I shall be to the opposite faction. It blows a tempest, it is true, but boats *have* crossed in worse weather. I'll vex myself no longer."

Saying this, the newly appointed Secretary of State, for he was no less a personage, drew a chair to the fire, and entered into an animated conversation with his noble and intelligent host, on the aspect of European affairs, and the extraordinary changes likely to ensue, from the death of the great man whose hand, for so long a time, had held the helm of state. We will not be guilty of a breach of confidence, and recount the conversation, but hasten to detail facts.

A large party surrounded the dinner table—diversified topics were discussed—the Boulogne flotilla and the difficulty of getting genuine Bologna *sauces*—Napoleon's Pillar, and Sheridan's bet as

whether the Monument would fall up or down Fish Street Hill—Talleyrand's policy, and Perigord pies—Erskine's elevation to the Wool-sack, and the advantage of the cross of Merinoes with our South-downs.

I know not which of these subjects occupied the party, when a servant entered, and whispered to the Minister something which caused him to jump from his seat, and involuntarily exclaim — “She's come, now I am happy.” Then, without pausing to apologize for leaving his companions, he hastily quitted the room.

That the arrival was feminine created sundry smirks and sneers on the countenances of some of the elders present; and one young gentleman, who, though in training for a diplomatic situation, was not too deeply read in ancient or modern history, fell into a reverie as to what possible influence a woman could exert over affairs of state.

By the way, in after years his own destiny convinced him that ladies are often important agents even in political preferments, for he married the natural daughter of Earl ——, and got the place for which he had sighed so long.

But to return to our great man, as he returned to the dinner-room, a smile of satisfaction lighting up his dark complexion; his massy brows freed from the load of care which appeared to have sent them

half way down the bridge of his nose during the day.

No one ventured to ask him if it were a French Grammar or Pronouncing Dictionary which he had thus obtained ; though, while in Paris, some years before, he had endeavoured to disabuse the unfortunate Louis of his " prejudices," by the edifying appeal of " Otez tout cela hors de votre tête, de la première place."

The language of France was, at that period, little understood in England, least so by the party to which this great man was leader ; perhaps even his personal peculiarities secured him against the quality and degree of envy which vents itself in deriding trifles. A later statesman's *bad French* was mercilessly quizzed ; but then, in every other respect, he contrasted my present theme, the ladies, who had failed to win him as a lover, betrayed their pique by ridiculing him as a linguist. " The slightest speck is seen on snow."

Happily our beetle-brow'd one resumed his place at the board. Blest in a valet *au fait* at the necessary preparations for his sudden journey and early departures, the master, in the unexplained joy of his heart, uttered a thousand drolleries ; and, for a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, made himself completely at home. Wine was passing freely, and he did imbibe somewhat.

was evident that with *him* the grapes were not sour, for he caroused till the second cock.

Next morning the travelling chariot was at the door of W—— betimes. The valet of the departing visiter was observed to come stealthily forth, and place an official-looking packet, secured with those true signs of importance, red tape and large seals, in the seat of the carriage. Shortly afterwards its owner appeared, evidently suffering from the effects of the last evening's revelry ; his beard, darker even than that by which a noted pirate was recognised, had not been subjected to the usual routine of lather and razor ; his cheeks were pale, which gave an almost ogre-like expression to his eyes, peering from beneath those fearfully heavy brows before named ; yet, unkempt and unshaven as he was, he still bore about him the unmistakable air of a gentleman, ay, and of a man used to command, whose dictum was law.

With the master snugly ensconced inside, and the valet, defended by great coats against the cold sea-mist of a February morning, away drove the equipage ; reaching the small village of Lydden, it fairly entered the high Dover road. The slow pace in which it ascended the hill to the half-way house had produced upon our hero that inclination to doze, which some travellers seem so anxious to court, if one may judge by the night-caps in which they envelop their features.

To the *lone* traveller a nap may be pardoned but I always hoped that bumped heads and stiff necks might reward my *fellow*-passengers who adopted such unsociable arrangements.

The wheels flew over Barham Downs, the mist had cleared, and the valet, loosening the hug shawl that covered his face and throat, looked round upon the prospect; as he turned back he perceived, in the distance, a horseman, spurring his steed at a notable rate. "Mr. Brush" thought it advisable to look at his pistols, — he did not like to apprise his master of his suspicions, but determined to show fight, should occasion demand the expenditure of powder and ball.

Urging the postillions to their utmost speed — he felt *superior* in prowess to

"Richard who robbed the Lion of his heart" —

he towered *above* the *dickey*. The pursuer evidently gained ground, and, as he rode upon the greensward of the down, instead of the flint and chalk compound on which the vehicle rolled, he soon came abreast of it, though some feet above the road. In a loud voice the horseman exclaimed "Stop!" but ere he could add the expected — "Your money or your life!" nay, ere he had time to articulate "Deliver!" bang went the pistol in the valourous valet — horse and man fell headlong on the sward.

"In the name of ——" were the only audible words which the prostrate man uttered—whether it was "Heaven," "Wonder," or "Abershaw," which "he would have said"—the rapid movement of the carriage did not allow his victor time to ascertain.

The smoke from his weapon had scarcely blown away, when the grim visage of his honoured master peered on him from the window, hastily demanding the cause which had so suddenly aroused him from his slumbers.

"Let me beg you, sir, to wait till we reach Canterbury; I will explain all there; but pray draw up the glass, and don't expose yourself to the cold."

The statesman took this acceptable advice, and his faithful servant, gazing back to the spot of his late rencontre, saw the man upon his feet, but the horse still stretched along the grass.

"On foot the rascal can't overtake us! we shall reach Bridge in a few moments, and then I defy his wicked attempt to rob the best master that ever sat to be puffed. Lucky for him I knew something about gunpowder as well as Mareschal, hair triggers as well as hair dressing. Who knows but that single shot has prevented a change in the cabinet?—I certainly should like to find out what news master got from France last night, when that old



woman came to Lord G——'s, whispering that she had something of the greatest consequence to say; and then that square packet, which master sealed, and tied up with his own hands, oddly enough marked "Private," and directed to himself. Ah, well! I shall be let into a few state secrets now ~~we~~ we are in office; I do flatter myself that I shall have a trifle more attention paid me at the Rockingham Arms, when next I visit our little society there. Never shall I forget the black looks of the Duke of N——'s coachman, when he was told, as he tried to join us, that gentlemen in livery were not admitted.

"This Highwayman affair won't be a bad thing for me, if master mentions it to any of his colleagues; for they'll tell their wives, the ladies their maids, and so it will get talked of from the second table to the scullery. Yet, now it's over, I'm glad I didn't kill the fellow; only 'pinked him, 'pon honour,' as I heard somebody say, the other night, at the little theatre."

These sweet suggestions of self-love filled the bold heart of the outsider, until the carriage, with its more valued inside freight, reached the Fountain, in the ancient, picturesque, goodly, and godly city of Canterbury.

The master summoned the man to his presence, learnt what might have befallen him, gracing his

proper appreciation of the benefit conferred on himself and his country by good-humoured eulogies on the skilful and judicious aim of his trusty body guard and body servant.

Of course the postillions trumpeted forth the adventure of their "turn;" though one, a boy of some fifty-four, with a knowing leer at the hero of the fray, said—

"Well, muster, you seems pretty pleased with yourself about that ere shooting business; all I hope is that you may n't hear no more on't; but 'tis my belief, some how, that you *will*, and in a way not quite to your mind, for I turned my head over my near shoulder, and got a sight of the man you killed, and my notion is that 'twas Muster——"

"Here, sir," answered the hero of the pistol to the well known voice of his master, who, as he entered the carriage, called to him to take his place.

Not stopping to hear the name of his victim, the faithful follower clambered to his perch, and again the carriage was *en route*. Some splenetic wayfarer has remarked that a broken-kneed white horse formed the arms of "England's favoured county" (to quote the fascinating style of George Robins); now I can, from long experience, declare that, independent of the "neat post-chaises and careful

drivers," promised and given by the postmaster on the road, finer cattle never ate oats than I have had the happiness of sitting behind "in my young days, when George III. was king."

"Three chesnuts and a bay" soon brought our travellers to Sittingbourne. Here breakfast was ordered, and, whilst preparing, the dressing-room was taken from the imperial, the great man by the nose. Leaving the principal personage in a room story to the enjoyment of strong coffee, fragrant tea, fresh eggs, country butter and cream, doubly agreeable after a late sitting over-night and a drive of some thirty odd miles in the morning, we will follow our friend Brush into a parlour behind the bar, where the attentive landlady was busily employed in supplying him with substantial breakfast and lunch in one, an English *déjeûné à la fourchette*, and listening with great attention to the details of the attempt made by "the bloody-minded highwayman;" when, to the utter astonishment of the brave defender of his master's life, he saw the very assailant ride into the yard, leap from a horse covered with foam, and make his way towards the house.

"I vow to Gad," exclaimed the astonished valet "there is the identical ruffian whom I thought had wounded!"

As he uttered these words, the door opened and

the just arrived stranger stood before him. Shaking a heavy whip angrily, he began—

“So, I’ve caught you, have I, you jackanapes? I’ll soon let you see what it is to fire at me, and wound my dear old Dolly, a mare that has carried me for seven years, without trip or stumble, and now to be laid up for the rest of her life with a hole in her neck as big as that slop basin; but I’ll make thee pay for it, and that dearly.”

“Why, you infernally impudent——Yet, no! I will not condescend to call names, but beg you, my good lady, to ring the bell, and send for a constable. This fellow’s coolness would make Turpin’s ghost blush.”

“Hold your stupid tongue, do, Mr. Gentleman’s gentleman! go, and tell your master I must see him directly; say that one of the King’s riding officers has a bit of business with him.”

This was said with so positive and authoritative an air, that an unfinished breakfast did not prevent the stranger from being ushered into the presence of the person he sought.

The intruder announced his title and his office.

“Well, Mr. Tancred,” began the great man, thinking that he repeated the appellation.

But the stranger, unconscious of a Sigismunda, corrected him; and though, among my personæ of high station, I now, like Sir Giles, “name no

parties." I cannot forbear, in the case of a word so old English, so promising of all that is festinant, as *Tankard*; but, alas! if *this* Tankard foamed, it was with "rage and extreme toil," with "spleen of speed."

"No, sir, Tankard the officer," he said; "I suppose you won't deny that you were visited, last night, at Lord G——'s, by an old woman; nor that you received from her a certain packet, brought over the water by her son, the biggest smuggler that ever grinned through the bars of Dover castle or Horsham jail? Well, one of the boat's crew, out of spite to the old beldame, peached; I have received a proper deposition of a counter-band transaction, and, therefore, in the King's name, I seize the carriage and luggage, making lawful caption, agreeable to the Act of Parliament — Tem. W. and Mary, made and provided in such cases aforesaid; and as, sir, I'm only doing what's right and regular, you're the last man, I'm sure, to run rusty."

"I!" repeated the pillar of the state; "but, but — who do you presume — to pretend — to think I am?"

"Oh, your honour," quoth Tankard, "your face has been in all the caricature shops too long for any mistake; common as a sign-board. The *cunningest* knows that I'm no *goose*, whatever you may think me."

This would have been too much for the most phlegmatic *Hollander*; the ministerial smuggler taught his brows Sir Hildebrand's "portentous trick," recorded in "the Heroine."

"Heaven bless you, sir," almost laughed the Seizer, "I'm not to be put off by your frowns; you was born so; but, for all that, every body knows you are one of the best tempered, kindest hearted gentlemen in all England; and so you see I must —"

Our hero had heard him thus far, simply because he could not speak; it was ever remarked that excitement, so thickened, hurried and confused his old-court English, that, though his speeches *read* admirably when printed, they were often so slub-bardly delivered as to defy all but the most zealous reporters to find or make them intelligible. Maugre the justice of Tankard's late praise, the thwarted senator was now stammeringly wroth.

"But, fellow," he cried, "I—I am not *he*—and if—if I were, is it likely that he—or I—should, after listening to the *scythes* of our own manufacturers, after patronizing the *rice* and *prog-ress* of native ingenuity, after suggesting to some of the first personages of St. *Jeemes's*, that they would personally *obleege* me by bestowing their *gould* on the labouring classes of Great Britain,—I mean, that is, he—the honourable gentleman you have in

your eye — would do this, in my position; is it, then, I ask — probable that we — ”

“ No, no,” exclaimed the landlady, who had been led by sympathy or curiosity to the scene, “ a clear botherment of what they calls the high-dentrification; that gentleman may, unluckily for he, be like the one you’re arter; but, as he was a going to ask, is it possible that an honest squire, who can’t say three words without stumbling, should be one of our grandest law-givers? Lud help you! why, with his tongue floundering like that, d’ye think they’d ever let *him* open his mouth in the House?”

This left-handed compliment jarred every fibre of its subject’s self-respect; he felt sure, too, that it had not even the redeeming trait of sincerity: the *dashed* good-natured friend “ knew him all the while;” and, what was worse, the would-be saving depreciation imposed not on the dismounted Tankard.

“ My good man,” continued the secretary, “ this seizure you talk of is quite out of the question. I must proceed on my journey without further delay, having business of the first importance to transact.”

“ I don’t mean to stop you, sir; only the carriage and contents.”

“ I tell you that official papers, of vital im-

port to the state, are with my luggage, and I shall not suffer it to be unpacked till I arrive in town."

"Then, sir, I must go with you, and see the unpacking; and perhaps your honour, as I am disposed to do the civil thing by you, you'll not object to give me a lift, for I've had a smartish bout of the saddle this morning, to say nothing of the tumble I got on the downs, and the next door to dead loss of my Doll; but that part of the story I shall settle with the chap that caused it; and, as I couldn't feel comfortable alongside of him, may be you'll let me have the honour to sit with you."

A withering frown was the only reply to this request. The horses were put to, and, as the Minister drove out of the yard, he found that his new acquaintance, the Riding Officer, trotted by his side, nor did he lose sight of this unwelcome escort for any portion of the time occupied in reaching Rochester.

Alighting there, our Right Honourable contrabandist sent for his persecutor.

"Tankard," he began, "you have proved yourself a vigilant servant; I shall not fail to report your zeal to the Treasury Board; but you need take no farther trouble in this matter. I will be responsible for any thing you may think irregular. Here are ten guineas, to pay your horse doctor; so now make the best of your way home."



“ Must do my office, sir ; if you don’t chuse let me have quiet possession of my lawful seizure I shall wait ’till I can take it, without stopping you on the road.”

“ You will gain nothing by this obstinacy—you may make me your enemy.”

“ Impossible, your honour ! you are the King’s servant, as well as myself ; and, so long as I look after my master’s rights, and see his duty paid, why I’m only doing mine, and you can’t be my enemy without being his, and an enemy to fair play, which every body knows you ain’t. So, tired as I am, I’ve only to press another horse, and jog on to London along with you.”

“ Well, since you won’t listen to me, perhaps you may to my man ; and so, instead of pressing horses, and creating a fuss, get over your prejudice, take a seat by his side, and talk over the matter with him.”

To this arrangement, even the owner of wounded Dolly acceded ; and we shall pass the remainder of the journey, briefly saying by seven o’clock p. m., Downing Street rejected the presence of a Secretary of State, who, thinking it best to leave matters entirely to his trust, entered his official residence, not a little astonished at how the pertinacious Tankard would be disposed of. After waiting nearly half an hour

out sight of his servant, he became somewhat fidgety, and rang to inquire for him, but no one knew of his whereabouts. Soon afterwards the missing valet appeared.

"Where have you been, sirrah?"

"To the coach-house, sir, with Mr. Tankard."

"And you have brought away the luggage, particularly the packet I bade you place in the seat?"

"No, sir; I have been holding a candle to —"

"The Devil!" interruptingly exclaimed the master.

"One must, sometimes, sir — 'twas whilst Mr. Tankard put seals upon the trunks, and coach-house doors."

"You? traitor! what induced you to lend *your* assistance to that officious fellow?"

"The fear of being transported for shooting at a King's officer, in the execution of his mission, sir. We talked the matter over, on the dickey, and he promised not to prosecute, if I would aid and abet him in making good his lawful caption, according, as he says, to the Act of Parliament. In course, sir, I would not have done so, if he hadn't told me it couldn't be of any consequence to you; I had no chance but in making friends with the person that had me in his power."

"Idiot! you know not what you have done!"

You have prevented my attending the Levee, and kissing hands on my appointment. That packet contained the materials for a court suit, of the richest French velvet and embroidery. 'Tis hopeless to expect that I shall be able to provide myself with any thing fit to wear in London. So, go this moment, break open the door, and bring me that parcel."

"Botany Bay for life is a fearful thing, sir. I must decline, for the first time, obeying your orders. Why, sir, Mr. Tankard says, that unlawfully breaking his seal is burglary, felony, and sacrilege without benefit of clergy."

"He is a meddler, and you are a fool—leave me! I must contrive to get those velvets by noon to-morrow, or they cannot be made up by the next morning, which is Levee day. However, 'tis too late to take any steps in the business to-night."

Early next morning a letter was despatched to the Chief Commissioners of Excise, requesting permission to retrieve the important packet from its present durance; the reply, which did not arrive till the afternoon, contained information, "that it would be necessary to memorialize the Lords of His Majesty's Treasury," and stating that the next board would sit in three days from the present date. The cool business-like tone of this letter added fuel to the flame which Mr. Tankard had kindled, and the valet fanned.

Although in possession of the facts, we are not  
 liberty to mention the particulars relating to the  
 al, late in the evening, of an official letter,  
 manding the return of the zealous Tankard to  
 ea side; and thus, without giving absolute per-  
 on for the breaking of the seals, removing his  
 bful eye from the coach-house door.

And now," said the politician, as he regained  
 unpacked his treasure, " we have *only* to get it  
 e up. Send for *my* tailor."

his *only*, however, threatened to prove insur-  
 stable. The *artiste* in question was not our  
 's tailor *only*, but had, many days previously,  
 ved such numerous orders from other august  
 ons, that both, *nay all*, his hands would be  
 till within an hour of the Levee. He could  
*recommend* two workmen, whom he had dis-  
 ged for intemperance, directing Mr. Brush  
 re they might be found. The valet, exploring  
 haunts of " Dungs and Flints," discovered  
 sacos and Bartolomeus," so lost in gin and  
 ecco, that it was four in the morning ere they  
 d be set to work in the house of the great man.  
 y found him exclaiming like, though so un-  
 Juliet—

" So tedious is this night  
 As is the night before some festival,  
 To an impatient child, who hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them."

The indefatigable valet persuaded his master to retire to rest, assuring him that he would narrowly watch the cross-legged couple he had introduced to Downing Street, and that his honour might be sure all should be ready in due time. At early dawn Brush despatched a special messenger to the "Orange Tree in White Hart Yard," for extra aid, and two more ninths arrived. The Horse-Guard's clock struck twelve, and he saw complete the suit, which, in all probability, would one day fall to him by reversion.

It was with a feeling of triumph that the Secretary, next morning, attired himself in purple and fine linen, and proceeded to St. James's.

A gracious reception was accorded him by his Royal Master, who did not hesitate to compliment his newly created minister upon the splendour of his apparel, unconscious of the breach of law committed by the wearer.

We must hasten to conclude, and it is our pleasing duty to record that, before the breaking up of the Levee, our "velvet friend" had procured for the riding-officer promotion, and a consequent increase of salary, and that the welcome intelligence was conveyed to him in a letter from the pen of his late (inside) travelling companion, enclosing a bank-note of sufficient amount to compensate him for his journey to London, the wounded Dolly, and fall included.

The story, however, soon spread ; and it was remarked that Sheridan, when in the presence of the exalted smuggler, would now and then quote, in the most pointed manner, such lines as—

“ What patriot-heart but burns at *Duty's* call ? ”

“ *Custom* enacts, and who denies *her* sway ? ”

These, or such as these, were “ bitter words,” that turned the laugh against our hero ; he had found that old customs may nearly disable one from assuming more graceful costumes and new habits ; that a public man must not only *do* his duty to his country, but also *pay* it. He could not, like de Grammont, talk of his Court suit having been swallowed at Calais by “ *les sables vivants*, ”—but he was obliged to confess that his coat, waistcoat, and ineffables, had very nearly been victimized by an *overset* Tankard.

## CHAPTER XII.

GENTEEL COMEDY — AN IRISH WARNING — ASHANTI  
 SOPOTAMIA — "THE WISDOM'S IN THE WIG" —  
 CRITICISM — A FAMOUS LEACH — THE SKULLERY  
 OF SUBJECTS — A GREAT SPIRIT GONE — THE AM  
 LANDLADY.

A KIND reception and friendly greetings met me on my arrival at Woolwich. Our performance was again honoured by a most numerous audience. "The Dramatist" was the cause of much trouble. The very disagreeable character of Will had been assigned to a good-humoured fellow, named Daniel, who, not satisfied with the applause which had been bestowed on his nation of his countryman, Looney M'Twob, solicited the manager to allot him a genteel comedy character, as he "had no notion of condescending to blackguard Irish parts." The vacancy which existed arose from the whole of the company excepted, having refused to play

loughby; it was offered him, and cheerfully accepted.

It was with considerable difficulty I restrained myself from indulging in a laugh at sight of Daniel, dressed for the part; not content with having attired himself in a suit of sables, he had covered his chin and jaws with such a quantity of burnt cork, as to resemble the hero of my last chapter.

"My dear fellow, what is your motive," I asked, "for making yourself such an object?"

"'Tis according to the author, and quite in character," he replied; "isn't Willoughby called 'Belzebub,' and don't they talk about 'his black infernal visage?' and so, by dad, I have given him one."

No persuasion could induce him to subdue the tone of his beard, or to put an atom of rouge upon his cheeks; no wonder, then, that his outré appearance elicited shouts of laughter.

With great care he suppressed the brogue, but in the scene with Louisa, where he threatens her with rudeness, his native accents broke loose, and he roared out —

"Have a care, madam, have a care!" with the intonation of a true son of Erin, setting the audience off in peals of merriment. The lady whispered to him —

"Say it again, you have made a hit!"



He, perfectly unconscious, "did as he was bid," and another shout followed his tones of caution.

From the public prints I learnt the satisfactory intelligence of the safe return of my school friend Bowdich, from his Mission to Ashantee. I hastened to find out his residence in town, and gladly grasped the hand of one who had endured so many recent dangers, displaying a courage and skill scarcely ever surpassed. I spent the evening with him and his wife, and listened "with attentive ear" to the many marvels he had to relate.

He had brought with him two natives of the newly visited country, a boy and girl; their appearance nothing superior to the common "Coast o' Guinea nigger," but surpassing the generality of blacks I had seen in intelligence. Amongst numerous specimens which he had collected, of curiosities, both natural and handicraft, I was most pleased with various cushions, ottomans, and other affairs, in which party-coloured leathers were very ingeniously used, in great variety of pattern, with a strength and neatness equal, if not superior, to European workmanship.

Bowdich was anxious to see Woolwich; it was arranged that he should attend our next play, and the day following should be devoted to sight-seeing.

I was on my way from the barracks to the

theatre, to attend the last rehearsal, in company with several of my amateur brethren, in tip-top spirits, and anticipating a brilliant house to witness our exertions, when my mirth received an unexpected check which I would willingly have been spared. Passing the hospital garden, I had observed a figure slowly winding its way through the beautiful parterres, followed by a soldier in undress, who appeared to watch the movements of the invalid most attentively: of a sudden, I heard my name uttered in a faint voice, and, as the speaker approached, recognised, with some difficulty, the features of Captain Walter Smith, who had for years been one of my most intimate friends. How changed, alas! from the gay and gallant looking fellow I had first beheld him; regardless of a flower-bed between the wall and path, he approached the iron-railings, and thrust his withered feverish hand through the bars, saying —

“I am glad to see you, my dear Hill. You have heard, no doubt, how very ill I have been? They tell me that, while I was at the worst, my reason deserted me; one of the wretches even went so far as to say that I was incurably mad! But I laugh at his malice; I am now all but recovered in health and strength, with my mind as clear as ever. You are going to play here to-night?”

"Yes, my dear Smith, I will call on you tomorrow, and tell you how the affair went off."

"Oh, I shall be there."

"Indeed!" said I, "don't you think the exertion will be too much for you?"

"Not at all. We have a private box. I am going with the king of Mesopotamia; his Majesty is my particular friend, and is staying with me a visit, in my quarters here."

This sudden change from calm to evidence raving brought to my recollection that magnificent scene in Beaumont and Fletcher's admirable play of "The Pilgrim," where the student, after undergoing a strict examination, which satisfied the querists of his sanity, suddenly proves the error of their judgment, by exclaiming—

"Does the sea stagger ye?  
Do you fear the billows?  
Be not shaken,  
Nor let the singing of the storm shoot thro' ye;  
Let it blow on, blow on! let the clouds wrestle,  
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,  
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble;  
Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble —  
For I am—NEPTUNE!"

I left my poor friend with a heavy heart, as it required no little exertion for me to attend to the business of the scene; at length the absorbing interest of my occupation succeeded in restoring me to cheerfulness.

Now had obtained permission, from Mr. [redacted] for the use of the Covent Garden dresses, farce. I was to be attired in the veritable [redacted] of Liston, in General Bombastes, and [redacted] assured me that my head-dress was "the entical wig which he (the great and [redacted] Liston) wore in that character." I felt inspired, in these borrowed plumes, of lighter-provoking actor; and, having witnessed the irresistible bit of by-play between the representative and the leader of the orchestra previous to the song of "Hope told a gay tale," I was determined, if possible, to laugh, in the same situation; so, tacking bits of impromptu doggrel to the text,

"Give place, you know you haven't got a singing face,  
 My stare smiling gave the winning grace—"

—

My croaking voice would drive him to a phrenzy,  
 Sing a song—and so play up Mackenzie!"

The master of our band, thus singled out suddenly, lost all power over his bow, the strings squeaked, and the trombone uttered any sound, whilst the liberty I had taken as author and the leader was rewarded by a laugh.

At his appointment, my friend Bowditch met me at my quarters at an early hour next

morning. I could have wished that he had been somewhat later in his visit, for our dramatic exertions of the preceding night had been followed by a supper, to which the ladies of the company were invited ; we had passed several hours after midnight in talking over our evening's exhibition and consoling ourselves, by potent libations, from the unwelcome thought that it was to be our last play.

With a slight head-ache, I undertook the office of guide. Bowdich, not wishing to lose sight of his black protégé, who had attended him from town, proposed that he should accompany us and, for the same reason, he also waited behind his master's chair at mess. I mention this simply to illustrate a rather singular trait in the character of the young African. He had looked on the wonders of the arsenal, its countless ordnance, and palaces filled with warlike stores without indicating the slightest emotion, but during dinner he appeared in a state of perfect wonderment ; looking up and down the table regarding the viands, the numerous party, all attired in the same costume, the varied liveries of their attendants, with eyes of astonishment. When we retired to my quarters for coffee, his master asked him, "how he had been pleased with what he had seen?" in his imperfect English he replied—

"Much guns, no like. Much soldiers, frightful. Large feast, wonder ! So great eat, so great drink. More glass, much silver — never see. Chiefs all gold on shoulder. Gentlemen all colours close them. Move round, no break nothing. Grand large feast."

I accompanied Bowdich to town next day, and, on reaching his house, learnt that, during his absence, Mrs. Bowdich had promised he should dine with Dr. Leach at the British Museum. I, of course, begged him not to suffer my visit to be any restraint on him, as I could take another opportunity of enjoying his society ; but this he overruled by sending word to his host that he should bring a friend with him ; which intimation was speedily answered by a kind assurance that his friend would be a welcome guest.

I was accordingly introduced, and found Dr. Leach one of the most delightful persons I had ever met. Highly gifted and intellectual ; devoted to science, as were his hours, he had found time to cultivate the minor graces, his manners were at once polished and cordial. I have seldom enjoyed an evening more entirely to my satisfaction than the one I am now naming. Bowdich, of course, was full of the wonders of his travels, and the Doctor naturally inquiring about the animal productions of the regions his friend had

visited. It was agreed that a collection of reptiles, skins, implements of war and husbandry which the traveller had brought from the interior should be presented to the Museum, and the Professor of Natural History was charmed at the prospect of having these curious specimens under his immediate control.

It was growing late, time had fled rapidly, such interesting and instructive converse, and purposed leaving; but, as the rain fell heavily and my hotel was at a considerable distance from Great Russell Street, Dr. Leach kindly offered me a shake-down; to this arrangement I cheerfully acceded, and, as Bowdich lived close by we continued our "sitting" some time after we had "heard the chimes at midnight."

At last our tri-party broke up, and I was shown to my room, where I found a large sofa amply prepared for my resting place. I presumed that the apartment was ordinarily used as a library, from the curtains that hung over three sides of it, completely occupied by ranges of shelves; as I did not feel disposed to sleep, thought to indulge in half an hour's reading preparatory to the wooing of my pillow. I drew aside the nearest drapery, and, instead of rows of books beheld rows of human skulls, placed with more attention to *order* than even those in the Cat-

combs of Paris or Madeira. At first I was somewhat startled at the grim collection, and lost not a moment in ascertaining if the other portions of the room were similarly occupied; they were — nothing but skulls! Skulls of all forms, all nations, all possible varieties. I speedily remembered having heard that the learned Doctor was an ardent disciple of the (then new) doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim; and, doubtless, this collection had cost considerable pains and expence.

I looked in vain for a catalogue, to ascertain, if possible, to whom these relics had once belonged. I might be gazing on the eyeless sockets of murderers and “dungeon ruffians,” or on what once was the seat of philosophy—charity—genius—all that could elevate man above his fellows; but the chances were, the caputs of *mauvais sujets* being more easy of access than those of good men quietly inurned, that I was surrounded by a goodly company. I determined, therefore, to leave the curtains open, and, by accustoming myself to these objects, before I slept, obviate the chance of an unpleasant dream.

Now, although I might here indulge, were I so disposed, in a relation of a wild and fearful vision, arising from the strange tenantry of my dormitory, I will at once acknowledge that I forego the opportunity, and adhere to the fact—



I slept as soundly as ever I did in my life, nor was my slumber disturbed by the slightest recurrence of those speculations which had occupied my thoughts before I went to rest.

Next morning I related to the Doctor the result of my curiosity; he apologised for not having apprised me of the collection the room contained.

I had the satisfaction of seeing much of this highly talented man about this time, and seeing him, as my humble offering to the establishment of which he was so distinguished an ornament, a large slab of Cotham, or landscape stone, quarried on an estate of my grandfather's, near Bristol; a finely polished square of Gibraltar rock, and a bone, found among St. Vincent's rocks, at Clifton, filled with the crystals, known by the name of Bristol stone; this bone, Doctor Leach, in spite of the received opinions of naturalists and geologists, pronounced to be human, and, as it was given long before the fossil skeleton enriched the Museum, it was regarded by him as extremely valuable.

I confess that it is a subject of regret to me to add, that the severe illness of my friend prevented these tokens of my respect for him from being duly placed amongst the many wonders of that magnificent national collection.

At a very early hour, on the 3rd of November, I took my seat in a day-coach to Bath; just as we were about to start, a new's-vender, out of breath, ran up to the coach, and, with a face of importance, cried out—

"Morning paper, sir!" I was the only inside passenger—"Full account of the suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly."

The wheels began to turn, there was just time enough for me to get a copy of the Times, and hand the man a shilling; the change he considered his perquisite, I suppose, as he did not follow the coach to give it me. I read, with extreme grief, the lamentable end of this great man; who, although he professed political opinions in direct opposition to those I had been taught to espouse, was still respected and admired by all parties.

The exclusive bearer of an official account of this lamentable occurrence, I became a person of consequence wherever the coach stopped for a change of horses, coachee and the outsiders spreading the report, and referring their astounded listeners to "the gentleman inside," for the truth.

"Lord bless you," said Jehu, to an incredulous listener, "it *must* be true, for it's in the paper." And I was accordingly appealed to by numerous persons, as to a fact so corroborative.

Without the least wish to introduce ridiculous, whilst dealing with so afflictive subject, I cannot resist recording the observation made by the good old woman who kept the Crown Inn at Slough, where we stopped for breakfast. The news had reached her, and curiosity was awakened, but at that early hour she was not attired in fit costume to leave the door of her bar, and encounter inside passengers. She ascended to her bed-chamber, and, like the Heidelberg, put on her "fly cap for the counter," then, with a countenance in which anxiety and anxiety for particulars were strongly expressed, begged me to favour her by a sight of the paper. Of course, I could do no less than accede to the request so made. She devoured the paper which naturally could not contain particulars, confining itself to a relation without reference to the cause. The worthy friend of the Crown supplied

"Ah, sir, I know all about it. I know of the case, but I can explain how these disorders are caused."

She did not wait for permission to speak. "You see, sir, there is a little swelling at the very top of the brain, about as large as a pea," she held up the little finger of her right hand, marking the length of the first

it with the fore-finger of the left ; “ it comes to a point, as fine as the top of an extinguisher, and, if any poor soul gets into trouble, or loses a dear friend, as Sir Samuel did, why this little pinnacle loses its balance, and falls over”—here she crooked her minute digit, “ and the weight of it upon the brain drives the patient mad. Poor dear man ! his little pinnacle will never be upright again.”

Although this good woman might be in error, she shared her mistake with many a philosopher, who has considered the pineal gland as the seat of reason.

On my arrival at Bath, where I stopt for the night, my dinner-table was besieged by a host of inquirers ; to satisfy the curiosity of the coffee-room visitors, I permitted the landlord to copy out the extract, and post it up ; but in some cases this did not suffice—type was the only conviction that would be received—for many, like the *eastman*, would not be satisfied with the truth until conviction came by the aid of “ seeing it in the paper.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER YEAR—THE LITTLE QUEEN FISHER—SHAKESPEARE  
 MATED—REPRIEVE—A GENTLE HINT—AN AFFRONT HAND-  
 SOMELY ACKNOWLEDGED—BECOMES AN OBLIGATION—THE  
 OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS—A WARWICKSHIRE LAD—  
 HAIL WEDDED LOVE!—NATURE AND ART—THE RISING GE-  
 NERATION—SLEEPING PARTNERS—LEAVE THE COAST.

THE first of the new year (1819) still found me in my comfortable quarters at Archcliffe fort ; and the earliest circumstance that occurred, worth notice, was my having the gratification of witnessing the wonderful talent of Clara Fisher, in the arduous character of Shylock. Her presence had attracted a large audience, who testified their delight by loud plaudits. I sat with the charming Mrs. Winthrop, who expressed a great desire to see the dear child in her own dress, divested of the wig, beard, and gabardine of the Hebrew. Having the privilege of going behind the scenes, I introduced myself to her father, whom I found a very superior and gentlemanly person, and signified the wish of Mrs.

Winthrop; Clara was given to my care; the contrast between her late appearance, and the simple white frock and smooth hair, modestly parted over her extraordinarily shaped head, was so great, that my friends could hardly believe the tiny thing they now addressed had, but a few minutes before, electrified them by the personation of the most deadly passions of hatred and revenge.

No sooner was her presence in the box known to the audience than she was greeted with applause. Never shall I forget her saying to me—

“That compliment is not intended for *me*, for I am sure the dear creatures have given me already more than I deserve; it is for you, for taking notice of little Clara.”

This she said so archly that I could not refrain from kissing her; and this was followed by such marked approbation by the spectators, as almost to confirm what the intelligent creature had just remarked.

A septegenarian, named Mate, who had passed more than half a century on the stage, and had now retired to the more quiet occupation of a bookseller, in his native town, had requested Mr. Foote to aid his annual benefit by the display of his talents; and my friend had consented, on condition that I would join him on the occasion.

The old man's eloquence was irresistible, on his visit to my rooms to ask the question ; he entertained me with numerous anecdotes of the by-gone worthies of the sock and buskin ; knew the history, both dramatic and scandalous, of all the ladies who had made a sensation during the last fifty years ; narrated the various struggles of his early days, of his applications for engagement to David Garrick and the English Aristophanes assured me that he had played every part in Hamlet except Ophelia ; and, in short, succeeded in gaining my consent.

On the evening of the performance he gave strong evidence of his capability of sustaining female characters, by a humorous and admirable personation of the old Beldame, in whose house the redoubtable Michael Perez is deserted by his charming bride, Estifania.

The following morning I received intelligence as unexpected as it was unwelcome, that, in consequence of some reductions in the regiment, my present company would be drafted into various vacancies, and that my destination was the West Indies.

I own I was somewhat annoyed at this long-looked-for change of residence ; I had no dread of the effects of climate, but I had seen enough of Barbadoes, and other such places, in 1814.

convince me that the routine of colonial life was any thing but pleasant ; not to mention the distance from England, and the consequent breaking up of all circles of either family or friends. I lost no time in writing to Barlow, to ascertain where my lot was cast, on what island my happiness was to be shipwrecked, whereabouts I was to imbibe sangaree and yellow-fever, catch land crabs, or become food for them. In the course of a few posts, the gratifying information reached me that the company to which I had been attached was then on its voyage *home*, after Heaven knows how many years' service in the torrid zone. This was acceptable news indeed.

In the most enviable state of exhilarant spirits I repaired that evening to a party given by Mr. Russell, who inhabited an old building, called, by the good people of Dover, the " Maizeong-dew," which had once been a Hospital of the Templars, and in those barbarous ages known as the " Maison Dieu."

Here I met vast numbers of my acquaintance, and received many hearty congratulations on my good fortune. During the evening, my friend John L——, of bathing-machine notoriety, asked me,

" Do I meet you on Thursday ?"

" Where ?"



"At Gunman's—it is to be a most splendid affair."

"Mr. Gunman is the only person in Dover I have not the honour of knowing; considering his name, and my profession, that is rather strange, but I must contrive to be there, notwithstanding."

"How will you manage that?"

"*Nous verrons*," said I, "only point him out, if he's here, and leave the rest to me."

John — looked about, and, at last, directed my attention to a little withered old man, in breeches and stockings, exhibiting a pair of singularly shaped legs, his head, and the scanty remains of hair left on it, profusely covered with powder, his visage puckered up, like an antiquated Chimpanzee.

I entered into conversation with a young lady, who was standing up in *contre danse*, in his immediate neighbourhood; as the couples went down the middle or crossed hands, I forget which, I stepped back, to give room to the dancers, and, in so doing, trod upon Mr. Gunman's foot; but I had managed to perform that ceremony so gently, that, had he been a martyr to corns, he could not have suffered inconvenience; however, my object was to be apologetic; I vowed that I was overwhelmed with consternation and regret at my extreme awkwardness, offered my arm to lead

him to a seat; in vain he attempted to assure me he had not been in the slightest degree hurt; I interrupted him by a million of pardons, and, when I thought I had gained his good graces, was about to withdraw, with the most-humble-servant-like bow possible.

L — had been watching this scene, and, approaching the old gentleman, asked what had happened.

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Gunman; "I fear I have caused considerable uneasiness to a gentleman, who, in the crowd, stepped on my foot. You know all the military men in the garrison, Mr. L —; and, as I have not that pleasure, I must beg of you to introduce me to one who really appears to possess so much feeling and good breeding."

Jack L — laughed at the extraordinary proof I had just given of the qualities named by the unsuspecting old beau, and performed the ceremony of introduction, with a broad grin on his face, at the success of my scheme; after common-place observations, Mr. Gunman said —

"I have a few friends coming to me on Thursday, and hope you will do me the favour to dispense with the formality of a call, and join the party."

I bowed in token of acquiescence, made another

affectionate inquiry for the state of his foot, and left the old gentleman to join some of the party more congenial to my taste.

My ruse was rewarded, the *soirée* was a splendid affair; the host, although possessed of immense wealth, did not enjoy a reputation for liberality or hospitality; but it seemed as though, on this occasion, he was determined to prove that such a character was undeserved. All that money could purchase, applicable to such an entertainment, was provided for this gay assemblage. I will not dilate on the endless variety of wines, the ices — Perigord pies — pineapples — grapes and other “sweetmeats,” but mention two curious objects that especially attracted my attention, amidst the profusion of pictures, bronzes, and cabinets which decorated the saloon.

The first was a painting, representing the Royal Yacht, of ancient build, lying off the wall of a fortified town on a flat coast; the ground exhibiting an extraordinary phenomenon of the sun, surrounded by a brilliant halo, whilst, above and below, in a line and at equi-distance with the real sun, were visible two false suns, with sides touching the central one, but their brilliancy only to the semicircle near

light, the remaining portions being faint and indistinct. Much pains had been bestowed by the artist in perpetuating this remarkable appearance.

I asked an explanation from the proprietor of this singular picture, and learnt that it was painted in commemoration of an illusion witnessed by an ancestor of his in the reign of Charles the Second; and that, if he mistook not, I should find a description at full in Dryden's opera of "Albion and Albanus."

I have taken an opportunity of referring to the work mentioned, and, instead of any poetical allusion to these three suns, find the following quaint stage direction—

*"Iris appears on a very large Machine. This was really seen the 18th of March, 1684, by Capt. Christopher Gunman, on board his R. H. Yacht, then in Calais Pierre: He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the Person of Iris sits."*

The other object was a beautiful specimen of Saxon architecture, placed in the wall, above the first landing-place of the spacious flight of stairs leading from the hall to the first-floor. It was most elaborately carved, and formed a small square, with a projecting slab at the base; the upper corners were adorned with grotesque heads,

and it was altogether so singular a sample of rustic workmanship, that, as Mr. Gunman had been so kindly communicative whilst describing the painting, I could not resist asking the history of this strange vestige of antiquity.

"I have," he said, "considerable property in the city of Coventry; some recent improvements rendered it necessary to pull down a few of the most ancient houses in the town, and, as tradition, for many centuries, had given one of these habitations as the absolute abode of the too curious Thomas, and, as the identical window from which he took his indelicate bird's-eye view was also a matter of oral history, time out of mind, I caused the stone framework of the casement to be removed to Dover, and you there see the window-frame of the notorious Peeping Tom!"

This was indeed a treasure! I could not help whilst remembering the daring disobedience of the man who had rendered this loophole immortal, but look with an eye of pity on its present possessor, well assured, in the language of the Dramatist, that "the sight would have been lost upon" Gunman!

It is not my intention to name the absolute *locale* of the fine old-fashioned mansion into which I am about to introduce my reader, but simply

to state, it was one of those within a convenient dining distance ; nor am I about to dilate on the excellence of the cheer so profusely offered within its walls ; my object is to describe what I beheld during a visit, conceiving that so unique and curious a specimen of the fine arts, as that of which I am about to speak, is deserving of mention.

It will be necessary, however, in describing this family picture, to say somewhat of the family history ; I shall therefore, without further preface, proceed to state, that Sir Geoffrey Wedderburn married, early in life, to the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baronet ; four children blessed their union, and Sir Geoffrey, taking advantage of the visit of a portrait painter to the county town, determined on possessing the likenesses of his lady, himself, and their offspring, in one interesting group.

The painter attended at Matchwood Hall. A fortnight's close attention to the easel sufficed to complete his task. With a complacent smile of satisfaction he looked upon his labours. Sir Geoffrey, portrayed in all the glories of brocade and lace, a wig and bag adorning his youthful head, stood on one side ; his lady, in a hoop, the drapery of whose damask was ornamented with tufts of ostrich feathers, a *tête* of imposing

altitude, was to be seen on the other ; whilst the four little Masters and Misses, in Arcadian costume, occupied the centre, playing with pet animals, whose likenesses were as rigidly adhered to as those of the Wedderburn family.

Hardly had the paint dried upon the canvass, and before the fiery carmines and vermilions had mellowed into something like human complexions, when Lady Wedderburn was gathered to her fathers.

The worthy Baronet was anxious to obtain a female guardian for his bereaved children ; and, at the expiration of his year's mourning, married again. His second wife soon produced more arrows to his quiver, a fresh supply of olive branches to adorn his table ; and in the space of eleven years from the time she was led all blushes to the altar, seven sweet children were added to the family.

The artist, who had given token of his talent on a former occasion, revisited the neighbourhood with an established reputation ; and the second Lady Wedderburn thought *her* children and ~~self~~ had just as much right to be painted as the ~~four~~ eldest, whom she regarded with the affection of — mother-in-law. Yet how to manage the affair — She could not affront her Lord, by proposing to efface the resemblances of his first family, but ~~th~~

own charming cherubs should have their portraits taken she was determined.

Mr Geoffrey, whose constant aim was to keep her at home, suggested a plan which would surmount all difficulty. The seven scions of his family, brought him by his present adored partner, should be represented in the foreground, which was now only a large patch of grass-plot, commodious enough to exercise a troop of dragoons, and, at least so he said out of the painter's hearing, in his anxiety to meet the wish of his much-loved spouse. The four eldest would form a sort of living back-ground, and the features of the late Mrs. Geoffrey should be translated to the clouds, where, with the addition of a pair of wings, and flowing robes and drapery, she would appear as the guardian angel of the *two* families, whilst his beloved partner should be drawn on the spot originally occupied by the departed angel.

This arrangement, which satisfied the two brothers, caused numerous dissensions amongst the young folks. The four eldest did not relish the notion of having their becoming and fanciful dresses almost hidden by the frocks and flowing robes of their half-sisters, or the red jackets, fringed with innumerable buttons, of their half-brothers, added to which, Ponto, their playmate and favourite, whose bones had long mouldered



in the earth, and the pet fox, which Harry was represented to be holding by a chain and collar, must be brushed out to make room for these cubs. However, the parents were positive; the angel violet-coloured clouds smiled on the "youth both sexes," whilst, to say the truth, the firmlings of the flock, including the heir to the title and estate, cut but a sorry figure as the rear-rank in this family review.

It is a singular fact, that scarcely had this interesting picture been replaced in its former situation, when the second Lady Wedderburn was conveyed to the family vault.

Sir Geoffrey, who bore his loss with becoming resignation, after some time devoted to decent grief, bethought him that if four babes required female care, the motive which had induced him to form a second alliance, surely eleven young ones claimed such consideration in nearly a triple degree. He married again; and for some years the number of his family remained *in statu quo*. But the peace of Amiens enabling him to travel on the Continent, a visit was accomplished, in company with his young wife, to the spas of Germany; and in less than six months after their return home, caudle, cake, and Constantia were handed round to the numerous friends who came to see the beauteous baby.

Not to dwell upon my story, five times did the neighbours pay similar visits to Matchwood Hall; and the "Baronetage" had now to record the progress of the triple alliance, from THOMAS, the heir, born 25th of December, 1775, in holy orders, down to Theodosia Clementina Sophia, born 1st of April, 1811.

And was it to be supposed that a lady who could confer such names on her daughter would submit to the slightest mark of neglect to any of her offspring? No, Sir Geoffrey was now turned of sixty; and although hale and hearty, not very likely to marry again, should fate ordain that she should be called away from her maternal cares; the family picture might now be completed; she did not contemplate another visit to Baden; and therefore thought it unlikely that she should add another to the sixteen which constituted the Wedderburn circle. Ergo, the family picture *should* be finished.

The original artist had given up provincial engagements; he was now employed on full lengths of kings, princes, statesmen, and beauties, and doubtless would have blushed to look upon the crude and early efforts of his pencil, pointed out as a fine specimen of the arts to all visitors to Matchwood.

A limner from London was however brought

down, and the "latest arrivals" were done to life, in all the fastination of the costume for children then displayed in that popular magazine fashion, "Ackermann's Repository." The artist's ingenuity was somewhat taxed, as scarcely found ample room and verge enough for his labours ; but at length contrived to place five darlings in such positions as to give me the idea that he had taken his notion from the manoeuvre in platoon firing, "Front rank kneeling." The primal angel, *vis-à-vis'd*, in the clouds with the sainted spirit of her successor, while the father and husband kept his corner and costume undisturbed, and the present Lady Verderburn, in very scanty petticoats, and remarkably short waist, occupying the station which had been honoured by those above, stood staring at the canvass with an earnestness so intense that you might almost imagine she was looking for a husband, in the event of the very Sir Geoffrey joining his two treasures in the clouds.

The last time I sported my figure on the Dover boards was for the benefit of the mother and daughter of Andrew Cherry, author of "Soldier's Daughter," "the Travellers," and other successful pieces. He was besides of no mean ability, though he failed

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impression in London which was anticipated by his admirers in Bath and Bristol, in which places he was a great favourite.

February I took leave of my numerous friends at Dover with sincere regret; I had spent nearly three years amongst them, had received the greatest kindness and hospitality, been invited to the houses of every family in the neighbourhood, having completed the list by adding me of Gunman to the bottom as just now bed.

breakfasted *en route* with Mr. and Mrs.

at Charlton Place, and it cost me considerable pain to part from those who had treated me with so much affection, and had been so very instrumental to the enjoyment of my private amusement.

permitted my men before they reached Bridge-end, taking a long lingering look at the delightful seats skirting Barham downs, adieu, for a time, to private theatricals.

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN VINO VERITAS—DEATH AND THE DOCTOR—WINE DOES WON-  
DERS—LITERARY COINCIDENCE—HEAD QUARTERS—EAT  
BRUTE?—THE RIVAL STATUES—A PEERAGE—BEHIND THE  
SCENES—THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN—ON MY GUARD—CH.  
RON'S COUNSEL—PHAON PRESERVED.

AFTER dismissing my men, I hastened to call on Mr. and Mrs. Rushbrooke of St. George's, from whom I had received constant and kind attentions, from my first being quartered in the Kensington district.

I dined with these dear friends; and my host, on challenging me to a glass of wine, paid me judgment in such matters the compliment saying—

“I want you to give me your honest opinion of that Madeira.”

I smacked my lips, and, putting on the look of a connoisseur of the first class, gravely replied—

“I should call this Gordon's Surchal of 1812 vintage of 1812, which had crossed the Atlantic in 1814, remained in the hold of a ship of war.”

for months on the West India station, had reached England in the spring of 1816, and was bottled in the summer of that year."

"For Gad!" exclaimed Mr. Rushbrooke, "you have positively told the history of its progress from the time it was bought to the hour I had it placed in my bins. Why, you seem to know as much about it as though you had been present at its purchase."

"And so I was. Our mutual friend, Munro, had it put on board the ship in which we were passengers, the dear old Norge!—when we returned from America, our gallant vessel remained on the station, and I well remember the Major's telling me, during a visit to Brussels, that the Surchal, after being so long on its way home, had safely reached its destination; so my supposed judgment resolves itself into a mere knowledge of the facts. But, whilst on the subject, let me tell you what happened to myself connected with this delicious wine.

"Soon after leaving Barbadoes, on our way to Jamaica, I was attacked with a sudden and somewhat violent fever, which increased so rapidly that I was utterly prostrated in strength, and confined to my cot. On anchoring in Port Royal Bay, our surgeon thought it advisable to consult some medical man of the Island, whose

knowledge of the disorder was naturally extensive than his own ; and Doctor —, of the medical staff, I believe afterwards physician to the forces, was requested to give his opinion in my case. Although somewhat averse to the trouble of getting into a boat, and clambering up a hillside, he consented to visit me. I had for many days been in a half-unconscious state of delirium, my skin absolutely peeling off my body, and only awakened to exertion by a violent thirst ; but perfectly unconscious that I was in a dangerous state.

“ I was not aware of the honour intended me, till a rustling of the musquito curtains of my room first intimated that some one approached. I then opened my eyes, and saw a huge flat face, a pair of spectacles on a nose crimson as beetroot, and this visage advanced itself towards me without speaking a single word. As I gazed on this unexpected apparition, it uttered a loud groan, and, suddenly dropping the curtain, disappeared.

“ I could distinguish voices apparently in conversation, and my surgeon’s in an almost inaudible whisper. Presently a harsh and grating cry burst upon my ear, and I caught the following broken sentences of consolation :—

“ ‘ Better have waited till the morning—  
me all the trouble—no use prescribing.

worth while sending him ashore—pity you didn't know better than to disturb me for no purpose.'

"And a shuffling of footsteps led me to believe that the late visitant had left the cabin. It was near the hour for dinner; I could hear the rattle of knives, forks, and plates, through the canvass walls of my skreen-berth; presently the mess assembled, and my name was mentioned; the surgeon's reply created a momentary stillness, of which I took advantage; and, with all the strength I could muster, sung out—

"'Doctor!'

"'What is it, my dear fellow?' he replied, still keeping his seat at the table.

"'May I have some wine?'

"'Oh yes, as much as you like.'

"'Umph!' thought I, 'old Furnace-face has frightened you — but not me.— Send Turner to me, if you please'—I managed to say.

"My faithful valet appeared, looking very gloomy.

"'Go' to the purser, with my compliments, and ask him to send me a bottle of my Madeira, and bring me a Sangaree glass.'

"My orders were obeyed; I bade him pour me out a pint of this Surchal, having bought a quarter cask at the same time this we are now drinking was purchased; again I essayed to speak.



“ ‘ Good health to you all, my dear 1 and your’s, Doctor, for allowing me such cine as this.’

“ ‘ With hands scarcely able to hold the t I lifted it to my mouth, and, devoured as with thirst, nearly drank the whole of its c at a draught.

“ ‘ Who was that queer beast that came cot-side just now, Doctor?’

“ ‘ A friend of mine from Port Royal; mind any thing about him, but try to get sleep.’

“ ‘ Yes, I’ll finish what I have poured o then I’ll try. I hope I shall not have the mare in the form of that crimson muffin tacles.’

“ I completed my draught, fell back pillow, was speedily in a profound slum which I awoke soon after day-break ne ing, covered with perspiration; the that had cooled my burning body for hours.

“ A short time before breakfast *my D* to my bed-side, fully anticipating, a wards assured me, that it would t visit : he saw the big beads of moistu on my forehead, felt my pulse, and, v ful face and manner, announced tha

was past. I told him that, but for the *grunt* of his medical friend, I might have gone to Susan."

"And who was she?" asked Mr. Rushbrooke.

"The daughter of that excellent person who nursed the fair and unfortunate Juliet Capulet; the mother, you know, assures her mistress that 'Susan is with God.' But, to proceed, I felt determined not to verify the prediction of that hideous old monster, and that the Madeira had enabled me to carry my resolution into effect. That I recovered I need not say, because here I am, enjoying your hospitality, and quaffing this life-preserving liquid."

Mrs. Rushbrooke was certainly one of the most agreeable and fascinating persons that ever breathed. Her reading was extensive and various, and her love of dramatic literature rendered her still more dear to me. She lived a life of comparative seclusion; Mr. Rushbrooke and herself rendering themselves happy, and making others glad in this quiet city, instead of inhabiting the family seat, Rushbrooke Hall, in Suffolk, relinquished in favour of their son. Of Colonel Rushbrooke it was their pride to speak; it was not my good fortune, at the time of which I am now writing, to be known to him, but I have since had the pleasure of meeting him, and can vouch that he well deserved all the enco-

miums which the fondest parents could lavish him, that he is indeed a worthy descendant from such superior and gifted beings.

Amongst other topics the lady of the house asked me if I had ever read the "Simple Story" and, on my replying in the negative, she strongly recommended it to my attention, at the same time, with a clearness of description and beautiful command of language, proceeded to detail the plot and incidents. I listened with extreme interest to the narrative, at a particular point which I hastily interrupted her, exclaiming—

"Forgive me, my dear lady, for this sudden outbreak, but pray let me tell you that you have thrown a light on a subject to which for ages I have been vainly endeavouring to obtain a proper clue. It is many years ago that whilst stopping at a farm-house, on a shooting excursion, I beguiled a long winter evening in perusing all that was left of a volume whose title page and final leaves had been torn away by some Goth; it appeared to me the continuation of a story, after a lapse of many years, but contained sufficient interest, without knowledge of the fore-gone portion; it must have been the Simple Story; pray proceed, you bring it back to my recollection as though I had perused it yesterday."

My kind hostess did continue, and as, in af

days, I read the narrative in a perfect form, it needed not that the name of one of the characters should be the same as her own, to remind me of all her goodness to me.

It was with deep regret that I parted from these much loved friends, and, the next morning, continued my route; for the following days of the march, I was left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, without a companion; and it was with considerable satisfaction that I found myself at the end of my weary way, and seated at the mess-table at Woolwich, with many a well-known face and old acquaintance near me.

Few days elapsed before I visited London, witnessing Brutus at one house, and Evadne at the other. With the former, in spite of Kean's fine acting, particularly in the early scenes, I was not pleased; the family of Tarquins were rendered impudent puppies of to-day, by the want of judgment on the part of their representatives; the detested Parricide had thriven on Murder, and, from her unusual magnitude, never failed to create a laugh, when she exclaimed—

“ I was not born to fly ! ”

The whole affair was showily got up, but not in good taste; and a facetious friend happily said of it, “ Howard Payne's Brutus is a bad pantomime, with only one trick in it.”

Alluding, doubtless, to the destruction of the equestrian statue of Tarquinius Superbus, which somehow or other generally hung fire, and spoiled Kean's finest soliloquy.

The splendid talents of Miss O'Neil, Charles Kemble, and Young, were displayed to great advantage in Mr. Sheil's adaptation of Shirley's "Traytor." Never shall I forget the manner in which Colonna struck Vicentio with his gauntlet<sup>1</sup> Chivalry, in its high and palmy state, never witnessed a challenge better given or received.

The Artillery Balls have been so long praised by Belles, and paragraphed in that record fashion, the Morning Post, that I shall not venture to add a word about them. I shall content myself with saying, that the one which occurred most appropriately, on Lady-Day of this year afforded me the opportunity of inviting my friend Bowdich, and my old brother soldier, Mr. Fomblanque, to partake of its gaiety. The latter has thrown aside his sword and buckler, and was busily studying for the bar, meaning to follow in the steps of his talented father, whose exertions had on this very day been crowned with success in removing the attainder which had long been attached to a noble Irish family.

The subject of the father's forensic victory accompanied the son to Woolwich, and was in

roduced, for the first time in his life, by the title of Lord D——. His lordship bore his blushing honours with a vast deal of ease ; but, had they been as thick as his brogue, they might have proved inconvenient.

In April I accompanied my friend Barlow to town, for the purpose of going over Covent-Garden Theatre ; his father was the intimate and confidential friend of Mr. Thomas Harris, and, with the liberality for which that gentleman was distinguished, the *entrée* had been given to the Captain and any friends who might accompany him. I was surprised at the magnitude of the stage—the complicated machinery, both above and below it—nor were the painting-rooms and wardrobe objects of less delight.

My Cicerone was well known to most of the leading men of the establishment ; so kindly greetings were exchanged with many, whom I had never heard speak before, except the words set down for them. In many instances there existed scarcely any difference between their stage manner and common tone of colloquy. Blanchard had the same peculiarities of voice, the same good-humoured warmth of manner. Fawcett, whilst expressing himself heartily glad to see his young military friend, spoke much in the fashion as I had heard him welcome Lord

magnificent declamation of Mr. Younghusband in the act of rehearsing in some theatre. His name has escaped me, but it was this great actor had to deliver a defiance to some conspirators, who, when brought into silence, he leaves with a vengeance.\* Whilst the words of the speech were ringing in my ears, the speaker appeared low : the rapid and honeyed accents which accosted him were so different from the harsh strains which still echoed round that I could hardly reconcile the idea of the same person who now spoke.

I was introduced — received with politeness and urbanity for which Mr. Younghusband was distinguished. Years after it was my good fortune to know much of this true gentleman and brave man ; but of those days I hope to write in future time.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich,

This latter post, during the summer, was by no means disagreeable, the constant succession of every denomination of craft, making their way up or down the Thames, cannot fail to become objects of interest.

I was strolling round the vicinity of my post, when I perceived two youngsters busily occupied in adjusting the mast and sails of a small pleasure-boat; from the haste which attended their preparations, I could not but surmise that they had no positive right to the use of the vessel; I was not long in doubt.

An old man, who was employed as superintendent of the ferry, which communicated with the opposite shore of Essex, came up to the spot where I stood; his arrival was soon evident to the youngsters, one of whom betrayed unmistakable signs of shame and alarm, at being thus suddenly detected in his attempt at a clandestine aquatic excursion; scarcely had the crimson blush mounted to his cheek, when the ferryman, in the kindest tone, thus addressed him —

“ Well, Bill, you’ll have a wery nice sail as far as Erith Reach—tide’s running down fast, and the little wind there is will sarve to carry you there as pleasantly as heart can wish; you can go ashore — have your bit of bread and cheese com-



fortably with your maté ; by the time you' finished your ale, the tide 'ul be upon the turn you can manage to be back quite time enough put the boat up before dark, and be home to supper with your mother and I. That's all well, far, but now for t'other tack — you'll have yo day's pleasure, so will I — and if, before breakfast to-morrow morning, there's a bone your body that don't ache, why, blame me, tha all !”

With these words, the “ ancient mariner” walked away, leaving his son in a state of lilderment and consternation by no means enable, though of strangely brief duration.

Surely never was there a more powerful instance of the art of ingeniously tormenting, than t old fellow had exhibited ; had he called the tru out of the boat, and applied a rope's-end to back, upon the spot, for his disobedience, it wo have been no more than a due exercise of paternal authority ; but, to picture out the pleasure of the sail, with almost an approving smile upon his iron visage, and then to threaten the bastinado for the morrow — it was absolutely fiendish.

The boys steered their course ; I suffered them to make their way out of recal, and sent for t ferryman, nor did I let him leave me till I h extorted from him a solemn promise that the

tended fustigation should be dispensed with ; I had the further satisfaction of announcing this cessation of hostilities to the youngster on his return from his trip.

He looked as if he had enjoyed it, even with a threshing in perspective. There was courage and philosophy in this, which deserved the reward, or rather the absence of punishment, that I had procured for him.

## CHAPTER XV.

OVER SHOES OVER BOOTS—SOCK AND BUSKIN—'TIS MEET TO  
DO FORGET—CARVE WORK—HOT AND COLD—"G. R." THE  
POETIC FORRESTER—GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN—HANGING WOOD  
—MURDER.

I HAD now been nearly two months at Headquarters, during which period many a wish had been expressed by others, as well as myself, as to getting up another amateur play; frequent discussions on the subject had arisen, and, at length, permission from the higher powers was obtained.

But, before I mention particulars, I must record, in its due place, a circumstance which afforded me great satisfaction.

I visited town on the 17th of April, intending to see the new play, from Sir Walter Scott's captivating story of the Heart of Mid-Lothian; when it was my good luck to encounter my friend Mathews; he met me with great cordiality, insisted on my 'sharing his family dinner, that is, if I

: up with the Gothic hour of four ;' I most willingly, adding —  
hall see what due honours I will pay to it beef.' ”

ilitary punctuality I reached his lodging ck Row, as St. Paul's, Covent Garden, e appointed hour. Hessian, jockey, other sorts of boots, with divers pumps, le and “double channelled,” as the ve it, filled the lower windows, but a le door was ornamented with a knocker, ich I applied, and was forthwith con- the drawing-room floor, the cloth was my host was in the act of decanting a vine as I entered.

you *are* a capital fellow,” said Mathews, your appointment. I like you for that. hews will be here this instant, must in- ou to her and my boy — my only son.” which he “moved me with courteous ac- e more removed ground,” on which the . As I took my seat, my eyes fell on a sly faithful miniature likeness of my e character of the “old Scotch woman ;” ot repress my admiration of its fidelity tion.

' said its original, “Clint is a clever few more so. One of these days I

mean to collect a few good pictures, portraits of my brethren of the lamp, and, of course, of my sisters too — but I shall wait 'till I have some tiny place to hang them up in — here we are only in ready-furnished lodgings ; all very well, considering, but I long for another hut of my own."

Mrs. Mathews now joined us ; with a winning manner she bade me welcome, and, in unaffected tones, apologized for their humble fare. Master Charles soon followed his mamma ; a tall boy for his age, resembling his mother's half sister, Miss Kelly, much more than either of his parents. Our family party was speedily completed, by the entrance of a young lady, daughter to the master of the house, who took her seat at table as a matter of daily occurrence ; she was much and deservedly beloved by my host and his wife, and appeared an especial favourite with the boy.

When the fish was replaced by the *roti*, Mathews, looking at me with a peculiar sort of gaze, in which one eye seemed trying to outdo his fellow in point of penetration, and, with his hand upon the cover which concealed the joint — said—

" Pray, may I ask what you meant this mornin' : about ' roast beef ? ' "

" Merely that I felt pretty certain I should find that dish at your table, after the declaration you made at Dover of your predilection for it."

"What can you possibly mean? here's another of those strange mistakes to which *I* am constantly subjected. I say, my dear, does this put you in mind of what you heard?—however, no matter for that—all I mean to say is—I perfectly recollect the remarkably fine leg of mutton I partook of at your table, and I think I have here as pretty a specimen of South Down, so Miss Gann tells me, for, bless her! she takes care of the house; I say, as pretty a specimen of South Down as ever you ate. Roast beef? why, my dear fellow, the thing is quite impossible. I never *did* eat roast beef from my childhood—can't touch it, never could."

"Why, Papa," said Charles with a smile which seemed to imply that he was accustomed to these sweeping statements; "that was roast beef you took for supper, at Mr. Liston's, the other night."

"How should *you* know, my dear? d'ye think *I* don't know what I'm talking about? you'll try to persuade me, by and by, I don't know that this is spinach; perhaps you will be so obliging as to assure me it is asparagus; now, my dear Charles, just check that spirit of contradiction that you are so apt to indulge in at my expense."

All this while he was making strange incisions on the South Down; after two or three vain attempts at carving, he cried out—

"I give it up; I never could, nor I ne attempt it. I'd sooner dine off dry bre try it. Polly, my dear, I beg pardon, bu I'm dead beat I forget my proper atten etiquette; do, like a dear soul, cut up this!

Miss Gann obeyed, and appeared quite at the office my friend relinquished in des

Perceiving that my young acquainta somewhat disheartened by the observatio addressed to him, I entered into convers some subject I imagined likely to change rent of his thoughts; his reply was evid fected by the rebuke he had met, and ca attention of his father, who, with a ki said —

"I'm not angry with you, my Charl think so — I'm only surprised to find t should not have known beef when you sa

"My dear Mathews," said his wife, " boy said *was* quite true; it was a cold s beef that you supped off at Mr. Liston's."

"Oh! cry you mercy, madam!" quickly, "*cold*, ah, ha! that's another there's as much difference between cold r and hot roast beef as between — as betw as in fact — a glass of wine, my dea Charley, boy, join us, let's think and talk a thing else."

Conversation on general subjects commenced, and, by mutual consent, the obnoxious words were studiously omitted; had Christmas fare been mentioned, I am confident that plum-pudding only would have escaped our lips, so anxious were we, the majority, to preserve harmony.

In good time to see the new play commence, I left my kind friends, and expressed a hope to see them at Woolwich, when a ship-launch or review should tempt them so far.

Our amateur rehearsals "progressed." I had resigned the character of Lord Trinket to a friend who was anxious to try his histrionic powers. Although an excellent soldier, he required considerable drilling, but proved himself a docile recruit, and was soon reported to the manager as "fit for duty." Colonel Wylde has of late filled a very important post on the Peninsula, and, doubtless, when in personal conference with the **grande**es of that ill-fated portion of the globe, has smiled at the recollection of the embroidered suit, bag-wig, and other appendages in which he disguised himself for "that night only."

To him I owe the introduction to Mr. George Raymond, with whom an intimacy has existed up to the present day, and of whom I shall have frequent occasion to speak. He was, when first we met, an admirable specimen of the Ranger



order ; the attainments recently gained at University mixed up with the rake-helly the Templar ; he was considered, by the *la beau garçon*, and many a fair damsel, Blackheath balls, set her cap at, and her affection, my agreeable acquaintance.

Daniel, who had created so much merriment on a former occasion, was quite at home on O'Cutter ; I have never seen a more perfect representative of this hero of Tower-hill at the Tender. In the farce he enacted Teague, being the Obadiah ; in the innocence of his heart he nearly suffocated me, by pouring down my throat an intolerable quantity of Sherry — he thought to suppose, as he did about his black suit, that as it was “ Sherry ” in the bottle, it could not do wrong in supplying the wet cloth with it, in an unadulterated state.

Colonel Wylde was not the only recruit of the evening. Sir Harry Beagle was sustained appropriately by a devoted lover of the character who dressed the part to the life, but was not conversant with the language of Colman. His behaviour in him, was somewhat unpardonable, seeing that he himself wooed the Muses, with what success will presently show.

“ Yes,” he said to me, between the acts he staid for a month at Sir. — —’s, at Mr.

Capital fellow — glorious stud — paid me every attention ; so, when I was going away, I thought I couldn't do less than make him a present of a copy of my work, a poetical one, upon hunting ; have you ever seen it ?”

“ No, I have not had that pleasure.”

“ I'll send you a copy — I've a great many by me, for, somehow or other, it didn't sell.”

Next morning, true to his word, for he was, with all his Nimrod propensity for destroying hares and foxes, a kindly hearted creature — a pamphlet was left for me at my quarters, with “ The Author's best regards.” I hastened to ascertain the extent of his poetic inspiration, and read as follows —

“ Hunting has become so general an amusement,  
That to all men of fashion it is quite an inducement.”

How amply such a proof of literary gratitude must have repaid Sir —— !

But, whilst on the subject of presents, I must not omit to mention that our riding department and our excellent band were under the control of Colonel Quest. This gentleman was the natural son of the unfortunate Gustavus of Sweden, who fell by the hand of Ankerstroom.

The Colonel had, early in life, received a commission in the British service, and had proved

himself a ripe soldier. He was a man of the most prepossessing exterior, a handsome face, and remarkably erect figure, which was seen to great advantage in the white undress uniform worn by the officers of the riding-house department; his hair, although white as silver, was always in powder, whilst a thin queue nearly reached to the sash which encompassed his taper waist.

Colonel Quest was one of the staunchest supporters of our amateur amusements, and did me the favour to express himself pleased with my exertions, begging me, at the same time, to accept a snuff-box in token of regard.

Little did I imagine, when I first became possessed of this *gage d'amitié*, I should see the donor's father represented by my old brother soldier, Warde; and that the pacific Mr. Phillips would for so many nights enact a singing assassin.

I had walked over to Greenwich one morning about this time, and, being somewhat lazily disposed, took advantage of the Woolwich coach passing through to save my legs. I found the vehicle occupied by my Hythe friend, Colonel Newhouse, of the Invalid Artillery; Colonel Gravatt, a resident in the Arsenal; and a man whose years must have exceeded the usual limit

of threescore and ten ; he was attired in black, his legs encased in silk stockings, with gold buckles at his knees — a somewhat singular costume for the time of day, or the age of the wearer.

A civil recognition passed between old Newhouse and myself, and he continued the conversation with his friend, which my entrance had interrupted ; the topic appeared to be the extraordinary alterations which had taken place since last Newhouse had travelled this once familiar road.

"Why, Gravatt," he remarked, "there's scarcely a vestige left of Hanging Wood, and surely we are on the spot where once it stood, rendering this a rather dangerous route, after night-fall. Do you remember," he continued, "the fearful adventure that befel us, one night, as we were coming home, after dining at Greenwich, when we were Cadets?"

"To be sure I do," answered Colonel Gravatt.

"May I ask what it was?" said I.

"Certainly," replied Newhouse ; "Gravatt and myself were somewhat behind our time, and were running, with our best speed, to reach the Academy before the doors were locked. We were hastening through a portion of the road completely overshadowed with trees — I think

within fifty yards of where we are at this moment, when I fell over some substance which lay across the path ; Gravatt came to my aid, and we discovered, to our utter consternation, that I had stumbled upon the body of a man, who was lying with his throat cut, and weltering in his blood. I need not say we were both much shocked at such a ghastly sight. Life was too certainly extinct ; but, in spite of our being somewhat behind our time, we thought it right to give the alarm, and, on reaching the Ship Tavern, opposite the Dock-yard gates, informed the waiter of this appalling circumstance."

The old man in black, who had evidently listened to the relation with more than common attention, said—

" I remember it well, gentlemen ; I was the person to whom you communicated the intelligence. Bless me ! why you were both boys then, and I in my prime ; how strange that we should meet again after such a lapse of years ! Yes—Master, and the ostler, and myself, took a lantern and went to the spot you had mentioned ; and there, sure enough, we found a poor seafaring man, cruelly murdered — stone dead, with his pockets turned inside out. We had taken a couple of the Marines from the Dock-yard, with us, to the bloody spot ; and, between us,

we carried the body to the Tap, where the coroner sat upon it. In my hurry and alarm I had forgotten to ask your names, and so you escaped being examined on the inquest; and nobody could fancy for a moment that two boys—*young gentlemen*, I should say, had any hand in the barbarous affair. I did hear, some time after, that one of the transports sent to Botany Bay confessed on his death-bed that he had robbed and killed a sailor between Greenwich and Woolwich. God bless me! how time flies! It seems but yesterday, and I have left the Ship these five-and-twenty years, and what you speak of, sir, happened long before that.”

In acknowledging his station in life, he fully accounted for the silk stockings which habit had taught him to consider as constituting a proper portion of his costume.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MATURING GENIUS — A PLAIN ANSWER — BUY A RIPE MELON —  
 — A MAN TO BE LIKED PER SE — A BENCH NOT THE KING'S —  
 A NATURAL MODEL — TRY THE WATERS! — IRISH VERRACITY.

THE production of a new tragedy, by Maturin, took me to town. I had known his father and brother, the latter intimately, during my sojourn in Ireland, and had passed a few hours in the author's society, while he paid a short visit to his relatives.

The cast of the drama included the names Young, Charles Kemble, Macready, and Maria O'Neil. Yates was also to sustain a character of peculiar construction, and I had long wished for an opportunity of witnessing his tragic powers.

Covent Garden was crowded to the ceiling on the night in question; in those days people cared something about the drama. Nothing could exceed the applause which the three first acts of

greater was the surprize of many present  
that the new candidate for fame, Yates,  
y bore away the palm; the part he  
was one by no means calculated to con-  
is audience, but he threw so much of  
nd dramatic talent of the highest order  
character, as to render it the most promi-  
the piece.

: fourth act some few signs of dissatisfac-  
e manifested, and the revolting catastro-  
which the stage was strewn with dead  
the lovely heroine included, who was  
ven whilst clinging to the crucifix for  
on, raised such a tumult of disapproba-  
at the piece was never enacted again. I  
help thinking that, had it been successful,  
re would have gained a tragedian, and lost  
c.

play-going propensities drew me fre-



the next officer, if he would take my picket for me to-morrow?"

"Of course I did."

"And what did he say?"

"Whoy, he said, he'd be *dom'd* if he would."

At an exhibition of the works of Harlowe, I encountered my friend Mathews. No sooner had we shaken hands, than he began —

"Ah, this is lucky, I know you are fond of pictures, or you wouldn't be here; and that you can tell a good one when you see it, I am sure, by what you said about my Clint t'other day.— I've began—I mean to have one—"

"Have what, my dear sir?"

"Why, a gallery of my own—a picture gallery. Step this way—isn't that a delicious likeness of dear Charles Young? isn't he speaking? don't you hear him?"

And an admirable imitation followed, to which I could not but reply —

"To be sure I do, as plainly as ever I did in my life."

"Must have my blessed Young; now look at these," and he pointed to two exquisite pencil drawings, one of Miss Mellon, and the other Elliston; "there's a Robert William for you, look at his roguish eye, and his animated sparkling face; and there's dear good-natured Harriet. Lord! what

wicked-looking, rest-breaking devil it is! Now, don't you think that these three pictures are  
ms?"

I assented, and off he went to the conservator the gallery, and wrote a cheque for £80, the  
ice fixed by the executors of the deceased  
ist.

It was easy to be seen that my friend was  
ten with the mania for picture buying, a  
oby-horse which cannot be ridden without the  
ne material always necessary to increase the  
ed of the mare, at least so says the proverb.  
previous engagement prevented my accepting  
pressing invitation to accompany him home,  
I look at his new purchases; but, ere we parted,  
romised to see him soon.

Two very amiable and interesting young Per-  
ns had, for many months, resided at Woolwich,  
ere they studied various matters connected  
h fortification, gunnery, &c., and they were  
servedly great favourites with the men of my  
rps.

Never were two persons more widely con-  
sted in appearance than these subjects of the  
ah. Mirza Jaffier or Giaffer was tall, dark,  
th almost Norman features; of a grave and  
served manner. His countryman, Mirza Rieza,  
as a squat, fat, punchy little fellow, with a

face as round and as shining as a well-polished apple ; the soul of fun, and, though unblest with beauty, as vain as a peacock, a prodigious dandy and a mighty smoker.

It was because I had promised to accompany him to the play, that I had declined Mathew's invitation. Accordingly, at half-past six, I called on my Asiatic friend. I found him attired in a new vest of silk, richly embroidered, a shawl of considerable value twisted around his goodly corporation, the pipe in full operation, and the tea equipage before him. To the sober beverage I perceived that he added the juice of lemons, and I was induced to try the effect ; it made a sort of harmless punch, and was admirably suited to allay thirst.

We reached the theatre in good time, but found great difficulty in procuring places ; Reiza had no notion of sitting on a back row, where he might remain unnoticed. I was endeavouring to gain the good offices of the box-keeper by the surest road to the hearts of most men, when my somewhat impatient Persian said—

“ Why cannot Mirza Reiza sit in the king's pew ? he always have the king's pew with Sir Gore ; he will not go to bad chair to look at play ; he want to see ladies too.”

I certainly had never heard the mistake before,

dered how he could have confused the a church with those of a theatre, as I abt his ever having entered the former. ld's always calling "Waiter!" when he box-keeper was far more explicable. ibe had a due effect, a front row was and, as it happened, we were seated x filled with some remarkably handsome his Mirzaship was in the best possible with himself and all around him. The nce of his keeping his black sheep-skin ap on during the whole evening at- ie attention of many in the pit, but the fortunately did not observe it, or the Hats off!" might have disconcerted my n. His remarks on the play were but ar Lawrence appeared to him a person consequence with Romeo, Mercutio, or fair Juliet herself; in fact, more so; xemed to pay earnest attention to the delivered by the charitable and kind- old botanist, in the midst of one of oliloquies Rieza turned round, and said verential air—

"Father has got a good deal to say!"

as the two Mirzas just named, there to their party a gentleman named laba; (not the hero of Morier's delight-

ful romance) *he* had come to this country to study medicine, and adopted European costume, as more convenient than his own for "walking the hospitals," to say nothing of the streets.

One night, at the Rev. Dr. Holcombe's, a good laugh at the expense of the Hadjee arose from the butler mistaking his style and title. The man, with great gravity, threw open the door, and announced the dusky Doctor as "Major Dadda!"

Towards the latter end of August I obtained a few days' leave; and, happy at escaping even for a short period the dull routine of guard mounting, &c., &c., I accepted an invitation to visit friends with whom I had been on terms of great intimacy, whilst quartered in Limerick, seven years past. They resided at Cheltenham, and it was arranged that I was to accompany the son of my hostess on this excursion, he being also stationed at Woolwich with his corps, the Royal Engineers.

The road from London had all the charm of novelty to me; we travelled outside, the weather being deliciously fine. Never shall I forget ~~my~~ first sight of Oxford; it exceeded in architectural beauty my most sanguine expectations, ~~and~~ although my acquaintance with it on this ~~occ~~asion was necessarily confined to the hasty glimp~~se~~

ed in passing through, it left a deep impression on my recollection, and created an ardent desire to become more perfectly acquainted with the wonders of this seat of learning.

I am not aware if it has ever been stated that there is to be seen between Oxford and Cheltenham a wide extent of undulating ground, on which roads, farms, woods, and other features, are disposed as to render this spot an absolute mile, if I may be allowed the expression, of the field of Waterloo, as it was at the time of the ever-glorious battle; not as it is now seen, mangled and spoilt by Dutch taste and Belgian

On after six o'clock in the evening, we drove through the delightful town of Cheltenham; few persons were to be seen at this hour; but the appearance of the shops, the wide pavement, the well-lighted streets, presented an air of comfort truly astonishing. Alighting at the Plough, we soon reached the cottage ornée of my companion's residence. I was received with the kindest welcome; and, as soon as we had toiletized, joined a family party at dinner. After a separation of many years, we had much to say about the old times; I would gladly have devoted the evening to retrospections, but that a concert was to take place, and I was expected to accompany the party to the assembly rooms.

Here I encountered many well-known Irish faces, and not a few Irish friends. Mrs. S—— invited two or three of those best known to —— to join us at that most social and chatty meal —— supper.

One of our party was a dignitary of the Church, another a general officer; we were all in a merry mood, but it is no less strange than true that for fun, anecdote, and hilarity, the Reverend Archdeacon carried all before him, defeating the General in his attempts to take the field, and skirmishing at the same time with the vivacious widow, and her fair daughters. It was not till a late hour that our agreeable coterie broke up, and, in consequence, it was with great regret I left my pillow at the unusual hour of seven, being told that it was the custom to visit the Spa at eight. Gallantry and good breeding demanded that I should attend the ladies on this occasion, though I secretly vowed that I would beg off any more such breakings in upon my natural rest during my stay.

By eight of the clock we reached the Montpellier Spa; the walks were thronged with well dressed people. I could not tolerate the idea of seeing ladies in such handsome costume at such an hour in the morning, particularly as I knew that they had bestowed all this pains on their

toilets to enable them to take physic publicly, which they could have swallowed more comfortably at home. There was no attempt to conceal the object of their congregating, for many of the belles carried glasses, handsomely cut, and accommodated with a handle, through which a taper finger was thrust, thus enabling them to flirt these half pint measures about, whilst in conversation with their beaux, with as much nonchalance as though they were using their fans. This appeared to me rather an indelicate practice; but, doubtless, all the little airs and graces which attended the taking the waters were looked on as necessary by the parties concerned.

We returned to breakfast, and, about three o'clock, a promenade in the High Street was proposed; it appeared as though the population was divided into two classes—importations from Hibernia and from Hindostan; every other face bore evident marks of long years past in the yellow East; such shoals of bilious nabobs, and gouty governors! such clouds of tobacco smoke from the cheroots that were to be seen burning in the mouths of mummies on green benches—the High Street being amply supplied with these out-of-door accommodations. Then such Ulster, Munster, Connaught, and Leinster dialects met your ear, that to me it was quite refreshing now



and then to catch the sound of a native and listen to accents in real double Gloucester.

In the course of our ramble we encountered a handsome and well-dressed man, who was asked by my hostess why he had not of late visited her cottage.

"Oh, pledge you my word, my dear Sir," he replied, "nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to go to see you; but I've been mightily engaged on some important matters. You know my cousin, Lord Kilclanbally? ah, the poor fellow! he got into difficulties, and sent for me to consult; so I went, talked over matters, walked to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, and took a ticket in the mail, crossed by the Head, and was his agent the moment I reached Morrison's; and two or three streets in Dublin—some of the best in the city—returned with the cash, and I was surrounded by rascally tailors, boot-makers, saddlers, and all fellows of that sort, that were worrying him out of him. That's the reason I haven't been to you; but I give you my honour I'll be there soon."

And off he walked. I could not but be struck with the zeal the gentleman had evinced in the cause of his cousin, Lord Kilclanbally; and my admiration received a severe check, when

, I learnt that his lordship, far from possessing so large a property in the capital of his country, as to enable his friend to sell "two or three streets" with such apparent ease, never had been the owner of a *cabin* in that metropolis, he, however, is true, succeeded to a small estate in the country, which property he lost at hazard, before he had completed the first of his years of dis-

## CHAPTER XVII.

AN ORDERLY WHITE SERJEANT — M. C. — THE WIFE — A FUNERAL — NO CHIEF MOURNER — DRIVING OVER MY OWN NAME-SAKE — AN INTRODUCTION — A FLARE UP — THE FALSTAFF — A "GREAT ONE OF THE CITY" — THE HERO OF BUENOS AYRES — SETTING THE TIBER ON FIRE — A BLUE'S PROMPTITUDE — MY LORD DUKE — ROYAL DEATHS.

My second evening at this seat of gaiety was passed at the Master of the Ceremonies' ball. The universal respect in which this gentleman was held, had drawn together a large assemblage of rank and fashion. The leading star of the place, Colonel Berkeley, and the gentlemen of the Hunt, attended in their handsome full dress and were as fine a body of men as eye could look upon ; for the honour of my own county, I must add, that they were principally natives.

I observed one instance of bad taste during the evening, which I cannot omit to mention. A well-known and gallant General, who had received numerous decorations and distinctions, not only from his own Sovereign, but from two or three

foreign powers, walked about the room in a plain blue coat, closely buttoned up, without a single badge to distinguish him, whilst my Lady ——, a vain and very silly wife, had adorned her turban with divers stars, crosses, and medals, honourably gained by her husband, and certainly never intended, by the donors, for such a purpose. I afterwards learnt that the General had found in his newly married wife a Commander-in-Chief, whose will and pleasure he was constantly obliged to give up his orders.

The *arbiter* who presided over this assembly was a tall handsome man, of fascinating manners. I am tempted here to go out of my usual course, and relate some particulars that I learnt of his story, some years after the period of which I now treat.

Mr. F—— had, early in life, entered the army, and, whilst still young, married a lady of family and small fortune; a carelessness as to worldly matters soon dissipated the sum which his wife had brought him; after many ineffectual struggles to repair the loss, he became more and more embarrassed, and ultimately was thrown into jail. His amiable partner, who had never reproached him, during his career of thoughtless extravagance, assured that, with that exception, he was one of the best and kindest of human beings, relin-

quished, without a murmur, the comforts and elegancies to which she had been accustomed from her birth, took a lodging near the prison in which he was confined, and, during his long incarceration, supported him by the use of her needle.

At length some relatives of her's liquidated the husband's debts, and he was once more restored to her. The loss of his commission was a sad drawback on their happiness, at his recovering his liberty. His character and conduct, during his late severe trial, had gained him powerful friends; and, by their influence, the situation of Master of the Ceremonies was obtained for him.

For some years F—— and his excellent wife lived respected, and in possession of ample means for their wants, rendered more moderate by the experience of former days. At length it pleased heaven to separate hearts that were so closely linked; Mrs. F——, after a short illness, died, regretted by those of her own sphere, and by the poor, to whom she had been a kind and considerate benefactress, as far as her limited means would allow.

To demonstrate a due esteem for her memory, it was resolved that her remains should be followed to the grave by the nobility and gentry then resident in Cheltenham. Upon the grief of the husband, only those who were upon terms of

intimacy had intruded ; it was with him a  
ow "passing show." The day of the funeral  
ed ; the numerous party of gentlemen who  
ed to pay respect to the dead as well as the  
; assembled at the Rooms. This was signi-  
to the chief mourner, who requested the  
gence of a few moments alone, in the room  
h contained the body of one he so dearly  
; such a request could not be refused ; his  
ls awaited his return as the signal for the  
nful procession setting out.

any minutes elapsed, and still he did not ap-  
—it was thought cruel to intrude upon his  
w, and further time passed on ; at length his  
ds became anxious, and suggested the pro-  
y of ascending to the chamber of death, and  
cing the mourner to permit the rites to com-  
e. Two of his most intimate acquaintance  
took this delicate task—they entered the  
t, saw their friend, with his head reclining on  
coffin, which his arms grasped—they spoke  
m—no answer—they lifted him up, and dis-  
red that he was dead ! His heart had broken  
he attempt to part with the mortal remains  
er, whose soul, it is humbly to be hoped, his  
joined in realms of eternal bliss.

is almost needless to add that many wives,  
e as exemplary, have been less lamented ;

and that many widowers have mourned their wives quite as deeply, though they did not happen to die for them.

It were heartless to calculate whether or no, had our M.C. survived the first shock of his grief, he would have differed much from the generality of those, who, as a duty, "turn from the dead to the living." Enough that the instance I have recorded is a rare and poetical truth.

But to return. On the 27th, all the world, that is, the Gloucestershire world, was in motion: making way to the race-ground, which, after toiling up some steep, narrow, and dusty roads our party reached; the ladies somewhat mortified at the "change that had come over" their bonnets and vestments. However, the beauty of the season, and the excellence of the sport, soon restored them to good humour.

How rapidly fled the days; my leave of absence only extended to the 1st of September, and I was obliged to bid farewell to these kind friends and cheerful scenes, and return to London. I travelled by night, and saw Oxford by a clear and lovely moonlight; we have Sir Walter's authority that architecture is seen to the best advantage under the mild influence of Dian's orb.

After about twenty miles' progress we ascended

a gentle slope, and made a halt, during which the *conducteur* alighted from his box. Some mysterious instinct, some sympathy which I leave to metaphysicians to define, prompted me to pop out my head, and say—

“Coachman, what is the name of this place?”

“BENSON HILL, sir,” was his true reply.

Addressed to me it had a ridiculous effect; had I or had it been otherwise called, “’twere pity of my life.” Though there was no thought of pleasing either when the other was christened, I looked round, thinking—

“Here are a pair of us!”

And as the vehicle drove off, mentally uttered—

“Good night, namesake!”

One of the first wits of the day has given this chance a value, by recording it, in an *airy* strain of his, with the complimentary assertion that Benson Hill can afford to spare a joke; but the historian of Little Pedlington can never need to borrow jests from any man, and *this* one must be of less worth to all other persons than to myself.

If ever I pass a *Pool* baptized John, I will make a brief of it in my note-book, as a locality which ought to be more proud of its appellation than the highest or oldest member of the Hill family.



I had very long and anxiously desired to be made known to Mr. Yates, of Covent Garden; but by some strange fate the opportunity had not arisen, and I began to despair of ever gaining the acquaintance of one whose talents had afforded me so much satisfaction. Towards the end of September, however, the long wished for introduction took place. I am thus particular (empowered by a "Journal," valuable to me, for no unkind reasons), as, for many years, an intimacy, almost a brotherhood, existed between us, and I shall have frequent occasions to speak of my clever friend.

Full well aware of my affection for things theatrical, Yates asked me to dine with him on the 30th, on which evening he could take me to see Drury Lane lit up, previous to its opening. A hearty welcome, and the best dinner a bachelor in lodgings could provide, awaited me. Soon after our repast, Fairfield, and two brothers, named D—, joined our party; to the latter I was formally introduced, and we speedily became a right merry set.

Yates shone little in general conversation, but was capital audience for a joke, and possessed great comic powers, in relating anecdotes and traits of men connected with the theatre; a theme which could not fail to please and interest me.

At the appointed hour we repaired to Drury Lane. I was amused at the novelty of the exhibition — the stage, instead of being devoted to its purpose, was thronged with gentlemen of the press, busily employed in taking notes of the embellishments, and the rapid succession of new scenery, which elicited approbation from all present. A supper was provided in the saloon for the Manager's immediate friends ; and although included in Yates's invitation, I took my leave, promising to visit town the evening he was to appear in Falstaff, at Covent Garden.

I kept my word, and can honestly affirm that I was amply repaid ; it was a magnificent piece of acting, admirably conceived in the true spirit of its immortal author, and executed with consummate skill. That others thought with me, I need only state the fact that the soliloquy on Honour was as nearly as possible *encored*, so rapturous and prolonged was the applause at its termination, and so vehement the desire to hear it again ; but, with great propriety, Yates did not accede to a (then) almost unprecedented demand.

Some time after this, at Yates's lodgings, I met a person who has since occupied a vast portion of public attention — it was no other than Mr. Roland Stephenson, then regarded as a demi-god, by most of the theatrical craft. I must honestly

avow that he made a most unfavourable impression upon me at our first meeting ; his air was patronising, though any thing but elegant, and there was a sinister expression in his remarkably plebeian visage that ill-accorded with the consequential airs he gave himself.

It was my fate, in the first month of 1820, to be introduced to a person still more notorious than the Banker became, when he found it expedient to make a hasty retreat to the land of liberty and democracy.

I was staying with my family near Bristol, and was asked by a young artillery-man, a fellow townsman, to accompany him to a quadrille party at Clifton, where he assured me I should "meet some very nice girls, and have a capital supper;" the first of these inducements was sufficient, and I consented, without inquiring the name of the person we were to visit. Gore and myself got into a "Number coach," for so Hackney vehicles are there denominated, and proceeded to a spacious mansion on New Windsor Terrace. Addressing the lady of the house, Gore said—

"Mrs. Whitelock, allow me to present my friend Hill, of the Artillery."

Very graciously the lady replied that she was at all times delighted to see military men, and I

owed in return, without clearly having caught the name of so polite a hostess. Gore then led me to the master of the house, and I heard him addressed as "General." I could scarcely believe it — but, sure enough, it was *the* General Whitelock, who stood before me, surrounded by a large assemblage of wealth and fashion. To add to my astonishment, I saw the officers of the recruiting-staff of the district, wearing His Majesty's uniform, eagerly entering into conversation with this disgrace to the service. I was in plain clothes, and would have left at once, but Gore begged me to stop; and, as the weather was inclement, I was induced to remain until our party arrived to convey us through the snow.

The excellent supper which my companion had foretold certainly deserved such an appellation; the tables were covered with the good things of the world, and ornamented from top to bottom with *military trophies*; whilst a full length portrait of the Buenos Ayres hero, in his general's uniform, occupied a conspicuous part of the dining-room. I never witnessed such shameless effrontery; the man himself was as coarse and vulgar a person as I ever encountered, of an ungainly figure, and with a face of brass.

Learning from the papers that Yates was starring at Bath, I resolved to pay a visit to

## TROY LIQUIFIED.

gay city. I found him in unusually good  
ts, and every way satisfied with the result of  
trip. I attended the theatre, and had the  
tification of seeing the prominent characters  
Brutus and Cassius sustained by men in  
hose fate I felt a deep interest. Warde enacted  
ne high souled Roman; Yates, the lean and  
hungry conspirator.

A trifling circumstance occurred, which occa-  
sioned considerable amusement to those near  
enough to be aware of the fact, but almost para-  
lyzed the exertions of the actor for the rest of  
the evening. Yates, in his first scene, had to  
deliver the passage—

"I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did, from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber," &c.

This, by some unaccountable nervousness, I  
gave as follows—

"I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did, from the flames of Tiber, upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Troy"—

It happened that the venerable Mrs. Piozzi  
sitting in the stage box, close to the Proscen-  
and such a ludicrous perversion of her de-  
Shakspeare could not pass unnoticed; in  
enthusiasm she cried aloud—

"Text, Mr. Yates, text; flames of  
waves of TYBER, if you please."

This unexpected correction nearly swamped poor Cassius; he seemed half disposed to laugh, or fly the field, and let Mrs. Piozzi finish the part for him; but an assurance in an under tone from Warde, that the lady's prompting had not been observed by the audience, induced him to proceed; and having, in the course of the scene, perfectly recovered his self-possession, he addressed, most pointedly, to the companion of Johnson, the speech running —

"I am glad that my *weak words*

Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus."

I volunteered my services for the evening of Yates's benefit; the farce of "High Life below Stairs" was selected for the occasion. "My Lord Duke" had ever been one of my most especial favourites. I found the members of the theatre, both ladies and gentlemen, well disposed towards me, and took the liberty of suggesting an alteration from the usual arrangement of the piece, which they kindly agreed on; to my great satisfaction it was completely successful on its being carried into effect. My notion was, instead of retaining the minuet with Mrs. Kitty, to propose a quadrille, a species of dance then of recent introduction.

Handing the lady who presided over the festivities a fan, she read from it, in vulgar kitchen English, the French varieties of figure—

"Now then," said Mrs. Kitty, "what shall it be, my Lord, *Letty* or *Pantaloons*, *Bull and gear*, or *Leeremeese*? deary me's, what queer words! or what is this? *Lay powl*—well, I never!"

"Oh, we'll try *Letty* first," joined in Yates, who played Sir Harry. "Now then, Mrs. Kitty, call the figure, if you please."

The lady obeyed as follows— "*Dossan* ~~son~~ *Demmy kewdeechat, Cavey leer sewel*," &c.

The audience treated me with extreme kindness, and rewarded my desire to serve my friend by warm plaudits. Warde congratulated me on my improvement in the histrionic art; as he had not seen me attempt a part since I was the representative of his lady mother, there certainly had been plenty of time for it.

Our gaiety received an unexpected and severe check by the arrival of news of the sudden demise of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. So noble and gallant a man to be cut off in the very prime of manhood, and so shortly after Heaven had blest him with a daughter, was indeed to be deplored; and I could not but feel it the more acutely, remembering so vividly his condescension to me at Dover.

On the following Sunday the Bristol mail brought the information of the decease of our

venerable and beloved monarch. The messenger charged with this important intelligence had just entered the London road from the Windsor, when he met the mail; his haste only permitted him to say, "His Majesty expired at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock this evening."

By this announcement the event was known in Bristol nearly as soon as in the metropolis. Great anxiety was manifested for the receipt of the official account, and hundreds awaited the arrival of the Regulator day-coach.

A heavy shower drove me to share the shelter of a pent-house, with a gentleman so carefully muffled up against the inclemencies of the season, that I could not see his face. He appeared most nervously anxious to obtain the truth, fidgeted about, tapping his upper lip with his worsted gloved hand, in a rapid and peculiar manner. The shower increased, and we drew nearer to each other. I hope I shall not be accused of disloyalty or disrespect when I record the words that first issued from the lips of my companion; I recognising, by their intonation, Mr. Macready, Sen., the Bristol manager.

"I wonder," he said, looking up at the full charged clouds, "I wonder if this is the *reign* of George III., or George IV."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

A PRETTY DECENT TUMBLE—SELF-APPRECIATION—CRISPI-  
 BENEVOLENCE—COCKNEY CATS—ARSON—NEWS FROM THE  
 ANTIPODES—THE ENGRAVER FORGING HIS OWN FETTERS—  
 ELECTION—DROLLERIES.

ON the 3rd of February the ceremony of proclaiming his Majesty, George IV. was performed with suitable dignity; and in the evening of this day I attended, by invitation, at the Merchants' Hall; where the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, of the ancient and (then) loyal city had prepared a splendid desert, and abundance of excellent wine; in which their fellow citizens drank the health of their new sovereign. Many loyal and patriotic speeches were made; and that staunch Tory, and excellent man, Alderman Daniel, distinguished himself by a very able and energetic address to the numerous assembly.

My townsman, and old schoolfellow, Arthur Lawrence, cousin to Sir Thomas, was a young and handsome surgeon, who, beneath the most amiable address, veiled a fund of humour, and, by

right of birth, possessed eminent graphic powers, though he depicted characters but by spoken words.

I remember a double anecdote of his, which I must relate. New Windsor Terrace, Clifton, abruptly overlooks a high rocky precipice, above the Avon. Its terminating wall at that time stood open to the public, topped by a rather low, slight iron rail. A gentleman was driving his tilbury along the carriage road there, I do not know if he knew why, or whether he thought the way led to any thing except a good view of the Leigh woods, I cannot say; nor can I say whether his horse took fright, or was lashed, or stung to fury, or heard the baying of Sir Hugh Smith's hounds, from the opposite side of the river; forgot the equipage at its tail, and resolved on a sporting leap, such a *Somerset* as had never before been seen in Glostershire! Enough that the animal reared, and threw itself over; the stout traces broke not, though the railing did; a poor young sweep had just time to drag the driver out, ere the vehicle followed its steed. The wonder was that the boy did not forfeit his own life, without preserving that of the stranger.

This loser of "cob and cab," bewildered by his recent risk, the suddenness and violence of his own pull down, slipped something into honest

Smut's hand, then hurried away. I believe no one had witnessed this "work of a moment" but Arthur ; who, now running up, found chummy with a smile black and bitter as his soot, regarding the sixpence which contrasted brightly with his own palm.

"Is that what the gentleman gave you?" asked my friend.

"Ees, zur," grinned the lad, "he da know his own valley best, zee. If I could a lugged back the *oss*, that *mought* a bin wuth zumat."

Arthur, with praises and presents, took down the address of this grimy philosopher, rested not till he found the saved-unknown, extorting "something handsome" from him, as the beginning of a subscription for the humble hero.

Lawrence's next impulse was one of peculiarly English curiosity, to view the spot on which the tilbury had fallen ; accordingly he wended his way "under the rocks." Directly beneath New Windsor, facing the water, was a small patch of swampy ground, adorned by two cabbages and a gooseberry bush, a pig-sty, and a hovel, not much larger ; above the door of which shone a board, conspicuously lettered, with—

"SHOOS AND BOTES MAID AND MENDID HEAR. JNO. IGGINS."

Arthur hailed the house ; a diminutive old man

came forth, and was asked what he knew of the recent fall.

"What do I know?" he repeated crossly. "Ah that's what every body do ax. Come here a worreting I away from my fine work and plantations. 'Poor gentleman!' cries one, 'Poor gig!' says t'other, 'Poor sweep!' drawls this, 'Poor beast!' snivels yon. Never once *pooring* me and mine, or making us a bit the richer for satisfying em, not they. The shabby sons o' ——'s even ook away the horse's carcass, though his hide might have been useful in my purfession. Poor east, forsooth! You just come with me, squire; ook at *my* dear animal, fat as bacon he were, before he got that shock. I wish you could ha id un, staring up in wonder, as the stupid concern came scrambling neck and heels, hoofs and wheels, down over us! precious heavy mess to ling a top o' a bed of greens. If they two ellers had bin<sup>d</sup> in it my fruit would have been as and off as my vegetles; but take thy wash, boy! none the worst for the spiled savoys. Poor riggy, den! did um come down wid un's hosses and gigs, a purpose to frighten us? nation hard hey couldn't pitch upon any body else's establishment for their splash-dash tricks. They'll e driving mail coaches down at us next, child! ut do ee eat, and enjoy thyself, or thee won't be it for the *knife* these three months."

Arthur paid Mr. "Iggins" for this display of self-reference and disinterested humanity. Nature is the same in all stations. Rousseau, Byron, Mathews, had the cobbler's knack of painfully over calculating their own influence; deeming events, in reality fortuitous, contrived against their individual feelings and interests, till they believed no flea could bite them but from professional envy, or political hostility. Do not many of us feel, while dynasties are toppling round, "Stumble where you like, so you don't interfere with *our* comforts?" And have not we sometimes pampered bores, wishing them to thrive just until we could be sure of their leaving us fat legacies? Have we not regretted the fall of more valuable animals, merely because *we* rather lost than gained by it?—while, in the sensation it created, the world mingled no sympathy with *our* important pigs, and consequential cabbages.

Towards the end of the month a great alarm was created by the news of the Cato Street conspiracy reaching our city. The assassination of Ministers was not *then* deemed a venial offence; the tri-coloured flag, that emblem of anarchy and butchery, had not yet floated in the streets of this metropolis, to its eternal shame and disgrace.

I rejoined my regiment, on the day consecrated to St. David, and on the 3rd accompanied

friend Bartlett, of the Foreign Office, to see the wretches who had conceived the diabolical plan of cold-blooded murder, under the abused name of patriotism.

By the politeness of Mr. Planta we were admitted; Thistlewood still retained an air of superiority above his fellows, former habits and associations had not all been forgotten, whilst mingling with these "common dungeon ruffians." Ings, the butcher, was the *beau ideal* of a mob leader, worthy of the school of Danton and Robespierre; the only decent-looking person amongst this group of scoundrels was the black man, who doubtless anticipated some office of high dignity and emolument, in the event of their hellish purposes having succeeded to the extent of their wishes.

One of the Bow Street officers was still suffering from a wound he received in capturing these wretches. I got into chat with him, and, by recommending him to place his arm in a sling, as an alleviation to his pain, gained his good graces so much as to obtain considerable information on the subject of the seizure of this knot of demons.

One observation that he made struck me as being very much to the purpose —

"'Tis too late now, sir; poor Smithers is dead and gone; but I *do* say, that if Mr. Birnie

had taken the precaution to let us have a few dark lanterns, Smithers wouldn't have been murdered, and not one of the scoundrels could have got off; but they knocked the lights out, and all the mischief was done in the dark."

On my return to quarters the following day, I found that the garrison had been thrown into a state of considerable excitement. A married brother officer of mine, living in Mulgrave Place within a stone's throw of the barracks, had invited some friends to pass the evening with him; his rooms being small, one of the whist tables was placed as close to a corner of the parlour as possible—the gentleman who occupied the one nearest the wall suddenly asked his friend—

"Who lives at next door?"

"An old man, a great invalid, I fancy," replied C—— "I see him but seldom, crawling about his garden."

"Well then," replied the other, "the poor man must have had a fit, I should fear; for I saw a heavy fall this moment, and the walls are so thick that I could be mistaken. Shall we offer our assistance?"

"Oh no, he has a housekeeper, and so a gunner helps in the garden."

No further attention was paid to the matter by our party, but, at an early hour in the

ing, fire was observed issuing from Mr. Parker's house.

A black man, who played the Bashaw in our band, was the first person who made an entry into the dwelling. He found the half-consumed remains of the proprietor, lying on the parlour floor, surrounded by evidence of his violent death, and the body of the aged housekeeper in the passage, also nearly destroyed by the flames. The fire was speedily extinguished ; on examining the premises, it appeared that blankets had been fastened to the windows to screen the parties from observation whilst the pillage was effected ; and although it was evident, from combustibles being discovered in the kitchen and upper-floor, that the destruction of the house was intended ; the precaution taken to prevent these foul deeds from being seen had positively been the means of preserving the house and the remains of the mutilated persons from total destruction.

The old man, whose brief span of days had been thus shortened by the knife of the assassin, was known to few, if any, of his neighbours.

This deed of blood was remarkable for its similarity to the destruction of Mr. Bird and his housekeeper, at Greenwich, in the year 1818.

It was afterwards ascertained that the ears of the officer I have mentioned had not been de-



ceived as regarded a heavy fall, for the unfortunate old woman was found lying close to the other side of the wall, against which his chair was placed, and it was her death-blow which had occasioned the noise he had remarked. Had his advice been taken, life might have been spared, or the miscreant caught in the fact.

The authorities, both civil and military, exerted themselves to the utmost to detect the murderer; but for some time without success. Of his ultimate fate I shall have occasion to make mention at a future time.

About this period I received a letter from Major Wallis, a gentleman with whom I had been on terms of intimacy whilst quartered with him in Limerick, apprising me that he had just returned from New South Wales, and that he was anxious to see me in town, to consult on a matter connected with his late residence, as well as to show me the extensive collection he had made of natural curiosities, whilst sojourning in that then almost unknown region.

I lost no time in visiting my friend, was warmly received, and professed my readiness to forward his views as far as my humble ability could avail. Before he entered on business, however, he favoured me with a sight of the rare and curious animals, which he had with vast

ins, and considerable expense, conveyed to this entry. They were all in a state of perfect preservation.

To my friend, the Major, we are indebted for the first specimen ever seen in England of that awful freak of nature, the *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*, a creature somewhat larger than a mole, covered with a thick and glossy fur, with the tail of a beaver, and the flat bill of a bird, producing young by a deposit of eggs, and afterwards hatching the hatched amphibii.

It may here be as well to relate that, when this singular specimen was presented to Sir Joseph Banks, the learned baronet, after thanking Wallis for so rare and curious a gift, requested him to obtain, if possible, another of these singular animals, before the natives had amused themselves by carving a bas-relief on its flat bill;" and the astonishment of Sir Joseph was considerably increased, when Wallis assured him that the ornamental volute, to be found on the head of the creature, was the effect of nature solely, and only keeping with a thing so justly denominated *paradoxus*.

Among the insect tribe was a winged creature, equal in size to the firefly, with this extraordinary characteristic—two-thirds of its body (the whole of which was transparent) appeared unoc-

fly — leaves and grass — was e  
spiration. Nature had not give  
so essential to the firing of eith  
arms. Incredible as this ma  
reader only look upon the O  
he will readily receive this stat

“ And now, my dear Hill,  
Major, “ I must beg your ad  
on what I am going to relate t  
ago I was ordered from Sidney  
of a new settlement, called New  
my removal, desired my serva  
son capable of engraving my  
on my trunks, canteen, &  
quickly carried into effect, an  
the masterly manner in whic  
executed, sent for the poor  
the work, and, whilst pay  
he had been accustomed to

content, but, sir,' and he sighed deeply, 'but the Devil tempted me to listen to the offer of a Birmingham man, who was extensively engaged in forgeries upon various country banks; his terms were but too seductive; I devoted my spare time to his purpose, little dreaming of consequences, was discovered, tried, and sent to perpetual banishment, leaving a fond wife and three children to bear the disgrace attached to my name, and suffer, after years of comfort, all the bitterness of shame and poverty. It was a fatal hour for me when first I learnt to form letters.' "

"Unhappy man! you have interested me about him: pray proceed, my dear Wallis."

"You know I was always fond of drawing,—I had made several sketches of scenery, and one or two groups of the natives; the idea occurred that I might employ this poor fellow to engrave them; the convict cheerfully undertook the task, and, although the only material I could procure for the purpose was some sheets of ship copper, notwithstanding that, and various other difficulties, which the man had to encounter during his task, he completed it, *à merveille*: but you shall see."

Saying which he produced the plates, the first specimen of that branch of the arts ever undertaken in the new world, Australasia. The engravings exceeded my expectations.

“ I am convinced that impressions from these would be eagerly purchased, not only from the remarkable history attached to them, but as conveying such clever and, doubtless, faithful portraits of the scenes they represent.—

“ Business of the first importance calls me to Ireland ; I have not time to make the slightest arrangement for their publication ; it was relying on your friendship that I have mentioned the subject, in the hope that *you* will act for me in this affair.”

I promised, and the Major hastened to his native country, where a beauty and a fortune were awaiting his arrival. Leaving him to all the joys of the *lune de miel*, I lost no time in busying myself on his behalf.

The first house I applied to was Ackermann's. I had an interview with the excellent and liberal proprietor, who perfectly agreed with me as to the singularity of the plates, and the interest they would probably excite, but he assured me they would not sell unless accompanied by letter-press.

The Major's descriptions were too limited ; after some inquiry I was fortunate enough to find a gentleman who had visited the colony, and by his aid, and having recourse to the few works then extant on New South Wales, I contrived to get sufficient matter together to suit the pub-

isher's views, and a volume was speedily given to the public, which, in after days, when that mighty portion of the Eastern world is divided into kingdoms or republics, will be looked on as an extraordinary specimen of its infant history, embellished by the hands of one of its early military rulers, assisted by the industry of a felon settler.

Early in the month of April I went to town to meet my sister, who was about to share a cottage I had taken in Nightingale Vale; strange to say, a real valley, in which Philomel and all her family *did* sing, night and day. There I had a long garden, with a brook at the bottom of it, like a fop's coat, trimmed down each side with frogs.

From the windows of the Hungerford, then kept by Mrs. Tart, we witnessed the chairing of Burdett and Hobhouse, like "two kings of Brentford on one throne." A banner-bearer, whose standard was "Purity of Election," silvered on white satin, had moistened his throat for giving voice to the shouts of "No King, no Constitution, no nawthink! Sir Francis for ever! Triangular Parleyments, and Universal Sufferings!"

He was so patriotically drunk that a slight push from the crowd upset him into the kennel; he regained the flags, but when he raised *his own*,

its silk and silver "Purity" was half-concealed by London mud. The accident was apt enough to tickle my Toryism, and would have told well in Hood's "Progress of Cant."

My sister, as at Dover, was soon called on by every lady worth knowing; a mutual cordiality also existed between her and my male friends. The matronage of an eligible chaperon enabled Isabel to receive the élite of them; and even Barlow confessed that our little parties were always well-assorted, adding—

"Now some inviters have no more notion to the fitness of things, the who and who should come together, than the dunce who hung up as pair whatever pictures accorded in size, matching the scene in Hogarth where figures the reeling, abstracted train-band's man, with the classic subject of Hipparchus recommending Anacreon to Pisistratus, the politest of princes."

Our ladies heard such historical illustration with liberal gravity. I could not help contrasting them with a dame of the old school, to whose daughter a gentleman once talked of a work *à la d'Israeli*, of the Romans, Grecians, tragic unities of time and place, the Stagyrte who described and defined them. At this juncture, the mother hurried her child away; complaining to a male relative, that their guest had been using ver-

indecorous language. For her the words "Sexagenarian," "toga virilis," and "ovation," meant nothing but mischief.

"Above all," she whispered, "tell him, that if he ever again dares breathe the name of *that old villain* in my girl's hearing, I'll horsewhip him, as sure as he's alive."

Happy Barlow, he had not to fear such hard and arbitrary measures; his wit, with impunity, "made increment of every thing," but, as he allowed —

"Circumstances must minister occasions. The courtesan who ate Lord Somebody's ten pound note, between her slices of French roll, could not have been so witty with hard gold; we owe *that* jest to the paper currency, and 'tis well to owe it something."

He was a wit, rather *too* great for jumping, and with most people, sore on the subject of his fast increasing bulk; but, on my complaining of a pain in the small of my back, he said —

"I wish you could give it me. I should like such a place to have a pain in; but my back has no small left."

Barlow's satire spared not even the softer sex. A very talkative lady having fallen ill, somebody said —

"There's but one chance. They must *keep her perfectly quiet.*"



“Egad, then,” cried the Captain, “they **must** ill instead of curing her.”

The “feline favourite” of a married flirt **had** been mischievously bereft of its “vertebra’s **pen-** dent termination,” to the great annoyance of its mistress.

“Tut!” laughed Barlow, “she’s glad enough at heart; it is not for her interest to keep **tail** bearers in her house.”

An inviting acquaintance omitting a single letter in a note to him, elicited this reply —

“You must have written in a Hell of a hurry You ask me to meet a few select *fiends*. I sh

be Devilish glad to come.”

Talking of letters, he used to vow that a w doctor of our’s, writing to borrow his man, party, spelt as he always pronounced —

Captain, can you lend me your *omo*? “  
This kind of man is generally addi  
learned classic and foreign phrases; ’tis  
the same medicus called his children “  
progenitors.”

Barlow’s wit was not always repeats  
could imply a bit of harmless dirt in a  
even ladies forgave. Walking one da  
den, near our’s, a bee, attracted by  
curls, kept buzzing round his ear.

“Go, you fool,” said he, “you’ll

there, though you *may* wax—wroth at your disappointment.”

A heavy rain had washed the *gravel* over the border, and brought the *worms* out of the soil. Barlow pointed, saying—

“Two serious evils to come at once.”

“Your gardener must look to it,” said I; “a rake and a little lime will set it all to rights.”

“Faith,” he answered, “I think I’d better bid ‘Arris bring some blackberry jam and Ching’s lozenges.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

A BLUE BEARD—A PICTURE AFTER WILKIE—MY SCHOOLMASTER—GATHERING IN THE SILLER—THE SHOVEL HAT—BLACK HEATH MACHHEATH—LIFE DEARER THAN CHARACTER—TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

As a contrast to the Medical man, to whom I alluded in my last chapter, let me now speak of one of our Doctors, who shone a star of the first magnitude, surrounded by the foggy meteors that were to be seen in the hemisphere of the Ordnance Hospital. Beard, or, as he was usually hailed, Tom Beard, "brother to his familiars," was devoted to the poetry of his profession, and pre-eminently skilful; so anxious to keep his steadiness of hand, and clearness of sight, that he never exceeded lady's allowance of wine, nor did he need any stimulants to sustain his versatile, eccentric, fantastic vivacity. Learned, travelled, elegant, accomplished, full of music and quotations, a free-thinker on all subjects, Beard was in his way, a greater favourite with the fair than

many a prettier fellow. By the by, he had a fine figure, fine hands, eyes, and teeth: In the midst of speaking "most scholarly and wisely," would he draw forth a torn scrap of newspaper, and extemporize mock advertisements from it thus: "'Children cutting their teeth are respectfully informed'—um, 'Should this meet the eye of the late Dr. Dodd—hear of something to his advantage.' 'Now exhibiting, by permission of the Dublin College of Surgeons, the skull of Oliver Cromwell when an infant;' am—Oh, nothing of interest in the provincial press. This is an Isle of Wight journal, the Cowes Courant."

I believe he was the first of our set who refined upon common expressions; seeing in butchers' shops "a sanguinary Jacobus" or "unsteady Robert," instead of sheep's heads, and precocious veal, which liberal shepherds give far grosser names.

On some expected fellow-guest of his disappointing us, he said—

"May he participate perdition with his antique metallic utensil! Without him then will we consume our Cambrian Coney."

What pathetic, what spirit-stirring pictures of life has he broken off, just as our interest was at its height by singing,

"And this his the vay has ve pore fellers lives,  
Vot dies hin the hisles of Jimaco!"

A strong contrast to him was his constant companion Seaton—good name for a doctor!—an excellent and clever man, but a most original character. His manner was so odd that every one at first sight believed it assumed; but the humourist never put it off. He reminded me of the stolid Wilkinson, whose queer aspect makes all its beholders roar, while he seems to sit unconscious, in imperturbable gravity.

“Tim,” as Seaton was called, though his christian name might have been Horatio—had just Geoffrey Muffincap’s meek quaint simplicity. On he purred, his low slow words glued together, or melted into one another, in an unvarying tune of delicious tediousness, till you thought the hum of his *no* voice would never cease. He chose to be a butt, an unlaughing laughing-stock, a burlesque on matter of fact, a caricature of common-place, a walking satire on twaddle.

Tim would come early to your parties, his straight smooth black hair *bowl-cut round* his square pink face, (to avail myself of a late statesman’s geometrical grammar,) yet would he deliberately “beg pardon for being late,” adding—

“I only stopped to have my hair curled.”

Then, seating himself in a corner, he would demurely fold his hands before him, twirling their thumbs in unmoved placidity of muscle, while joke

nd repartee ran round, calling forth the risibility all but himself. At last Tim would fidget gently, if for leave to speak, hem, cast down his eyes, and awl—

“I’m very willing to amuse too, if I’m let. May you never heard what happened to me in my last arney up to London.”

Then would he perseveringly inflict on us some ag, three times thrice told tale, barren of point catastrophe, as Mathews’ Mrs. M’Knightisms, occluding—

“I thought it my duty just to mention it, to say word or two, because it is very interesting. I’ve t out the particulars, but, if any body likes, I’ll d it all over again.”

When our musical friends had given us one of shop’s Shakspearian songs, Tim would look round th timid benevolence, and buz—

“I can sing too, if it will oblige; one—little—ort ballad—very affecting, if you take it in the ght light; it won’t occupy much time, and I’m re none of you ever heard it before.”

Now if any man present had *not* enjoyed this ast he was certain to prove its *least* diverted par-aker; for Tim’s song improved on acquaintance. t is too long for insertion here, yet if, at its tenth tanza, you attempted to stop the singer, he would rily plead—

"Don't interrupt me just in the *beginning* of it!"

His favourite toast was "Success to Prosperity!"

Barlow was once mentioning that a certain actor had been hissed, his lower drapery being damaged; the Captain added—

"He did not carry it off well."

"I dare say," said Tim, "he carried it off ~~as~~ quick as ever he could."

The words, nothing in themselves, were resisted ~~from~~ from his lips.

Amongst the friends to whom I had the pleasure ~~are~~ of introducing my sister, was my excellent old preceptor, Dr. Watson, of whom I shall relate ~~what~~ what once befel him, before I had the advantage of his instructions.

The Rev. Dr. Watson was chaplain to the Countess of Elgin, when that lady resided at Shrewsbury House, Shooter's Hill, with her pupil, the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The learned and pious Doctor, in addition to his clerical duties, had the honour of assisting in her Royal Highness's early education; for this office a competent salary was allowed, which he received in London, every half-year, from the appointed agent.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to town, that he bethought him of certain sums due to him from the parents and guardians of the *lads* whom he was in the habit of preparing for their

first military appointments, as Gentlemen Cadets, "teaching their young ideas how to *shoot*," by theoretically expounding the science of gunnery, in which he well knew they would soon have no lack of *practice*.

Taking advantage, accordingly, of his trip to London, he gathered in the siller from most of the sources whence it ought naturally to flow ; so that the sum total of the collection formed a very considerable "consideration ;" but his calls on the various parties concerned detained him in the metropolis till nearly ten o'clock of a clear though starless and moonless night, early in January.

I am thus particular, at *my* outset, to avoid the necessity for explanations or repetitions, when once *my* worthy divine has commenced *his* journey homeward. Ere he does so, it behoves me to describe himself and equipage.

A wit once said to me—

"Dark grey's the best hue all experience teaches,  
If not for hair, for horses, eyes, and—pantaloons."

He "might have rhymed," but this should-have-been couplet gives a tolerable idea of the close covering to the Doctor's well-formed head, and of the deep-set eyes, of piercing twinkle, which lit up a visage wherein intellect, benevolence, and the due gravity of his calling, blended with an almost humorous cheerfulness, which rendered him, out of



school, the best *raconteur* amongst us—I must not say story-teller, for Dr. Watson was all truth and orthodoxy. Orthodox was he, not only as regarded all *articles* of religion, but in those less numerous of his own attire. The suit of sables, though of the most exemplary broad-cloth, and bearing evidence of the hand of a Master—*tailor*, was scrupulously simple in its fashion; knee-breeches, with silver buckles, incased his nether limbs, finished (at home) by speckled silk stockings (dark grey again) and well-polished shoes; but, whenever he travelled, the Doctor wore boots—nor jockey, nor Hessian, nor jack, but cut round in a straight line at the top, shaped somewhat like carronades, and high enough to meet his lower garments; a plaited stock encompassed his neck; his hat was of the most precise shovel-pattern, looped up at the sides, so as to narrow the back part, and lend additional dignity to the broad brim which shaded his brow; nor was the silk rosette too large, or too small, by the tithe of an inch.

Broad-brimmed, too, may I call his one-horse chaise. Roomy, cumbersome, with huge leathern head; it was what his friends called a good sensible chaise, and what chaise could be sensible without a head? Could such a piece of antiquity, however, be looked on now, by our modern scientific designers of carriages, they would scarcely believe in its hav-

ing been driven "any time these thousand years;" but of one thing I am certain, that they would not accuse it of ever having been too giggish even for a doctor of divinity.

The animal which drew this ponderous, though convenient vehicle, was fitted by nature to his fate; sleek, well fed, and sedate as a Spanish archbishop's mule; he dreamt not of a Greenwich rail-road, nor of the speed now to be witnessed thereon; but, as a sagacious servant (as most of your slow and stolid creatures are), decided that the only safe and pleasant mode of travelling for his valued master was brown George's own pace of four miles an hour.

At a livery stable, on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, Dr. Watson "put up" his equipage, whenever he came to town; but the ostler, on hearing his order "to put to," at ten o'clock, exclaimed, cordially—

"Deart heart alive! who'd have thought it, sir? Why, I made sure, sir, you was going to stop in London all night. I've been in three minds about tattering down old Georgy and giving un his supper. I never know'd 'e so back'ard afore, your rev'rance. The Lord send 'e safe home to your wife and family! 'e you've a baddish bit to go; confested with them 'e don't stand on no trifles. 'Money or life' is all them chaps do say!"

This "d—d good-natured friend's" broad hints

as to the perils of the road failed to deter the stout Doctor from seating himself in his chaise, which he drove out of the yard, to the accompaniment of honest Jim's repeated warning—

“ Mark my words, Master ! you may wish you'd taken a fool's advice ; but Lud a massy send 'e safe home ! that's all the harm *I* do wish 'e ! ”

Steady George soon brought his master to the turnpike, about half a mile beyond the Bricklayer's Arms. At the sound of wheels the collector issued from his minute mansion, recognized the traveller, put his foot on the step of the chaise, and leaning forward, whispered—

“ Be on your guard, sir ! *They* are out to-night ! ”

Thus satisfying his conscience, he flung open the gate, closed it after the driver, and re-entered the toll-house.

The lovers of white bait, the visitants of fair or college, now find almost one continuous street from London to Greenwich ; but, at the time with which I deal, not more than three houses, and those off the road, existed between the turnpike just left behind and the Centurion at Deptford. Nursery grounds and asparagus-beds occupied the way sides, and, in sooth, to quote our raven Jim, it was “ a baddish bit.” Yet the ostler's croakings had not affected the Doctor as did the brief emphatic cau-

ion from him of the pike against those of the pistol. His anxiety was now awakened for the "great large" he carried, and the next to certainty of being met by some of the moon's minions, such as, before and since the immortal attack at Gadshill, have conspired to confer upon this district a redoubtable and by no means desirable notoriety. Yet the doctor had promised Mrs. Watson to sleep at home; and, could he *ever* have broken his word, he must have kept faith in such a case. So feeling, as became him, that whatever might happen *must* be for the best, he heroically concluded his mental soliloquy with—

"I care not what man can do unto me!"

Nevertheless, it was not without a sense of alarm at he presently beheld two horsemen a few paces before him, proceeding at an almost walk, apparently in earnest conversation.

What was to be done? Returning were as tedious as going o'er; besides, he had resolved to brave all danger and push on. Therefore, jerking the rein to stimulate the exertion of his trusty nag, he was shortly a step a-head of the equestrians, who saluted him with a "Good night," in such hearty, honest tones, as well nigh disarmed suspicion. In return for their courtesy, he echoed—

"Good night!" adding, "and a pleasant journey to ye, gentlemen."

alone at this time and place  
misled, and ought to be ashamed  
having owned our fears to a  
to care little for the ill name of

"Gentlemen," resumed the  
chalant an air as he could travel  
this road, and believe that  
the secret of how to escape re-

"Indeed, what is it?" asked  
men quickly.

"Why, in the first place,  
thing about me worth taking;  
should never offer any resistance  
there's a gentleman on the road  
to Barham Downs, who would  
maltreating a poor fellow, old  
father; for *they* are mostly young  
be brave ones, who follow *the*

"True," replied the shortest

again good night t'ye, sir." And off they rode at a smart pace.

The Doctor doted on their absence ; his charitable opinion, founded on their first addresses, was banished by those ominous words "captain" and "business," either dropped inadvertently, or spoken with a candour at once defying his power, and claiming his gratitude for their confiding forbearance.

Reaching Deptford, he perceived that the people of the public-house had not yet retired to bed ; he felt tempted to prevail on one of the inn's militia to escort him home ; but remembering that a league frequently existed between that class of persons and those he dreaded to encounter, he refrained from asking protection so equivocal. To shake off "thick coming fancies," often more intimidating than bodily assailants, on he drove.

From the Broadway to midway up Blackheath hill the security afforded by houses *thickly scattered*, if I may be allowed such a phrase, served to tranquillize his nerves for the time ; but still his spirit felt the consciousness that he had before him yet the very worst part of Jim's "baddish bit." Leisurely did the old horse wend his way up the precipitous hill, crowned by the Green Man, famed for its spacious ball-room, and long, low, and narrow tea-room, where bad hyson, worse coffee, and discourse

as slip-slop, regaled, in those days, the half-gentry of the vicinity. We live in an age of improvement—not too often meeting with (even) half-gentry now.

Small thought had the Doctor on matters like these. Leaving behind him the dense atmosphere which London spreads around itself so far, he found the air clear as he approached *L'Homme Vert*, and the sky enlightened by “the poetry of heaven,” as Byron called the stars, though he did not prove them so. The Doctor’s admiration of their beams was more prosaic; he felt grateful for any means of descrying the objects near him, and so gaining time, that he might screw his courage to the sticking place, whatever place that may be: for, veracious as he had ever been till this perilous night, he did intend sticking, or rather whipping, if forced to defend his money with his life.

Gaining the hill’s top, before him lay the long straight road that led to his own house. Shooter’s hill was dimly visible, and the light colour of the soil, contrasted with the dark sward on either side, enabled him to perceive two men on horseback, their faces towards London, stationed one on either side of his path.

“I have fallen among the Philistines!” inwardly ejaculated the Doctor, casting a wistful look at the inn; not a solitary candle denoted that any one was

still awake *there*. His heart beat violently as he passed between the horsemen, who, instantly turning their steeds, sidled up to the carriage. In a moment he recognised the pair he had previously overtaken.

"*Arcades ambo, id est*, blackguards, both," he would have quoted, had the line been then written; yet, although cold perspiration ran down his ample forehead, and excitement nearly choked his utterance, he lost not his self-commanding, ready-witted presence of mind.

"Well met again, sirs," he began; "you have not made up your minds to proceed, I see—wish you had, for I should have been happy in your company."

"How far do you go to-night?" asked the one called captain.

"Why, whether I get so far as Rochester, or not, must depend upon circumstances."

"I see by your hat," said the other, "that you belong to the clergy. Is your living in Kent?"

"Yes, I get my living in Kent," laughed the Doctor; "I belong to St. Nicholas, who, I presume, is your patron saint, gentlemen."

This innocent *ruse* was unintelligible to its hearers. Watson found that he must suit his conversation to his company, with so heavy a stake depending on the chance of the party coming to an agreeable understanding—that is, a *misunderstand-*



... more than you think ; and  
chase him more than a new.  
A man might manage to stow a  
pieces of bandanas under the s  
leave *cards* from Mechlin or Val  
in town. D'ye happen to know  
ham who goes by the name of I  
gentlemen?"

" I believe I've heard of such  
captain.

" Ah—well, if ever you show  
either in the shape of dry goods  
of white Nantz, I could introduce

" Thank you kindly," said o

" You know the road there  
added the other.

" Every bush on it, my man  
what it used to be, when Slim  
late. They weren't good for him  
though."

"Nay, sir, that's as ugly a word for me to hear, as for you to use," took up the Doctor, his heart set on conciliating his fellow travellers; "ay, even in *my* quiet *smug* way, those who don't live slaves to the rules laid down by *the twelve*, can't remember poor Bill's end without queer feelings; but I was given leave to be with him at the very tree; we shall pass it presently, not far from the castle. 'Doctor,' says he to me —"

"Doctor!" shouted the henchman.

"To be sure, he knew *my* travelling name, as well as I knew he was called the Pride of the Green. 'Doctor,' says he, 'if ever you meet any of my old cronies, tell 'em I died like a man; and as for the parson, you shall have it to swear that all I said here, from first to last, was to you; so, if any of the chaps are ever going to treat you uncivilly, you just cry—'Onion sauce!' they'll know *my* pass-word."

"None of *your* sauce, my fair trader," said the captain, "that word won't pass now, if it ever did; 'tis my belief, Slim Billy was game to the end, and humbugged you."

"Lord, sir," said the Doctor, "did *you* never hear *why* he chose that pass?"

"No; but if you can tell us, out with it."

"You see, as our friend—*my* friend — William, I should say, gentlemen, drew the principal part of

his revenue, collected in his rents, on Shoulder ~~o-~~  
Mutton Green,\* he thought onion sauce the fittest  
garnish for his favourite dish."

"The wag! that's just like him," laughed h ~~h~~  
former associates, and the Doctor, per force, laugh~~ed~~  
with them.

Brown George, with home in perspective, had  
stepped out manfully, or rather horsefully, so that  
our trio had made considerable way across the  
uninclosed portion of the heath, during their "col-  
loquy divine." An isolated public-house, denomi-  
nated "the Sun in the Sands," stood on the left  
side of the road, about midway from the com-  
mencement of Blackheath to the bottom of Shooter's  
Hill. This house, like the Bell at Hounslow, was,  
in those days, a chosen resort of "the Trojans,"  
who took purses, either singly or running in  
couples. The inhabitants of the hostel were sel-  
dom "objective" to the garish eye of day; but from  
gloaming till dawn, at the service of all accredited  
customers. The belated wayfarer might have ap-  
plied for meat or drink in vain, while knights of  
the post found jugs of smoking spicy wine, glass~~es~~  
of curious Cognac, and divers other comforts fit to  
drown the qualms of conscience, with all the ill~~s~~  
which the breathers of night air "are heirs to."

\* This green lies at the bottom of Shooter's Hill, on the Dover  
side.

"Ned," said the captain, who rode on the Doctor's left, "can't you and I persuade our friend to stop and wet his whistle at the baiting crib?"

"In course; he won't part company when he knows he's got gentlemen of the right sort going down the road with him—eh, *Doctor?*"

To enter this house, where his person was known, not only as a clergyman but as a justice of peace, would have been fatal to my revered friend's "*Cognito.*" Almost within sight of his home to be detected as an impostor by perhaps a host of desperadoes — at another sacrifice of truth he must, if possible, evade such a catastrophe.

"You're very kind, my good friends," said he, "but you know as well as I do, there are secrets in all trades. Sharp, the landlord, is a straight up, right down honest fellow in his way, but we had a bit of a tiff lately about a small parcel of Hollands, and I swore that I'd never set foot in his house again. However, don't let that hinder *you*. I haven't have got to the top of the hill before you have taken your swig, and come up with me."

"No, deuce take it!" said the captain; "we're not so unsociable as to drink without you — why, you're one of us, I may say."

"Proud of the compliment, sir; but if it's all due to you, instead of *my* drinking *your* brandy

there, let *me* stand treat. I can promise ye as fine a bowl of bishop as ever wetted lips; fit drink for *me*, eh? Come on to the Bull."

"*They*'ll all be snoozing by this time," demurred Ned.

"Not *all*," said the Doctor, with an insinuating air; "for, between friends, and it goes no farther — I'm expected to-night. Old Dame Dudgeon rather particular in her laces. I carried her a piece of black t'other day, which don't hit her fancy; she wants me to take it back, for Mother Moonshine to change it — so Dame's sitting up for *me*; and any friends of mine will be right welcome, therefore let Sharp go to bed, or to — any other place *you* like, gentlemen; but we're for the Bull."

They were now abreast of the Sun, yet, to his inexpressible relief, the others did not pull bridle.

A heavily laden waggon was seen advancing: drowning men catch at straws; my nearly exhausted *hero* derived consolation from the idea that no violence could be offered him while this machine was nigh, guarded by one man, if not more. The old horse put *his* best foot foremost. The strangers interchanged some words in a patois or slang, of which their auditor was ignorant, and the foot of the hill was gained!

The Doctor's brain reeled, his unwelcome companions had hitherto preserved the positions they

had originally assumed. His aim was now to get rid at least of the man at his right, the side on which his own house stood. Accordingly, when within a hundred yards of it, he said to him—

“Now, sir, if you will ride forward, and knock lustily at the Bull door, it will be open long before this sluggard of a horse of mine can drag me there.”

“A bright notion,” said Ned, and trotted off to obey the instructions.

This was one great point, but, scarcely was it achieved, when, to his unutterable satisfaction, our Doctor beheld a lantern at his wished-for gate, borne by his sturdy male factotum, followed by the powerful yard-dog, Neptune. Their master could scarcely breathe for agitation; every moment seemed an age, till he arrived at the open gate, when suddenly turning to his companion, he said—

“Thank you for your company, sir; but, as I am at home now, I can wish you a good night, with pleasure!”

The fellow, completely taken aback by these words, and the sight of the servant, the dog, and the lantern, galloped furiously after his second, who was, sure enough, thundering away at the Bull door.

“Ride, Ned, ride on, you fool!” yelled the captain. “We’re done—bit—floored!”

A moment, and he was joined by his brother in arms. The Doctor's servant, by his master's directions, followed their course to the top of the hill, and saw them rushing down its steep declivity as if pursued by Justice herself mounted on Eclipse.

My excellent preceptor used to narrate the adventure most powerfully, dwelling with gratitude on his preservation; with modesty — and with some half-comic penitence — on the conduct and courage to which, as his *élèves* were in training for the church, they naturally and justly yielded their unqualified admiration.

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# HOME SERVICE;

OR

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE,

AT

OUT AND HEAD QUARTERS.

BY

BENSON EARLE HILL,

AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARTILLERY OFFICER."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# HOME SERVICE.

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## CHAPTER I.

I ENTITLE MYSELF TO DISTANCE OLD FRIENDS—YATES FINDS A RIVAL—SOULS THAT MIGHT LIE IN NUTSHELLS—HARMONY ENFORCED—SIMS' WINNING WAYS—ADVICE GRATIS—PIERCED PROMISES—MILITARY AND NAVAL HISTORIANS—A LAME ANECDOTE.

I HAD taken my seat one evening in the upper boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, and was unexpectedly joined by an old Dauphine Island and Royal Oak friend,\* Captain Haymes of the Navy; he, with good-humoured face, warm manner, and extended hand, made towards me, whilst I received his friendly greetings with a coolness and distance which I could not fail to perceive somewhat astonished him.

Between the acts he again essayed to draw me into conversation, but I remained coldly courteous; at length I perceived that his attention was attracted to the interior of my hat, where a

\* Vide Recollections of an Artillery Officer, vol. ii. page 62.

seal, having a coat of many quarterings, supporters, and a coronet, met his astonished eyes.

"Hollo!" cried the kind-hearted sailor, "what's all this?"

"All what, my good sir? simply the impression of a seal to distinguish my hat. I see nothing very wonderful in it."

"But, my dear Benson, here's an earl's coronet."

"True, sir, there is; I presume when a man succeeds to that dignity, he has a right to use the due mark of his rank—I perceive you are not aware that since we last met——"

"My dear Lord," quickly interrupted Haymes " 'pon my soul I did not know it, and I hope my freedom has not offended you: you see *I am just* the same blunt fellow as ever, though I must say you are most da—— materially altered. Your Lordship was once——but, however, no matter!"

The dear credulous creature had swallowed the bait so much to my wish; that, to carry on the joke, I condescended to treat him with a somewhat more familiar manner, and, in the course of conversation, threw out a patronizing hint of my readiness to forward his views by my interest with the First Lord of the Admiralty, though, as I live, had he asked me the name of that personage, I could not have told him.

At the conclusion of the comedy, Haymes expressed a desire to be made known to Yates, being an ardent admirer of his versatile talents.

"Yates," said I, "is a friend of mine. I'll introduce you to him this evening."

Haymes looked as doubtingly as if what I said was in reality a great man's promise. However, he kept my word, as I shall now relate.

"The Manager in Distress" was then playing with immense success; the united talents of Mrs.avenport, Connor, and Yates, rendering it highly popular and attractive. It had been arranged between Yates and myself, that on this particular evening I was to relinquish the seat I occupied behind him, when he required it; at the proper moment he entered the box, and I, without any reservation, took my seat behind the Captain. A glance was sufficient to apprise Yates that I did not wish him to recognize me for the moment. Haymes, unconscious of his neighbour's identity, was paying great attention to the business of the scene, when, to his surprise, the new comer arose, and began to address the house; the unsuspecting sailor, horrified at such an unusual proceeding, laid hold of him by the arm, and earnestly requested him to be seated; many persons in the adjoining boxes, equally annoyed at such an interruption to the performance, expressed their ap-



probation of Haymes's conduct, and on with cries of "Turn him out!" "Send for the officer!" Thus Haymes rather warmly accosted the aggressor:

"You see, sir, you are disturbing — Sit down, I beg of you."

Yates still kept his feet, and enjoined sternation of this stickler for Heaven

"I ask you to sit down; and if you to do so quietly, I must make you."

Yates shouted at the earnestness of

"I'm not to be laughed at, sir; and I won't do what's right by gentle means, if I don't put you on your back twinkling:" saying which, he laid upon the Comedian, and would have him down, had I not come to the rescue pering —

"Let him alone; 'tis part of the part 'tis Yates."

Haymes stared with all his eyes, the collar of his unoffending antagonist resumed his seat, covered with confusion having attracted in his own person public attention. But he speedily recovered himself, and relished to the full the no-entertainment.

Before Yates left the box, I introduced

Haymes, and could not but enjoy the perplexity into which he was thrown ; on hearing the Captain speak of me so deferentially as " my lord " and " his lordship," I asked him to join my naval friend and myself at supper.

" To be sure, my dear fellow," said Frederick, and departed.

" Mr. Yates seems a privileged person with your lordship," said Haymes ; " while you speak to him, you are Benson Hill—yet."

" Don't omit the Earl," laughed I, " for that title is truly mine. In a visit to Downing Street I used an official seal, to distinguish my new hat. You hailed me so warmly that I saw I might put your good humour to the test, and that popped into my head the idea of hoaxing my dear old messmate."

" Hoaxing? what then you are no lord?"

" Lord, no — Benson Earle Hill, the same as ever."

" Ay, the same rascal as ever for skylarking," cried Haymes, giving me a thump on the back to ascertain the strength of my lungs ; " *you* do me good turn at the Admiralty? you be——! you nly be your original self, my boy, and d — n all avours!"

I had been present at a dinner, in aid of the Covent Garden Fund, at the Freemasons' Ta-

vern, and had the gratification of witnessing the zealous endeavours of that kind-hearted man, and noble prince, the Duke of York, in behalf of the charity. His Royal Highness, though not gifted with the powers of oratory, was unquestionably an admirable chairman; his urbanity, the cordiality of his manner, and the evident delight he experienced in lending his countenance to such a cause, rendered him the idol of the actors.

A vocal treat of the first order had been provided by the committee, for their patrons and friends; in the course of which, Broadhurst was about to sing his favourite and deservedly admired air of "John Anderson my Joe:" as he proceeded, some Goths,

"at the *lower* end of the Hall,"

interrupted the vocalist by the cracking of nuts between their unmusical jaws; these sounds no sooner reached the ears of the impulsive Blanchard, than, stepping upon the Dais, he shook his steward's wand towards the offending parties, and roared out—

"G— damn ye, have ye no souls?"

in such a tone of earnestness as to draw down a peal of laughter and applause, in which Royal York joined most heartily.

The rebuke had the desired effect, and, soon

ter, one of the vice-presidents took occasion to thank Blanchard for having maintained order whilst so beautiful a ballad was sung, requesting him again to exert his vigilance, as Mr. Mathews was about to favour the company.

"I'm glad to hear it, my lord," rejoined Blanchard, "and I've no doubt that the lovers of nuts will pay all due attention to my friend Mathews, as I can promise 'em it will be a crack song."

This well-timed joke secured to the at all times dainty Mathews a fitting audience, and a rapturous encore followed the execution of his comic pant.

Our festivities did not cease till near midnight—too late an hour for me to think of returning to quarters; so, remembering that it was about the time that my friend Fairfield had promised to return me a small sum which I had lent him, I thought it as well to get a bed at the hotel where I lodged, and see him on the subject before I left town next day.

Previous to retiring to rest, I told the waiter to let Fairfield know that I was in the house, and so that I wished to meet him at breakfast.

The largeness of the dinner-party, its speeching, cheering, singing, and, to say the truth, a more than usual allowance of wine, all tended to render me fast to sleep. From this profound

slumber I was aroused by a terrific knocking at about four o'clock in the morning; its violence and continuance tempted me to get up and look out of the window, to ascertain if it was a friendly intimation that the house was on fire; but all was dark, and thus satisfied I re-entered my bed; scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow, when I heard a heavy foot on the stair, and an indistinct murmur of voices; the sounds approached my room, and I shortly ascertained that Fairfield was venting a thousand curses upon the porter for having kept him in the street; presently my name was mentioned, and, in a moment after, Sim, having seized the candle from honest Boots, staggered into my room.

"Are you asleep, my good fellow?" he belowed; "jump up, and just see the luck I've had. By the holy man, I've bled some of them this night—see here, my boy, and here, and here!"

Saying which he pulled from the pockets of coat, waistcoat, and smalls, handfulls of notes crumpled up in disorder, a quantity of sovereigns, and a few pieces, certainly not the current coin of the realm, but, as I afterwards learnt, counters obligingly given in change by the considerate keepers of play-tables.

"There, you devil!" roared the elated gambler,

"think of that!" and he made a huge pile of his ill-gotten wealth upon the counterpane. "Isn't that a fine haul? I think they'll allow for once that Sim Fairfield has broken the bank."

"'Tis dreadfully late; let me intreat you to go to bed, and we'll talk over this affair in the morning; stay one moment, whilst I secure this for you, and let me light you to your room."

I thrust the notes and gold into a drawer, locked it, and after seeing the almost helpless runkard into bed, placed the key under his pillow.

The guardianship of such an amount of booty did not add to the peacefulness of my slumbers.

I was awakened constantly by ideal claimants upon the sum under my care, and heartily rejoiced I was when I heard people a-foot in the house; locking my door, I secured an hour or two's rest.

As soon as I had taken breakfast, I visited the sleeping Simon; it was with difficulty I could rouse him from his heavy slumbers, nor was it till the waiter had supplied him with a copious draught of brandy and soda water, that I could induce him to put on his robe de chambre, and attend to me.

"You will find the key under your pillow, sir; bring it with you."

played last night."

"Played! I'd like to know the night till, by Jabus, I'm half ruined. I have this house of Lord knows how many weeks a parcel of thundering boot-makers, hat all sorts of snobs, that come bothering after day, till I'm tired."

"But you mean to pay them when you suppose?"

"To be sure I will, to get rid of them and start afresh with them."

"Now tell me, are you perfectly un- of all that happened to you last night?"

"Faith, I remember having mighty in Jermyn Street, and so then I went Pall Mall, got a skin full of Champagne, the box in a devil-may-care temper, and think of it, I did win ten or twelve pounds nothing worth your locking up and me

after adding up the total, surprised the winner by stating it to be no less than eight hundred and sixty pounds.

"Eight hundred devils ! you don't mean it?"

"I do; and now let me take a friend's privilege, and implore you to turn this to advantage for the rest of your life. Get out of debt first of all — you will have quite enough left to lodge with your agents for a company, and be *indeed* Captain Fairfield, renouncing these accursed hells for ever."

"Then, by my soul, Hill, that's good advice, and I'll see if I can follow it. Out of debt I'll certainly get, and, by the same token, I owe you a five-and-twenty, so take that and as much more as you like, if you have call to it."

"Thank you, I only require my own, but let me hope you will think of what I've said."

"Never fear, my dear boy ; but, by your leave, I'll finish my sleep"—saying which he took possession of his coin and retired.

It grieves me to add that the fatal passion was too deeply rooted, advice was thrown away on the determined gambler. I met him a week after this event, and, in reply to my question as to the purchase of a company, he told me " he had lost every damned rap," and even hinted that a very small loan would be acceptable. I shall



have more to say of the wretched Fairfield as I proceed.

How doubly sweet the air of my own garden used to seem to me, after a visit to the heat, dust, and smoke of London.

We reared not only flowers but fruit and vegetables; Turner worked zealously at the mechanical departments of horticulture, but he had no *science*. Though a soldier, his organ of destructiveness seemed but slightly developed.

My sister was one day uprooting some *white convolvulus* which had invaded and kept the sun from our French beans.

"Why are you doing that, if I may ax?" said Samuel, fiercely.

"Because it's a weed—it would spread—improve the soil—check the sap of every thing bound—and there it goes!"

"Well," cried Turner, "all I can say is, 'twas gen-teel looking a thing as any we have in our garden."

Thus, in the early spring, when I was clipping the dead branches from a raspberry bush, he muttered—

"What are you at with them *shrubs*, sir?"

"Pruning, man," quoth I, going on with my

"Ah!—*you* may say pruning, if you like, but I calls it cutting the *natur* out of 'em."

Major General Millar had not only made us

rounds, which formed a charming promenade, it frequently sent us "little pet plants," pees, night-scented stocks, and musk roses. Morning, when we descended to breakfast, said—

"e's two more pots from Millar's Roughs." "us see them, then!"

"oy, so you shall directly.—His Scotch 's a toidy one, I reckon—I can't think ould be, even by noight, this weather.—le minniking thing's all frost about the so I put *he* down afore the foire. T'other, ttyish pink stars upon't, was kiver'd all poider's mess,—my missis ha bin cleáning off; she'll soon ha doue, and *then* I'll bring

unlettered hind had been endeavouring to ice plant, and uncobweb an Arachne

nd Heaven! Turner," I exclaimed, "that natural."

at, in Summer?"

, as much as the spider-like film is natural pink stars—that's the beauty of them!" "?" grumped he—"one looked uncom-, and t'other nasty, and that's the beauty

all this ignorance Turner was not stupid; he could wait at table, while jokes, quite

suiting the lowest capacity, abounded, and he never move a muscle, his heightened colour betrays his appreciation of them. He was in the habit of entertaining small select parties, "below Stair," to whom he read the newspapers I showed him, with good emphasis and discretion, though his accent rendered the London journals very provincial.

He had persevered in improving his handwriting by copying every scrap of mine which he could honestly obtain. Once, when I had gone on leave, I had procured furlough for him, bidding him to write to me, as to the state of our Northern manufacturing districts; and a very sensible letter received, directed to

"Esquire B. E. Hill, R. A."

Turner had actually begun a memoir of his own life! This I discovered by accident. Wanting a light, while he and his wife were from home, I went into the kitchen, and seized some paper, twisted and laid aside for the purpose. On examination it proved the commencement of my master's autobiography. The manuscript was already partially burnt. He had repented of the foul design. Perhaps he was wise! Yet such essays are often more diverting than the fruits of scholarly labors.

I remember one instance which, in my mind,

condenses the spirit of narrative poetry, with a grace beyond the reach of art."

The following lines are authentically "from a sailor," on an early incident in the life of Trafalgar's hero.

" Says Nelson's father once says he—  
 I wants a bear skin do ye see—  
 So Nelson once he sees a bear—  
 Says he I wants to skin that ere—  
 He takes his gun—runs down the side—  
 So kills the bear—and gets his hide—  
 When he comed back they did him tax  
 Because as how he didn't ax  
 Whether he mought go or no—and so—  
 He told um what it was you know—  
 As made him first come for to go."

I have retained the very tolerable orthography, and unpunctual—dashing style of the original, whose footless trunk might long be seen sunning itself before the gates of Greenwich Hospital.

This reminds me of a very different maimed character. A French master at the Cadet Academy, in my boyish days, the Chevalier Warren, had a wooden leg. One of our lads, named Cousins, could so imitate the sound of his gait, as to frighten all idlers of the French class, who believed their Mentor's self coming upon them. Warren detected this, and was pathetically, proudly wroth, saying to his mimic—

" Meestaire Cozen, Saar! for why you ensoolt my malheur? Young gentilman I deed not get my

be sorree, and veesh you nevare attronte de t  
man, poor in de strange lan, by de joke or  
vooden leg—eet is bad ma-naire ! ”

Years elapsed, Cousins served with distinc  
and returned to Woolwich with a timber toe  
the barrack field he saw approaching him  
Warren, who at first did not recognize his fo  
persecutor, but as soon as the young officer  
bled near enough for a “ Bon jour, Chevali  
the Frenchman, staring at his mutilated mem  
recollected all the past, and cried—

“ Ah, by Gar, Monsieur Cozen, Saar, now  
are queets ! ”

In a moment more he threw his arms about  
wounded man, exclaiming, through his tears  
kisses—

“ Ah, my poor, dear, fonny boy ! I am so so  
for heem ! I have had my joke—frogive me,  
be prode dat you get de wooden leg in the glor

## CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN—SHAKSPEARIAN RE-UNIONS—TALK OF THE D———A DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY—YATES SUI GENERIS—THE STORM—THE CONDEMNED CELL—MURDERING METHODICALLY—DON JUAN'S DEATH—ANTICIPATIVE PAINTING—AN UNPRIESTLY DEACON—TO THE TOWER WITH HIM!—A GALLERY TICKET—VANDYKES—BRAZEN VENETIANS—AUTOMATON SNUFF-TAKER—STRIKING IMPROBABILITY.

A FRIEND having sent me word that Sir Walter Scott was expected to visit the Arsenal, I hastened thither, hoping to get a glimpse of the "Magician of the North." After lounging about for an hour or two, certainly pleasantly occupied, in chat with various acquaintance, I observed a bustle near the gate, saw the guard turn out, and salute somebody. Of course I knew that such a compliment could not be intended for the object of my curiosity, and, on inquiry, learnt that the visitor was the Prince of Hesse Homberg. Sir Walter did not appear; and, with all my loyalty, I confess that I

given by the married officers, to pass a stray half hour at the Corner" was a rare rendezvous: we agreed, one day, to cast peare's Worthies of Eastche tain, though a braver and a staff; M'Cleod, his well-noted Nym, Lawson, Beard, and I, the Prince, and *against* Poins fat wag saw that we had been another Doctor of the corps, clique, and to whom hes ad—

"*You shall double Mother Boar's Head.*"

Whether he thought — woman, I trust the Doctor v with *his own countenance* to t did tall B——, who, for his le Barlow dubbed "the Anatom

was recounting, one evening to my friend, George Smith, between our games of piquet, the singular meetings with Charles Furlong that had befallen me,\* and ended my account by observing, that the aim seemed now to be completely broken. I had left him in France, and, since then, had heard nothing whatever of his whereabouts. The next day, I should walk into my cottage but the identical Charles! who, after giving me an account of what had befallen him, since our gay doings in Valenennes, concluded by the important information that he was married to a lady with sufficient fortune to enable him to settle down quietly, so that the chances of encountering one another again seemed very distant.

On the 7th of July, just before the Turners' dinner hour, I presented Samuel with a bottle of wine.

"'Tis your wedding day, you know."

"I do," he exclaimed, "but how *you've* come to remember it, in this way, year by year, my missis and I can't make out."

"The mystery shall be solved then; 'tis my birthday, so drink all our healths; and, as you've troubled me with no brats yet, see you don't."

"Can't answer for that," he replied, "but it's our good will all the same."

I had my fears, and, bachelor-like, resolved that,

\* Vide Recollections, &c. vol. ii., p. 278.



Covent Garden, on which  
Richard the Third “after  
announced, that he might n  
lard it with Imitations. He  
a style as just as original an  
of the character lacked dig  
by common consent, the au  
“*fair ridicule*” to the w  
exclaimed—

“ I have no brother, I a

A man in the pit bawled

“ You’re like nothing hu

And convulsed the audienc

My little crony, whose

mired, bore my inhuman

with superhuman good

was but a man ; he is now

syllables—a Manager, as a

a Poet.

— 20th of July wil

ing, for many hours, over the metropolis, and finally clearing away from the Dover coast. As the evening advanced, the appearance of the storm at Woolwich was grand beyond the powers of description. Over the capital, forked lightnings of the most eccentric shapes appeared to be hurled from Heaven; in the North, sheets of white fire played continually; whilst in the South, the electric fluid assumed the deepest crimson, alternating with flashes of the palest blue tints. The thunder roared in every quarter of the concave, the rain fell in torrents, catching, now and then, momentary prismatic effects from the vividness of the light. Never have I, even in the tropics, witnessed so awful a spectacle.

I was aware that it was the last night the wretched Nesbitt had to pass in this world. He was the next morning, on Penenden Heath, to pay the forfeit of his life for the murder he had committed on Mr. Parker and his housekeeper, and the arson he had attempted in Mulgrave Place. I could not but speculate as to whether he was conscious of the war of elements now visiting the scene of his guilt.

The next day, in conversation with the Rev. Mr. Messiter, one of our chaplains, I mentioned my surmise; he being a magistrate for the county, was able to inform me that the condemned cell of Maidstone goal is on the top of the prison, so that the unhappy

... and bear the dreadful  
voice of the Lord in his thunders. After remark-  
ing on the extraordinary coincidence between the  
circumstances of this murder with that at Green-  
wich by a wretch named Hussey. Mr. Mesiter  
further informed me that, on the evening in  
which the crime was committed, Nesbitt had, pre-  
vious to his deed of blood, prayed very fervently  
for an hour in the presence of his wife, and ap-  
peared to be in a most blissful state of religious  
service: whether the man was a fatalist—I beg per-  
mission to say a Supercalifragilistic, that's the correct word  
—I know not, but his piety appeared to me  
sadly out of place.

Dr. Watson had often related a proof that these  
professors of "all saving faith" disdain such "monstrous  
rags" as decency and gratitude. The Doctor, though  
a handsome man, from being short-sighted, had  
acquired a habit of contracting his lids, when re-  
garding any thing with interest. This gave him  
what Foxe might call a screw'd-in-eyes-ing look.  
Having gone one Sunday to hear a celebrated  
preacher, he was distressed at observing an old  
woman, who, as the sermon proceeded, bent herself  
double, with horrible contortions, and groaned  
aloud. The Doctor, vexed at losing a word of the  
discourse, and seeing the attention of the congre-

diverted from the pulpit by this unhappy  
 stole on tip-toe to her side, whispering  
 ly —

“My soul! you are too ill to stay here; better  
 go.”

“No! Oh, oh!” wailed the poor creature,  
 herself to and fro.

“My good friend, think of the consequence  
 of this!”

“I do—Oh! let me alone.”

“I cannot leave a fellow-being in such a state.  
 For his sake, tell me what makes you cry thus!”  
 looked up, and seeing him peering over  
 his half-closed lashes, shouted vehe-

“Hold your gab, ye sqvinny-heyed son of a  
 baw! don’t ye see ’tis my dewotion?”

was heard through the chapel. If any of  
 the present were able to restrain their laughter,  
 the philanthropic divine was not one of them.  
 from the sacred edifice, however, and gave  
 his mirth elsewhere.

The levout dame ought to have been Nesbitt’s

she need not be thought unfeeling, if I mention,  
 the same day justice claimed her due, I lost,  
 my listemper, a pet spaniel. My man was fond  
 as he had been of “Toiger,” who, by the

way, had found a kind master in Calcraft, when I left Canterbury. The animal, he said, deserved a nobler name, and re-baptized him "Homo." They travelled much together, but finally the fine brute was stolen from his god-papa.

Tiger's successor in my establishment lived not long enough with us to render his loss a formidable affair.

Mrs. Turner had listened, whilst attending the poor little dog, to her husband's account of Nesbitt's crime and punishment, till the subjects had got tangled in her brain; and though usually taciturn, she thus announced the catastrophes of both to her mistress.

"Poor Juan, ma'am! and Nesbitt too, by ~~his~~ time, he's gone! his last meal was chicken-br ~~th~~. They couldn't sentence him to less for mur ~~der~~, dear gentle little thing! setting the house on ~~fire~~, too! he would have grown up so useful! ha ~~ng~~-ing's too good for him — perfect beauty as he ~~was~~s! so he's to be nottymized first — but I've cut ~~one~~ curl from his tail—which is indeed an awful fate —"

Knowing my fondness for the fine arts, ~~my~~ brave friend Napier, who was mentioned in my ~~first~~ series, asked me to look at a picture he had ~~just~~ received. He had lately sat for his portrait, leav ~~ing~~ the details to the artist's taste. It came home ~~a~~ a striking likeness, but displaying what Mrs. Rams ~~—~~

bottom would call a few "Anacreonisms." The Major appeared, not in the memorable blue sur-tout so turned up with *red* by his 18th of June wounds, but in full regimentals; one of the said wounds on his cheek healed to a scar, the Waterloo medal at his button-hole, and the battle of Waterloo blazing away all over the back-ground!

This was lengthening it to a rivalry with the siege of Troy. Surely those non-combatants, the ladies, will agree with me that there is nothing so unsatisfactory as a long engagement.

In August I received orders to take my tour of duty at the Tower, and it was no additional satisfaction to me that my companion in this temporary banishment was a captain, whose hospitality on a memorable night I have before recorded; but, as he professes "a horror of being lugged into print," I shall say no more of him. The duties to be performed were not over-fatiguing, allowing plenty of time for making pilgrimages to the habitable parts of London, and these visits I usually paid by taking boat, and thus avoiding the ills Mr. Belour so faithfully describes—

"So much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your ways; so many sugar casks, porter butts, and common council men, in your streets, that, unless a man marched with artillery in his front, 'tis more

...the various exhibitions th  
Gallery, in Pall Mall, w  
tion of historical portraits,  
royal, noble, and other pat

You were thus not onl  
forms and habits of the gr  
too) who had flourished fr  
IV. to our own day, but ei  
and progress of Painting i  
effigy to the all but breathi

I think that " Dr. Brown  
polite" as to assert that all  
on association of ideas, wou  
the following fact.—There  
so riveted the attention of  
self, that we forgot to consi  
ascertain who it represented  
done. The face was not  
neither by the features nor

ing—I expected to be thrilled by the subdued voice, I longed to ask his advice. When I could tear my eyes away, and refer to the pamphlet I held, the names of Strafford and Vandyck accounted for every thing. It was the countenance of the gallant, sensitive, self-sacrificing Thomas Wentworth, which the glorious Antony had transmitted for the admiring reverence of future ages.

Whilst speaking of association of Ideas, I will here give a whimsical proof of it.

The child of a brother officer, proud to boast that “Pa was in the army,” so connected the form of prayer he heard at the garrison chapel, every Sunday morning, with the military music to which he listened every Sunday afternoon, that he asked — “Mamma, have the Army of *Martyrs* got any land?”

But to return to sight-seeing. A panorama of Venice was then exhibiting in the Strand. It embraced the Piazza and Church of St. Mark, the famed bell-tower, and the archway over which is placed the celebrated astronomical clock, surmounted by two bronze figures, who, like the venerable dumbies of St. Dunstan, struck the hours, with this difference only, that the Venetian figures performed that duty from one to twenty-four o'clock.

Some years ago, some Austrian officers, occupying the Broglio, were enjoying their pipes and



been deceived : — No, as I  
now blowing his nose !”

“ Well, what is there so  
demanded one of his comrade

“ Extraordinary ! the man  
ever saw. You may laugh  
mark me, no man shall ques-  
affirm that I saw one of the  
clock yonder take a pinch of  
use a handkerchief.”

“ Bravo ! you have seen  
deed,” cried more than one

“ Did he offer his box to  
may be *that* gentleman smug  
clear-sighted youth, and say  
mouth.”

“ No sneering, sir,” said  
I saw I will swear to, and let  
or —”

“ O —”

purpose of the *Duello*, the silly lads were on the point of attacking each other, when the Colonel, veteran, beloved by his corps, entered, and placing himself between the combatants, demanded the cause of the quarrel—it was explained to him.

“Boys, boys, for shame ! What, tilt at each other on such grounds ? Hear my decision—Alfred is right ; a bronze man can’t take snuff. Paul is right ; what he declares to have seen, I also witnessed, and a good laugh I had at the droll effect. Put up your weapons, and listen to the truth. One of the figures being out of repair, it has been taken down ; but, to prevent any disappointment to the good people of Venice, as to their favourite time-piece, a man has been sent up to do duty for the brass gentleman, till he is fit to resume his station. And the good devil no doubt was glad enough of a pinch of snuff to keep him awake whilst thus situated. Shake hands this moment ; and if either of you object, why, by the sword of the Emperor, he shall supply the snuff-taker’s place for the next twenty-four hours !”

## CHAPTER

BOOK'D IN BY MATHEWS—STAG  
GENT—MAY'S NEVER—A LUN  
GRATING—THE ARMOURY—A  
GENT &c.—A BLOWING MERRY  
MAY'S SON.

TOWARDS the end of the  
who invited me to dine with  
his cottage.

“ You will meet Liston  
better halves, and I shall be  
known to ——”

Mathews here named a  
wished to know, and whose  
but, I must not, at his own s  
or advise him, however

ounded thing or other is sure to happen, and mar all my best arrangements."

"My dear sir," said I, "what cloud can you anticipate on this occasion? Mr. ——"

"May he d—d! 'Nota bene, I didn't mean wearing,' 'Horace, hem!' but a comedy of his, —'s, not Smith's, comes out on the Saturday night; Liston and Terry both in it: now *you* don't know, the more gracious your estate, but *I* do, that an imperfect messenger may ruin the best play ever written; even with the enlightened audience of this most tasteful metropolis. Should any abominable stick cause a hitch there, and matters go miss, *he* won't come. Then just fancy Terry sty, and Liston lachrymose! You'll see the piece of course, and, if all's right, mind, I shall expect you."

I, like Wordsworth's little boy, had "a fit of y," and "no misgivings," nor need of any. Samuel and Sir Christopher did their author justice. The public was just to us all, the success brilliant; and, on the Sabbath, I tore myself from a day dream of Lady Cranberry, (Mrs. Mardyn, I mean,) to dress for my appointment.

My fellow diners-out soon cottoned to me. Terry, immortal Dan! warmed my heart by his West-country impressiveness of accent. Liston's elegant figure contrasted gloriously with the loose and greasy

commitment of his own, the  
vidual exertions; and beheld th  
lery, of which the auld Scots  
nucleus. There we lounged,  
which Mr. — assured me w  
they did things in high *style* at

“ You are out,” said Terry  
*now* stands in Kentish Town,  
*was*, in Millfield Lane. To li  
compatible with *our* habits as  
hackney coach, or understandi  
name of pattens.”

Permitted to rummage the b  
bled on what, at first sight,  
book, from its size and shape.  
the King's arms. I opened it  
coloured illustrations. Men in  
manacled by a profusion of l  
sages. Mexicans in sedans, th  
notch over one eye and oth

Where, when, and how, did you become possessor of this ? ” I asked Mathews.

“ That,” he said, with a careless glance at the picture ; “ I bought it, by chance, in a lot, at an auction, and have never looked at it since.”

Mr. Terry, and ——, now joined me ; a few minutes convinced us that Mathews was the unusual proprietor of a literary curiosity, a *feast* ; we could hardly trust the evidence of our eyes, and suppress our laughter, as we turned the face of this deep tragedy.

We were called to dinner. Our fare was sumptuous, characterized by extreme good taste. It was, however, with no little surprize, that I beheld a roast loin placed before my host. Recollecting the preceding dinners, I was determined to say, “ sun, or moon, or Cheshire cheese,” or something else, but Mr. Mathews offered to help me to it as heartily as which I half expected.

“ That, Mat,” said Terry, “ you still adhere to good old English substantial, and still, I suppose, maintain your detestation for mutton ? Never forget your anathematising a whole flock of sheep, who were making their way to a pond to quench their thirst, an unusual sight, by the way, but in this instance — ‘ Ah, do get into the water, silly fools, and drown yourselves, ’ twill be no wonder if you’re not fit food for any thing but fishes.’ ”

“ Dan, that’s an invention of your own. I always remarkably fond of mutton.”

“ Do you remember that matter-of-fact man ——— ?” asked Mr. ——— .

“ Oh, confound him, yes. I shall never forget it, the beast ! however, I didn’t mind. I came to my point.”

“ May I ask what victory you achieved ?” I.

“ Oh, let ——— tell it, he was present.”

“ Mathews and myself were travelling together some time ago, and, on returning to our inn, our favourite supper fare was not provided. The landlord was summoned, and soundly rated for his neglect, which he attempted to justify ; this so enraged our friend, that he told the innkeeper to have a dozen sirloins, and a peck of potatoes, for his supper every night he staid in the town.’ By the following night we found the order executed to the letter ; a Mont Blanc of mashed potatoes, six cold sirloins were placed on table with the most provoking gravity by the waiter — Red himself hoping that we should find enough.”

These two traits were not very well relished by their hero ; so, to elevate our thoughts, which had fallen upon the flesh pots, Mr. ——— proposed the performance of the Agreeable Surprise for the benefit of Mr. Mathews and the ladies.

"Lucky," he continued, setting Koranzo upon the table, "that it is a wide-spreading tome, of large type; so, as I defy any one pair of lungs to get through it, I will distribute the characters, that we, the initiated, the elect, may read alternately. Liston, I cast you for the pathetics — Let's see ! Lord and Lady Strawberry, Koranzo, King Quastenuch, and Princess Lampodo ; nice names ! Terry must do General, and Mrs. Hacket, Castanos, every one of the children, Dr. Winterbottom and Dr. Pill. I'll go on for Mrs. Hector, (the false Lady Strawberry) the Ghost, the Judges, and other wild beasts, the Moon, with the rest of the supernumeraries. Hill is to keep his countenance, if he can, and prompt, or finish a part in case of sudden indisposition ; in fact, supply any hiatus made if the beasts should roar."

"Come, come, my ——," said Mathews, "no coaxing ; all these names and things are, of course, extemporised out of your own head ; but if your accomplices were to swear it, you don't expect *me* to believe that such queernesses ever actually existed in any printed book, least of all in that ! and I have it ten days in house without finding 'em out."

"I'll trouble *you*," put in Terry, "to look at the pictures. Might not the genius who designed them just as easily order 'a Belshazzar's banquet



mens, read it all, and begin d

Unless I had now the book  
to give extracts, it is impossib  
any adequate idea of its vari  
am I able to depict the hum  
were delivered. Neither dear  
nian, nor sweet Mrs. Liston's  
stand it.

Mr. —, as "Mrs. Hecto  
two children a-pulling," con  
utterance of "the ghost nod  
action to the word, was a lesso  
leigh; but when he came to  
the writer had extended beyon  
pay respect, the house will rise

Then Liston's bridal air in

"We are like two birds

On the branch of the v

His maternal anxiety in

answers, "I killed my old father, ninety years of age." Lord Strawberry, who, at this crisis, if my memory serves me, is "mad in peacock's feathers," rejoins, "surely *that* is not a *sin*." The parricide thus explains —

"It was left in our *family will*, that the throats should be cut, when supposed to be dead; now *I* cut the throat a quarter of an hour too soon, which the judge says *is* a sin, for *he* would have died soon enough if I had left him alone; so I am sent down the stream like a turnip with its top cut off."

Or words to that effect. I may not quote literally from a work which I have perused but once since that evening, (Mathews lent it me to take home a few months afterwards;) but I pledge my honour that, far from exaggerating, I cannot, at this remote period, deal fairly with scenes every one of which opened with the most outrageous extravagancies. Whether set down in sober sadness, or perpetrated in some daring wag, Mathews was wild with curiosity to ascertain. His denunciations against us all, each did not procure a copy on the morrow, were full of ludicrous ferocity. Stitches in our sides, and knives in our jaws, we separated.

Alas, my inquiries proved that we had little chance of participating in our friend's good fortune. The facts were these; a footman, named Hayes, running from his bible to play-books and the theatres,

and gentry who had seen here above twenty copies had printing office, in St. Mar down, and with it the remain believe the inspired sufferer as nineteen people out of ten no time or no taste for explanation illuminated volume, it is in refined young ladies have "Princess Lampodo's slip, some grave critic did Tom 'lesque;" or illiterate cooks heroic Castanos over a roast "this was like my marriage" ders the Highgate copy a lot Into that treasure I wrote and saw in the catalogue of the book mentioned as "with My hand-writing had the

ny have, the delight of meeting with this Melpo-  
enic *chef d'œuvre* may well envy me the privilege  
assisting at its representation in such a goodly  
company.

Fame and peace be with those of them who are  
me! and, with the survivors, all the mental mirth  
it should reward hearts free from malice, and  
its meanness!

The Tower of London, at the period I am now  
scribing, had not received the advantage of a  
it from the learned antiquary, Dr. Meyrick.  
The Horse Armoury was the strangest jumble  
imaginable—a thigh piece of the fourth Harry  
med part of the military stomacher of Queen  
Elizabeth; a morion of Henry the Seventh's time  
solemnly pronounced by the sagacious Beef-  
er to be "the helmet of the Captain of Pontius  
late's body guard." Swords, bearing the well  
own impress of "John Runkel Solingen," were  
d to be blades of Damascus,

"Of the ice-brook's temper."

There was one apartment which required no  
uide to point out its interesting features—I allude  
the State prison. The carvings made by the  
veral captives on the walls had been carefully  
eserved, and could not fail to excite the most  
ely sensations of pity and regret for the many  
ive, learned, and pious occupants who thus had

returned to my cottage, and as  
light of having those friends  
most congenial to me, at my be-  
however, at this period, that the  
engrossing the attention of a  
spite of its unfitness for discus-  
into every circle — I mean the  
Brunswick. I believe I can as-  
name was less frequently met  
walls than in any other house or  
candidly avowed my entire con-  
but, at the same time, request  
favour, that a subject so re-  
occupy conversation, when so  
might be found, with which you  
interfere.

I confess I have a great distrust  
of politicians, no matter which side of  
they may advocate. There resided 1

d forth on the evil of his ways, and the is soul. He heard her with patience, but, and of her *tirade*, confessed himself un-

r then," she said, rising, "farewell, un-an! but, when called on to account for y, remember the Lady with the Light

contrary to her politics to confess any of Wiggery.

asked why she had taken this romantic e, she replied—

ar that our officers read the monster's have a regard for their morals; as, though military connections are broken, I still little *corps d'esprit*."

able Monitress!

latter part of the autumn our Garrison racted vast numbers of persons from Lon-ts neighbourhood. The course was well or seeing the heats, from starting to win-ts; and, as at most military races, the ode their own horses, there was not the chance of any of that trickery which com-graces meetings of higher pretensions!

Charles Mathews was my guest on the and certainly appeared to relish his visit. He was then about seventeen years old;

only with the sport he had witnessed Woolwich presents to the

I am now about to relate the connected with a sporting bet, many years ago, and which I omit to rect chronological order, in my

## CHAPTER IV.

A RECOLLECTION—SCOTCH AND IRISH — MY BETTERS—A HOG-  
MANED RACER—HUNGER BEATS.

THE Gordon Highlanders, the Limerick county Militia, and a brigade of Artillery, constituted in the year 1811 the garrison of Athlone. Its central situation, and the extensive works which had been constructed on its north-west side, required, at last, as large a military force as the above for the various guards daily mounted over the barracks, finance stores, and the lines.

The best possible feeling existed between the officers of these regiments, although the gallant Highlanders maintained, on all occasions, an air of conscious superiority over their militia friends.

It was my good fortune to be on terms of friendship with both corps. That worthy son of Caledonia, Lamont of Lamont, would greet me with a hearty shake of the hand, and "How's a' wi' ye this day?" whilst the courtly old peer, Lord Murray, had a kind word to say in the blandest



brogue. So much for the colonels. Majors, captains, and subs were all known to me ; many of the two latter grades my companions in divers choice pieces of mischief.—But I am not going to relate any adventure of my own, and have only made the above remarks as my good feeling towards both nations is, in a measure, of consequence to the story I now venture to relate.

I was lounging one morning at the door of the 92nd mess-room, with a bevy of kilted cronies, when our attention was attracted by an arrival in the barrack-square. A fine lad, who had joined the Limerick only a few days, rode through the gates. He was not a native of the county to which his regiment belonged, but boasted of high Milesian blood ;—doubtless with abundant right to such a distinction, his father being an apothecary in Newtown-Limavaddy, and withal most celebrated for the wondrous cures which he had wrought on quadrupedal patients ; not that I mean to insinuate this “ physicianer ” was nothing better than a “ cow-doctor,” but the district in which he resided was remarkable for the salubrity of its air, as affecting the “ humane species,” and for a variety of diseases among hooved and horned cattle.

But to the son and heir of this Irish farrier-surgeon and Bull’s apothecary. No sooner was he aware that our gaze was upon him, than he insidiously

plied the spur, promoting various capers and aracles "to witch the world with noble horsemanship;" nor did he cease to display his proficiency in the mysteries of the *manège* as he approached the barracks; on the contrary, he caused his steed to rear, kick, and plunge so violently, and so very near the mess-room door, that it was a service of danger any longer to watch the evolutions of this Connaught Centaur.

"Ech, my man, be careful! d'ye no ken the tanes are het and sleppery? ye may get a fa' before ye're aware o't," remarked the good-hearted old Major.

"Och, the devil a fear, Mejur! I'd like to see be horse that could spill me," replied the youngster. "It's only the feed he gets that makes him so full of spirit — He's been used to't in my father's tables, who has as ilegant a stud of hunters and acers as ever you seen."

"And which, sir, may I ask," continued the Major, "do you denominate your chesnut?"

"Why he's aqual to aither, I'd hunt him in loscommon, or match him at the Curragh, for any m under a thousand."

The poor half-starved, ewe-necked hack, had, during this dialogue, stood perfectly quiescent; so he descended from our place of vantage, and, much to the surprise of the lad, took a regular survey of

“ You’re a mighty big  
plied the rider, colouring  
lucky discovery, “ a man  
topping a six-foot dyke.”

“ How wou’d he come  
a dyke, sir ? the thing’s no  
baith have stuck in the  
the dyke were pairfitly dr  
that hard as to cause sic  
yon.”

“ It would be mighty  
you talk about any thing  
talking about,” retorted  
“ them as knows their me  
that in Ireland the Englis  
and if any of ye has a fa  
with me, I’ll engage to  
leaps, that ye’ll not be in a  
yourselves.”

coolestown ; but I'm not going to stand here to save my horse — better never was crossed—pulled & paces by them as don't wear the conveniences of riding. I wonder where that lazy vagyboned f a groom of mine is? I must send the Bar'ny boy to stable and get ready for the afternoon drill ; he Devil ride a hunting with our sergeant-major, but has the impertinence to say I'll not be fit for duty this month."

" Couldn't you prevail on Lord Muskerry to let you fall in on horseback ?" asked Captain Ross, with a somewhat malicious expression.

" Naboclish !" returned the Milesian, " I know tis funning me ye are, but I'm not so ' aisily rated ' as poor Larry in the song was ; so onct for all, if you are for a match," and again the turned heel of the speaker made the poor beast curvet, " I'll run against any of ye !"

" Hoot mon ! don't run against *me*," cried little Wallace, the Quarter-master, who was at the moment trying to make his way through the group to the Colonel's rooms. " Ye might keep your garron still, I think ; its just sinfu' to be digging them great butcher's spurs into the ribs of the beast, for the Lord kens there's na flash on the back of it to cover him."

" Come, come, Wallace," cried Captain Ross, " don't disparage the noble animal ; it's a racer, man, and has won a cup."

tain M'Donald ; " will you

" Let's hear what it is,"  
dismounting from his steed,  
to the charge of a soldier in  
had previously been named  
Groom.

" It's this just," answered  
take to race a beast o' mine a  
able harrin-gutted animal o'  
of this varay day, on condet  
four-and-twenty hours nottis  
deemed good and sufficient  
the choice of the ground to l  
ye ken, be left entirely to m  
amount, to the vally of a *mo*  
twelve I was fule like enuect

As there was a numerous  
running about in the wor  
quarters, I took the liberty o

and back ' the Barony boy, ' for such is the name of this high-mettled racer."

" I'll back the Bar'ny boy meself entirely, without being beholden to any one," was the spirited remark of the owner of the animal.

" Barney boy or Blarney boy, is it a bet ?" asked Wallace, drily.

" It is, for ten guineas ; that's eleven pound even and sixpence Irish. Done !"

" And noo, gentlemen," said Wallace, " I think we could na do better than appoint Maister Hell as umpire, for ye see it's a sort of a —— kind of a national competition ; the lad's Irish, and sa are a' s freends ; we're fra the land o' cakes ; Hell's an Englisher, and sa ye see he'll no be prajudeeced on e side or tither."

" Bravo, Wallace ! ye're a canny chiel, and your choice is accellent," said the Major ; " will you take e office, my freend ?" he added, turning to me.

" Willingly, if the other party consents."

The young Hibernian, his handsome face beaming with good humour, and by no means displeased at s having thus suddenly become an object of interest to " the Regulars," advanced towards me, saying—

" I'll be right glad, sir, to have you for my umpire ; I was promised to be made known to you by Major Spread, the next time you dined at our Mess."

ment I may possess most impossible situation Mr. Wallace & pleased to confer on me."

The beat of drum broke friends hastening to their sword, and sash, for the com

I shall not trespass on the by describing what past due for training, but content myself frequent questions put to V answered by—

"Wait and ye'll see just may depend on't, though I' rick lads are offering aufu'

This confidence on the Master seemed to me well three times whilst visiting him, with a smiling face, & triumph. Why he shoul

It was within the time allowed by a day or two, when I received notice that "the match would come" the next afternoon, at three; and I was requested to attend at the spot selected by Wallace for trial of speed and skill. It appeared to me a somewhat extraordinary place for the purpose, being other than the interior of the works already mentioned; and I must here apprise my reader that this singular fortification consisted of two or three square bastions, connected by long walls, technically called curtains, presenting a formidable altitude to the exterior, but having broad ramparts within, in which the ordnance were placed, and where infantry could act, if occasion required; the hollow space between these high banks of earth was not sufficiently capacious to allow of a ring, or a straight race upon it, being encumbered with store-houses and piles of shot and shell.

Time would, however, bring truth to light; I could be sure to know all ere twenty-four hours had passed, and, therefore, awaited the event with patience.

At an early hour of the day—

"the important day,  
Big with the fate of *Wallace* and *his bet*"—

unusual bustle was observable in the barrack-yard, nor was the stir confined to the male part of the inhabitants; it was evident that this wager had excited the most lively interest among the fair sex.



vivacious tone of her question.

"I canna preceesely say  
be able, Mem," answered he  
nearly a' the hose and sarks o'  
gudeman's and ane the Adje  
the noo, so I'll ha' to stick to  
and lose the sight that I ma  
ken."

"I say, Mother Gladle, c  
to see our young offichere tal  
*omadhaun*† of a Scotch c  
manded a young private of t

"Is it meself that wou'd  
*chal*†? sure and aint I goin  
*lanna ma chree*§? don't I k  
cousin, Squire Murphy, of  
place it will be when it's l  
an old thirteen, and three  
pocket of me, that I mane t

"Who ax'd you for your company, you *raube-ugh!*\* I'm goin wid dacent people, and not wid be likes of you, tall fellow as ye are, and handsome s ye consate yourself."

These and such like "discoorses" I could not void hearing as I past the speakers. As the hour approached, the barracks were left to the undisturbed possession of the sentries, all who could keep holiday making their way to the Works.

In order that the necessary preliminaries might be arranged in good time, I was early on the ground, which I found nearly covered by the men, women, and *childer* of the garrison, with here and there a knot of civilians, who had "heard of the match, and wouldn't lose the fun on no account." Wallace soon joined me, and I could not but smile at observing the extraordinary contrast of his present excited appearance, with his usual sleek sonsy deportment.

"Noo then, Maister Hell, my freend, the first thing for me to do is to show you the ground I have fixed on, and then we'll clear the course, and prepare for a start. Sergeant Anderson, stick a sandy roll down here; that's the starting-post; and come awa wi' me, and I'll show you the winning-post."

Saying this, he elbowed his way through the crowd, for about a hundred-and-fifty yards, along

\* Rake.



brother officers, now advanced to where Wallace and myself, attended by an equal number of the 92nd, stood.

"Here I am, sir, for the honour of Ireland!" gallantly exclaimed the equestrian; "I hope you're not going to disgrace the Bar'ny boy, by naming any blackguard, broken-winded hack to match him. Is your's well bred?"

"He's well fed, and that's eneuch for me, or at least he will be by and by," replied Wallace, with a knowing wink, and glancing at the condition of his rival's steed, on whom the month's training had produced the effect of any thing but an increase of flesh.

"Well, sir," said O'Fogerty, burning with impatience to prove himself a Chifney, "where's the winning-post?"

"Yon wee bit flag; you can judge of an animal's speed as weel in a hundred and fifty yards as in a three mile course, and the terms, ye ken, are a' of my ain proposing; but ech, sirs! there's ane thing I was clean forgetting. Maister Hell will be at the winning-post; ye must name some gentleman to gi' the signal for starting; will Major Spread have the goodness to do it?"

"Why, my good sir, as we have in this countr'y the highest legal authority for stating that no man

can be in two places at one time, unless he is a bird, I will start you with pleasure."

A loud huzza from the sons of Shannon's side followed the Major's acquiescence.

"Noo then, I'll bring up my beast;" saying which a square wooden machine, carefully covered with tarpaulin, was wheeled to the spot by four men of the Wallace faction.

"Death alive! do you mean to say your horse is in that case?"

"I didna say horse, I said a beast; and if my beastie doesna win, why you'll put the gowd in your poke, and crow over me and welcome."

The appearance of this black and somewhat mysterious looking object attracted the most lively attention.

"It's no horse but a *sheog*\* he has there," remarked one of the Hibernian spectators.

"You're not far out, my man," observed Wallace.

"My heavy hathred upon you! is my countryman to have dalings with the likes o' them? sure he's not such a *kiolawn*† to venture."

"Hould your wisht, Ned Collopy, and don't be spiling sport, wid your shuperstitions!" rather angrily remarked a corporal of the Limerick to his alarmed comrade.

"Noo then, Maister Hell, to your post; just gi'

\* Fairy.

† Mad Fool.

as a shake of the bandy roll, when you're there, and then the Major will say the ane, twa, three, and awa !”

“Do you ride the animal ?” I asked, as I was about to leave.

“*Me* ride! the Lord keep me from crossing siccan steed !”

A few minutes brought me to the appointed spot ; ere I found Sergeant Anderson, flag in hand, with something at his feet, covered up in like manner to what I presumed contained the Quarter-master's Bucephalus. Through the long and somewhat narrow lane of human beings I could hardly see what was going on at the starting-post. The moment Wallace removed the tarpaulin, shouts, and deep groans burst from those near enough to discern the contents.

“It's a powny just,” observed one close to me.

“Faix, I'm after thinking it's a monkey, or may be a bear.”

“Bathershin ! how would the likes of them bate horse? Ye'll find it's a buck-hound, or some t divil, that will run wi' the speed o' light.”

“Be aisy now, can't you be quite? sure there's a Major by the side of young O'Fogerty : they'll be off in a jiffy.”

Wallace, too, was to be seen, holding the door of the wooden pen, ready to pull it open at the signal.

goal ; not so the Baron ;  
his strange competitor, re-  
ing to unhorse the astonish-  
On came the hog, grunting  
wash that awaited him, a-  
ally, Serjeant Anderson,  
covered. Piggy had made  
distance before the spurs  
had urged the frightened  
hoping yet to overtake him  
ward in true jockey style  
spur, with all the dexterity

But vain his efforts ! there  
had been for some seconds  
when the career of the  
horse stumbling against  
him, over the head of  
curly tail of his rival, into  
of the assembled multitude  
hind the winning-post,  
safety upon the legs he

when he knew the officers of both regiments were at mess, and, after making him run for his dainty fare for more than three weeks, had only to keep the animal without food, on the previous day, to insure a super-porcine speed.

Congratulations poured in on the victor on all sides; his Irish friends acknowledged it was "a sporting bet;" whilst his countrymen evinced their joy by carrying the pig round the barracks in triumph, preceded by the pipers of the regiment, who appropriately played "Peggy o' Knock Winnoch," not a few singing Hogg's words to that scarce old air, instead of having to chaunt "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace *bled*," as they might have done had the Caledonian party been obliged to pay the ten guineas staked on these pork chops.



## CHAPTER V.

RESOLVED TO ILLUMINATE — FOR CAROLINE — ONLY PRIVILEGE, IF  
 AT ALL NECESSARY — A CLERK'S ESPRIT DE CORPS — HOW TO  
 LAY OUT A DAUGHTER — UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN —  
 WANTED A SERVANT — FEARS OF PLAYING THE RECRUIT-  
 ING OFFICER — INTENDED ORATORY — UNCALLED FOR DIS-  
 PLAY — THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY — DROWNING SORROW —  
 DANCERS.

THE Radicals of Woolwich, most of whom de-  
 pended on the Government for their existence, made  
 an attempt to force the occupants of the Artillery  
 barracks to illuminate on the occasion of what  
 they deemed the triumph of their idol, Queen  
 Caroline — the abandonment of the Bill of Pains  
 and Penalties; but, in this display of mob arro-  
 gance, they were signally defeated.

Some few of the vagabonds, smarting under  
 their failure, scattered themselves about the neigh-  
 bourhood. Our peaceful vale did not escape; it  
 echoed with cries of "Light up!" "Carylyne for  
 ever!" but neither their shouts nor threats took

fect with me; not a light was visible, though Turner suggested that I might have a bit of rush-light, stuck in clay, placed in the smallest office attached to my dwelling. No longer living *en garcon*, I declined this offer.

The day following the feast of Christmas, I again visited Ivy Cottage; Mr. Leigh, of the brand, who had succeeded my host's father in business as a bookseller, and who had married his daughter, was, with his wife, of the party. Of course the late trial was the leading topic of conversation, and one gentleman present, whose sentiments were certainly those of a true *John Bull*, set us in roars of laughter, by his anecdotes and remarks connected with the filthy affair.

Early in the new year (1821) I went to town, to be present at the first representation of *Mirandola*, by "Barry Cornwall." The friends of this popular author mustered strongly; the piece's own merits, both as drama and poem, were aided by appropriate scenery and dresses; still more by the acting of Charles Kemble and Macready; but even the latter groaned—

"I want to die!"

Mr. R. Price, who was with me, justly remarked—

"Gloriously dangerous! if they had come to see this play, how they would go it now!"

just now, sir. *We* have a tragedy coming out  
night."

It was at a party given by my friend George Raymond, at his chambers in the Temple, I first met William Graham. No two men could be more strongly contrasted. Raymond was very *beau ideal* of the gay Templar of our day and dramatists, hating the dull routine of the law, preferring Congreve to Blackstone, comedies to statutes at large, never so happy as when his table was surrounded by his friends, doing honours with a grace and kindliness of manner that won your warmest regard.

Graham was at first cool, careless, languid-spoke slowly, but in the purest English, and in the clearest style; he was gifted with the power of retort in a singular degree, but he was not a misanthrope. His remarks were made with such quietness and easy, convincing good sense, as to demand at

celebrated men by their admirers ; as they unconsciously adopted, in their tone and manner, the accents and bearing of the subjects of their eulogies. Raymond's imitation of Elliston, indeed, was perfect.

One or two more amateur plays having been resolved on, all my dramatic energies were called into action. Not satisfied with studying long parts, both in play and farce, assisting the committee in their various arrangements, and divers other occupations, I also became scene-painter ; and, in conjunction with my friend Charlton, a very clever artist, we repaired, put in order, and repainted, a vast many yards of canvas. Had my existence depended on my labour, I could not have worked harder ; and sometimes my temper was put to the trial, by visits from my brother amateurs, to ask the most trifling questions. I cannot resist giving a specimen.

" I say, Hill, you know I play a baronet in our next farce ; ought not I to wear some mark of distinction ? Don't you think I might venture on a star at my breast ?"

" Certainly not," was my hasty reply ; " but if you wish it, you shall have a red hand embroidered on the back part of your white kerseymere smalls."

Had a country stroller erred thus, his ignorance of "*les usages de société*" would have been fair game.

The little blunders, too, that occurred were vastly amusing. One of our set threatened his daughter to "lay her at his corpse a feet." But such a lapsus might have happened to a professed *artiste*.

Though I have heard even amateurs hissed, yet some of our's disappointed the quizzers, who had said, "It would not become gentlemen, who performed for their *own* amusement, to act like common players; if people wanted to see such, London was near at hand. Audiences should show some *charity* to those who played for one, the worse the better; they would be sure to make the spectators laugh, and Liston could do no more."

One or two of the most intelligent among our servants were pressed into the cause, as message-carrying supernumeraries. Turner had distinguished himself in that line of business, but now he came to me very importantly, grumbling forth—

"I'm sure, sir, I don't know how you'll manage — for I've been obliged to give up my part to Captain Wylde's man; my Missis is put to-bed, and I shall be wanted here."

"Very well," said I; "if the message be delivered, your wife's welcome too — an apology shall be made, and the cause stated."

"Bother!" uttered Turner, then rushed on, blushing at his own familiarity.

as well say here that the babe so unfussily did *not* prove a squaller — the mother of the straw in less than a *week*, and I not find in my heart to break up the estate.

The "Way to get Married," and the "Review," given great satisfaction both to actors and audience, and, above all, having filled the coffers of charity to which the receipts were devoted, "Vonder" was next determined on.

A pleasant comedy was in the course of rehearsal and on the eve of representation, when it was ordained that our crack low comedian, John Munden, and Emery, rolled into one, were to embark for the West Indies. It was impossible to obtain, among the amateurs, a substitute for our departing Doctor. He was a character out of the common run, and was in a state of great uncertainty as to whether or no it would be possible to produce our comedy. In this dilemma I called on him, and requested his assistance; he cheerfully complied, and I was warmly thanked by my dramatic friends, for having overcome so formidable an

My troubles were not yet over; the day previous to our performance, I received a letter from him saying that he was too ill to visit us, but

would do his utmost to prevail on Mr. Emery to play the part, and that we should have that gentleman's decision in the course of the following morning.

Never shall I forget the effect this letter produced amongst our squad. It was the first performance in which an opportunity had occurred for antique costume, and many had laid their fair friends under requisition for divers ruffs, collars, sashes, ruffles, plumes, rosettes, &c. &c.; as for myself, I had built a magnificent Spanish habit, and by no means relished the chance of its being condemned to repose in silver paper for an indefinite period.

What was to be done? The ladies—three gifted sisters—Mesdames Orger, Lazenby, and Fawcett, had arrived; we were all letter perfect, but still there was no Gibby. Patience was our only resource, and in its exercise, to the best of our abilities, the day passed. The next morning we assembled at the theatre, few exhibiting any symptoms of hope, many wearing the evidence of despair. As a last resource, I suggested the possibility of the part being read by our indefatigable prompter, little Kenneth; but he honestly confessed that his Cork brogue would so terribly interfere with the Caledonian dialect, it would be impossible for him to place himself in so ridiculous a position.

The post arrived. The drum-major, passing the theatre on his way to the barracks, said there was no letter for me. This was confirmation strong.

"No play to-night!" sighed Lissardo.

"Mr. Yates might have written, I think," muttered Don Frederick.

"It's all up with us," groaned Colonel Briton.

"'Tis no use staying here, I see; I shall be off," pettishly observed Don Pedro.

At this moment I heard myself inquired for, in a well known voice, and hastening to the speaker, warmly welcomed Mr. Emery, whose name acted like magic on the group. The sun had burst out and dispelled the clouds; velvet hats and ostrich feathers, that a few moments ago were below par, were now at a premium. I introduced the Professor to the aspirants, and I could not but smile at observing the glances of many of my brother officers at the somewhat remarkable costume of our new and valuable ally. His corduroys and top-boots were of the true Whitechapel character; the tie of the yellow silk handkerchief, that did duty for a cravat, contrasted strangely with the formal velvet stocks of the bystanders. In spite of his appearance, his warmth of manner, and the readiness with which he went through the rehearsal, kindly initiating us into the mysteries of his art, soon gained him golden opinions.



Our Doctor's name remaining in the bills, it was necessary, previous to the rising of the curtain, to announce the change, and I requested V —, one of the most active of our dramatic committee, to apprize the house how fortunate we had been in obtaining such a valuable auxiliary.

“ I don't half like to face the people,” he remarked ; “ at all events I must have my hair curled, and put a little rouge on, before I make my appearance.”

Now, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or the consciousness that he was indebted to art for his curls and complexion, that bewildered poor V —, I cannot say ; but, instead of congratulating the audience on the opportunity afforded them of witnessing the splendid acting of a most popular actor, he commenced his address by lamenting the absence of Dr. Whitelaw ; painted, in very lively colours, the dilemma in which we had been placed ; and then, in beseeching terms, implored for the substitute, at least, a kind reception.

Honest *Tyke* would have smiled at this, had he heard it ; but, knowing the powers of the gentleman before the curtain, I kept York out of the way till he was wanted.

Common justice to the memory of this great and natural actor here induces me to add, that, understanding the motive of our performance, he

could not accept the slightest douceur for his services, returning all but the amount of his coach and tavern expenses, in aid of the charity.

One of those sudden announcements to which military men are subject was made to me just as I had fancied my present quarters likely to be my home for some time. The company to which I belonged was to furnish an officer for recruiting in Ireland, and the adjutant of my battalion kindly consented that the three lieutenants should draw lots for the duty. With a somewhat nervous hand I pulled the slip on which my destiny depended, and was so fortunate as to obtain one of the two prizes. On turning to Barlow to announce this, he observed—

“You are easily satisfied, Benson; for, after all, your luck is—*No go.*”

Having promised to pass a day with Mathews, it was arranged that I should witness his “At Home,” at the Lyceum, and that he would take me

Highgate after the performance. The entertainment was “Earth, Air, Fire, and Water,” with the “Polly Packet,” in which I had the pleasure of seeing my friend in the character of Daniel O’Rourke, and hearing him narrate the “Dream,” given by Major Edgeworth to me, and then to Mathews, as related in my first work.

Never were audience apparently more delighted,

or more profuse of applause than on this evening, and I was therefore ill prepared to find my friend's countenance unusually gloomy, and his manner lacking that cordiality I had so frequently found. Observing this, I proposed relinquishing my intended visit, but that made him look black as thunder.

"You surely wouldn't think of any thing so unkind? I have set my heart on your being with me, but — of course — if you're otherwise, or better engaged——"

On my assurance that I could not be so pleasantly disposed of as in his society, we entered the carriage; he threw himself into a corner, and remained perfectly silent. On reaching a portion of our road which, from being Macadamised, permitted conversation the more easily, I ventured to inquire—

"Has any thing happened to annoy you this evening? A more delightful or delighted audience I never saw, and you appeared in very first-rate spirits."

"No, nothing has occurred to worry me *to-night*; it must have been this morning before I was up—I am sure of it, I know it, it can be no other than those infernal——" And here he relapsed into silence.

After passing the turnpike, I again essayed to lead him into conversation, and observed that he must often find the road home lonely, although not dangerous, as I believed it was well patrolled.

"And you think *that* renders it safe, do you?"

Of course it does — every body says so, except one mistaken individual — clever fellow you are — good night — *I know nothing — I'm nobody —*"

"Poo! why not tell me what has happened?"

"Why, but mind, don't say a word at the cottage. I want to conceal — to pretend having given away —"

Again he was lost in reverie, and I determined to let him alone, and patiently await the return of his good humour.

At this moment the footfall of a horse was heard, and a figure, well wrapt up in a cloak, as he approached the carriage, signified his propinquity, giving out, in a deep tone, the announcement of calling — "*Patrole!*"

At the same instant, Mathews let down the visor, popped his head out of the carriage, so as nearly to touch the face of the horseman, and, in a tone of the bitterest rage, exclaimed —

"*CHICKENS!*"

Then, drawing up the glass, he fell back in his seat, saying —

"Now my mind's easy — if that has not astonished you, I'm no judge!"

This was unintelligible to me, and I imagined that the stalwart equestrian might think the craven usage of my friend somewhat inappropriate to the duty of road-side guardians. The *honest* highwayman I feared would doubt the sanity of the carriage traveller who popped forth his head merely to

pose my voice, I asked Mathe.

"I'll tell ye," he said; "I have a set of bantams I ever beheld their toes — and Mrs. Mathe liked them, and Charles liked them, but — however, to-morrow morning, and I feel persuaded fellows on horseback, who pre- property. One of them, that has put all my pretty chickens in a sack, and sold them in Coventry before any body but rogues, and it's natural I should be given the opportunity of carrying the con- beast who bagged my birds."

From the moment when he given vent to his feelings he began. His conversation was more than his supposed triumph had qu-

allowed, but the fortunate arrival of a very agreeable young gentleman, with a name at variance with his age, restored the broken harmony.

The gallery had increased in attraction since my last visit, and Mathews, willing to forget the loss of his cocks and hens, armed himself with a long pole, and excited our hearty laughter by his description of the collection, after the manner of a guide—perpetrating the most ridiculous blunders, as to person, date, and subject.

My late repeated amateurism, my visits to Highgate, had all strengthened my latent love for things theatrical, and I felt it almost a duty to be present at the anniversary dinner of the Covent Garden Fund. Being personally known to many of the stewards, I received greater attention than I could have expected, or indeed deserved; but they almost regarded me as one of themselves, and I was pleased at being so considered.

It is usual on occasions of this sort for the vice-presidents to sit at the table on the *Dais*, and it is expected that some influential persons will occupy the chairs at the heads of the three long tables provided for the guests. More I imagine from ignorance than presumption, Mr. A——, a hatter of Bond Street, sat himself down in the seat of honour at the table at which I dined.

Some son of mischief, who must be nameless,

Mr. A——'s health, a frier  
pare him for returning that

The good man could r  
songs, the bottle, the spee  
own; as he mentally con  
lips moved inaudibly; to l  
royalty! it was an appall  
it may be doubted whether  
by disappointment, when th  
out his having been called  
perhaps he suspected the h  
hall contemning the short r

Our last amateur play v  
at rehearsal, intelligence r  
containing a small party of  
Thames for an out quart  
four poor fellows drown  
children behind them. T  
pretext for again covering

volunteered for the office of "giving out" ended play. We were no way alarmed on re of *his* diffidence, and only hoped that he state briefly and effectively the reason why *is* ventured to

"Strut and fret our hour on the stage,"

an positively to be heard no more. the close of the comedy out stepped our De- nes, and thus he spoke—  
gentlemen and ladies! I have the pleasure to — you — will, I am sure, be glad to hear— consequence of a late opportune affair — in here is a little story attached to it!—another entertainment will be given — to the sur- widows of some gunners of our's — whose ng has accidentally left their orphans to rely or usual indulgence—as we do on your sup- and patronage—at their approaching benefit." sidering the tragic cause of the address, never each excite more genuine mirth, for the r was as ridiculous as the matter.  
r regimental balls were crack things, but no votary to St. Vitus, I had not been bitten larantula. There was a lame dandy Scotsman Engineers, who looked like Coleridge's

"One red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can;"



in fact, he "would dance all night," though — the same conditions as Young's Lemira.

A worthier candidate for the favours of Terpe- chore was that prodigious exquisite S——. O — very cold night, when a warming crowd was expected to tickle the senseless floor of the me- room, he ran to me, dressed for conquest, asking if I would scent his cambric kerchief for him. I promised, took it from the room with me, and, on re-presenting it tightly folded, bade him keep it so till most wanted, as the perfume I had used was very volatile, and would escape as soon as exposed to the air.

All thanks and compliance, he rushed to the scene of action, and not till he had secured a partner, whose heart he hoped to lead by the nose, did he draw forth my charm. What was his amaze, and her disgust, when from it reeked the odour of the strongest possible garlick vinegar ! For some time "the handkerchief" was as unwelcome and irritating a theme between this pair as erst betwixt the Moor and Desdemona.

## CHAPTER VI.

IRISH IN FRANCE — LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH — JAMES THE SECOND — LOVE AND DEBT — A WOMAN — A PRIEST — A RING, AND ITS GUARD — SOVEREIGN BORROWING — THE BALL — BARGAIN DRIVING — DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Our theatrical display had called into requisition all the valuable rings and brooches of my friends, but they frequently found that the hired foil-stones, which looked so trumpery by day, told out more effectively at night than did their real jewels.

This war between false and true elicited an anecdote from Barlow, on which I have since founded a story, changing time, place, and names, to avoid personality.

"Awake, master, dear, and hearken to the bad news I'll be telling you," were the first sounds that broke on the slumber of Gerald O'Donnell, one bleak November morning, as he lay on his somewhat circumscribed couch, in a small apartment of the *Caserne* at St. Germain.

so bould as to rouse you,  
this, with speed."

" *Mille diables !* what fo  
on now ? "

" Whist ! master darlint  
loguing, and enter without

" Folly ! — the Grand  
Superb, or my own King  
in on the privacy of an  
gade."

" Much them devils belk  
commander of his Holiness t  
walk in, and make you walk  
to that sweet place they c  
wonder which of the blaga  
in Paris, and sartainly we  
hadn't time to go and settle  
had the means, so the fau  
order we ont. and not you

place, and to be absent from my post would cost me my commission."

"Och, then good look to them chaps, serjeants they call themselves! you're safe, my jewel, for the next four-and-twenty hours, any way; they n't take you whilst on King's guard, so I'll lead em off the scent, whilst you get drest, and make the best of your way to the parade. Oncet there, and I'd like to see the murthering villian of a catchpole that would dar put the tip of his ill-lookin little finger on the fringe of your epaulette!"

Away hurried the faithful Lanty to mislead the grumidons of the law, and as he belonged to a name celebrated, in a thousand stories, for bothering officials, his master was enabled to reach the parade ground without interruption.

O'Donnel was a cadet of one of the oldest families in Ireland. Their adherence in the cause of James had deprived them of their paternal acres; the head of the house, Sir Theophilus, after witnessing the fall of two of his sons on the memorable battle field near Boyne Water, had followed his titled master to France, and, unable to support his youngest boy, had gladly accepted for him a commission in the Irish Brigade, and shortly afterwards sought a refuge from worldly cares in the monastery of St. Denis. Better would it have been had he watched over his high-spirited son, who, with all

from gloves, anders, &c. Little did he heed, that these obliging M that "they were only too ceiving the commands of as *the* O'Donnel," would e duns, and so attached to t to desire to have him in t might occasionally gratify t the fine bird, in *their* fine bars of his stone cage.

There was an air of triumph as O'Donnel marched his m that attracted the notice of who had assembled, as w hour. None knew the cau guessed that this proud loc the same hour, on the f scurvy *huissier*.

Y of himself he strugg

trance of the palace, could not fail in his present mood to attract his attention ; but when he beheld descend from the carriage a lovely girl, whom he had seen at a ball given by Louis XIV. in honour of James's birth-day, he hastened towards the spot, to gaze upon that beauteous face which had so often appeared to him in his dreams.

An old man, muffled in a *roquelaure*, observing the advance of O'Donnel, drew the arm of his fair charge through his own, and hurried toward the western ; but, ere they disappeared, a glance from a pair of brilliant eyes went to the heart of the young Irishman, and left him transfixed to the spot, gazing after this conquering fair, as though his looks could pierce the solid carve-work of the iron door ; how long he would have retained this statue-like position it is impossible to tell ; fortunately the cry of "*Aux armes !*" roused him from his trance, and he hastened to tender military honours to his exiled King, who, attended by one gentleman only, left the palace on foot.

For many an hour the fair form O'Donnel had banished from his thoughts the dreaded sorrow ; so absorbed, indeed, was he in delicious reveries, as to be scarcely conscious of the entrance of Lanty, and the various preparations he made for the master's dinner."

"Shure and I thought I'd never get shut of them

devils incarnate, but lave me alone in the long run."

"Oh, those eyes!" sighed O'Donnel.

"By me soul, you may say that! I'll engage they'll not be able to see out of them till day's dawn to-morrow, for I've sewed 'em up!"

"And what a form—!"

"They're both lying on the same form, at the caberay where I gave them the treat."

"And such a foot!"

"By Jagurs, but I got the length of it, any way," continued Lanty; "there now, I'll engage there's as pretty a guard-room dinner as heart can desire. A nice tureen of potage de ver, solfrit, and a rotee, whither it's made of beef or pig meself don't know, but I'll engage it smells elegant!"

"Charmante fillette!" sighed O'Donnel.

"Is it a fillet of vale?" asked Lanty. "Ah now, sit down and try!"

"I've no appetite," languidly answered the stricken deer, "after such a feast!"

"Och then, the devil a mouthful you've tasted this blissed day, for to my sartain knowledge we hadn't the vally of a tas de caffey, or a petty pang in the house; but here, the dinner's purvided by the noble Louis, he ought to have been born in ould Ireland for that same ginerosus notion. Musha what ails you, master dear? take your nourishment;" and he poured out a bumper of Hermitage, "that's

a fine glass of wine, I'll be bail, and will cheer your heart; pitch sorrow to ould Scratch, and don't think of them two."

"I can think of nothing else—one of them, at least."

"You're mighty particular, any way : och, I see, sure you mane the principal, and don't care for the follower; but your soup's cooling."

With a sigh deep enough to make a furnace ashamed of itself, the unhappy O'Donnel took his seat, and, for a man over head and ears in debt, and steeped from crown to sole in love, contrived to make a very tolerable dinner, Lanty plying him with generous wine, and saying, with a look of delight—

"Two bottles is the riglar allowance, but I persuaded the mayter d'otel to let me have an extra one, that I may make you a cup of spiced drink the last thing at night, to prevint you draiming about those you don't want to think on; so Master Gerald dear, though I'll clear away and lave you, don't be in Oh dyssyspwar while your're vissy vee by yourself, but drink your wine, whilst I go look after them sleeping beauties, the curse o'Crummell on their karkishes!"

The shades of evening fell on the palace of St. Germans; O'Donnel had drawn his chair close to the rude hearth, watching the crackling logs, and thinking on those bright eyes whose fire had proved



your honour, says it's on ]  
only to yourself."

"Is it man or woman?"  
with some undefined hope sp

"Why then, it's nayther  
for by the same token it's a

"Maybe a message from  
some half-starved monk cra  
admit the poor devil."

"The holy father is any  
please your honour, by the  
you shall judge for yoursel  
door, continuing, "Step th  
the master will have speech

A tall and burly figure, c  
the Franciscan order, advan  
and throwing back his cowl  
lent of good humour and ge  
trace of fast or penance upo

"Benedicite, my son!" said the fat churchman,  
"I crave a short audience with you."

O'Donnel signed for Lanty to retire.

"Is it meself, such a night as this, to lave you widout something to drink? Shure the holy father would like the least taste in life, to keep the could from the heart of him, whilst he's discoorsing wid you."

Speedily he placed on table the cheering beverage, saying—

"Shure, didn't I tould you, the extrey bottle would be convanient?" and left his master to learn the tidings the priest had to communicate.

"My son," said the friar, with an air of mock solemnity, as he filled his glass, "you are blest in a servant—a religious turn of mind can never be better evinced than by a consideration for the comforts of the clergy." After taking a lengthened draught, he continued, "I am but a few days from our dear island, and have made this visit at the express desire of the jovial, open-hearted, hospitable Lady Honoria, now with the saints."

"Dear old aunt Norah dead!" sighed Gerald, smiling through tears at her pleasant image—"Then my father and myself are all now left upon this earth of the once powerful house of O'Donnel."

"Cheer up, my son, in you that house will revive; for you look, to say the least, a marrying man; but listen—your aunt intrusted me to deliver

and the glory, the  
glories of your race, the larg  
has for centuries been the o  
nel family, and which she, w  
about her own person, w  
fathers was given up to pill  
Sathan, the followers of 'O  
Gerald,' were her parting  
ring in memory of days gon

" Her injunction shall  
young soldier, placing his  
the casket, containing this u

" My son," said the fri  
his sacred Majesty, with n  
will joy his heart. Willia  
long usurp the seat of the  
My mission to you is fu  
*not.*"

Replenishing his goblet,  
- parting blessing to his co

is indeed magnificent, and doubtless of great value. I'll wear it the moment I've paid those harpies. I'll wear it under *her* window to-morrow; they say there is an attraction in diamonds that ladies seldom resist."

Such were the cogitations of O'Donnel, whose art was lightened of a load of care.

Lanty was half frantic when he learned his master's unexpected good fortune, called on all the saints in the calendar to bless the Lady Honoria; and before the turret clock struck eight on the following morning, had set off to Paris, in company with his troublesome friends of yesterday, empowered by his master to arrange the various claims existing against him.

O'Donnel, relieved from his duty, devoted more than usual attention to his toilet, and, in spite of the presence of his *valet de chambre*, sallied forth for a promenade in his best suit, his newest plume, and his easiest gauntlets; these he preferred, as he could not resist the pleasure of occasionally pulling out the left hand glove, to contemplate the sparkling ornament that adorned his little finger.

Defying the sharp air, and unwilling to conceal his finely formed figure in a cloak, O'Donnel paced up and down in front of the apartment he imagined he occupied by the enslaver of his heart, but that a glimpse of her could he obtain. Still he per-

ing the salutations, without friends could not meet, to their surprise at finding room, after having been co four-and-twenty hours without deign to comment on at his selection of so dull natural and pardonable *va prise de tabac* for the expense of his comrades. The water of this splendid *bag* sunbeams, than various comment burst from the lips of

“ Superbe !” “ Magnifique !” “ Won at play ?” “ A wonder ?” were the interjections that beset him.

“ *Ni l'une ni l'autre,*” with an air of nonchalance, “ pau-

able, put into his quarters ; the old ones have been burnt for lack of the price of fuel, and all that he may be better dressed than the rest of us. Such anxiety and misery, forsooth !”

These, and similar remarks followed the departure of our hero. Fortunately for the speakers they did not reach the subject of them, or they would have learned that he was the last man breathing who would suffer his name and character to be made a theme for levity ; though having now the power to tell his accidental, unintentional, and unmerciful slanderers, “ By this time, gentlemen, my rascally creditors are all satisfied ” — he might have contented himself with cautioning his friends not to meddle with his affairs in future. Their observations overheard the day before *must* have been *punished*, for *then* they would have been *undeniably true*.

Before sunset the honest Lanty returned from the capital, having executed his mission ; he related to his master how completely he had astonished the various tradesmen by his voluntary discharge of debts they had feared could only be recovered by legal process.

It was whilst rendering an account of his stewardship that the eyes of the faithful domestic first fell on the diamond ring.

“ Saints preserve us ! Master jewel, but that is

a magnificent *bag*. I'll engage Lewy Catose hasn't got such a one to wear on high days and holidays and bonfire nights; but och, what a thing it would be, if by bad luck you were to lose it, or have it stolen from you, either by man or woman! My heart would break at such a misfortunate loss. Get a big iron box, Master Gerald, and lock it up, as though 'twas the apple of your eye—or—I have a scheme that will preserve it from harm's way, if you'll take a fool's advice."

"Out with it, Lanty!"

"Get one made as like it as one pea is to the other, only of false stones, and you can wear the real thing by day, and the substitution at night. Devil a one will ever discover the differ; besides, you may be pushed for the ready coin some day, and you can raise a big sum upon that beauty, and yet make the world believe that 'tis still on the finger of ye."

Lanty so harped upon the expediency of having a fac-simile ring made, that his master acceded to the proposition, and sent the original to Paris for that purpose.

The next day found him traversing the terrace, full of the hope that he should get a glimpse of his charmer, but the same ill-fortune befel him as before; she was invisible. Day succeeded day, and

still he failed in obtaining another sight of her whose image haunted his thoughts.

In due time his ring and its double reached him, the imitation was admirable, and the literal Lanty, on hearing his master express his satisfaction at the false counterfeit, said —

“I wonder was it by baking or boiling they found out the knack of making such sparkling stones out of flour and water?”

The palace clock had chimed six, and Lanty was puzzling his brain with various conjectures as to what could detain his master so long from his dinner, when Gerald entered his barrack-room, his countenance bearing evidence of some recent excitement.

“Musha then, 'tis meself that is glad to see you be back this dark evening — but what ails you tiredly? Something has happened to you, and, holy Paul, the ring's not on your finger; tell me, master, what's gone of it, and what's come of it, that your cheeks are like damask roses, and your eyes glisten like — what's lost for ever, I'm thinking.”

“Fear nothing, Lanty, you shall know all. I was wandering in the forest this morning, tempted by the clear sky and frosty air, when I encountered the Majesty, alone; he greeted me with the most gracious condescension, and signified his pleasure to



speaking on a matter of some moment. It appears that the good Father who brought me the late news from Ireland, has given such details to the Royal James as renders the return of the Friar an object of the greatest consequence, but one obstacle prevented — the limited means of the Monarch did not enable him to despatch the Priest on this important mission, and his Majesty, in lamenting the state of his coffers, without reserve inquired if I could devise some means to assist him in this emergency. Lanty, I have lent King James my ring."

"You'd better say gave, Master Gerald, for sorrow the sight you'll ever get of it again."

"Pshaw! I have the sacred promise of James, that, as soon as Louis opens his treasury in his behalf, it shall be restored; and, as a proof of especial favour, I have received a command to attend his Majesty this evening."

"The laste he could do, I'm thinking; you'll get a petty soupy, or, may be, only a bisky and a glass of Osacray, for what was worth a hundred million of Ecuses."

Our young Hibernian was received with unusual distinction by the Monarch he had served. A brilliant assemblage filled the suite of rooms, and as O'Donnel surveyed the various groupings, he saw the face of her he had so often sought in vain. The especial notice bestowed on him by the King in-

duced the nobleman, who acted as Chamberlain, in the little court of St. Germain, to proffer his services, should they be required, to obtain O'Donnel partner for the dance, which would shortly commence. Gerald eagerly inquired if his new friend knew the name of the lady leaning on the arm of an old gentleman of most forbidding aspect, and learnt that she was the niece of Monsieur Fernet, one of Louis XIV.'s private bankers; that Mademoiselle Angelique was well known to the Chamberlain, and that he would introduce O'Donnel to her at the first cotillon.

This was beyond the lover's most sanguine expectation. The beautiful Angelique was led to the *salon de danse* by the enraptured soldier, and whether or no gratitude interfered with justice in the decision of James, as far as the cavalier was concerned, we cannot determine, but Gerald and Angelique were declared the handsomest couple in the assembly.

We shall not attempt a description of what passed between the young people; we need scarcely say that O'Donnel, being an Irishman, made the best of his time, and that the fair Angelique, without confessing that she had surrendered the citadel of her heart to the gallant besieger, permitted his applying to her uncle for an entrée at their house,

of the banker; a passionate demand of leave to address with the same cold blank as though two hearts were in the affair.

“ Monsieur O'Donoghue Lieutenant in the Irish Guards consists in a ring of son not the match for my niece you retain that bauble, that you are, or have been. Should you ever feel disappointed you will permit me but on the other subject consultation with you.”

“ Will you not allow me from Ma'amselle Angelique the party to crush my hopes

“ Ma'amselle Angelique

at all times induce her to consult my wishes on a matter of consequence. However, to change the subject — I've taken a fancy to your ring."

"Pshaw !" said O'Donnel, irritated by the manner of Fernet ; " why talk about such a thing as this, when a jewel beyond price is what I seek to possess ? "

" Once more, pray let me beg your silence on that theme ; for the rest, a thousand crowns must be of more value to you than a mere toy ; at that price it is mine."

" That price," rejoined O'Donnel, " were about as much too low for the diamond this *appears*, as it is too high for *paste*."

" Paste, indeed," echoed old Fernet ; " come, my friend, I happen to know better. Why, King James once wanted me to advance him a certain sum on that enticement, but I never lend even on such terms."

" Well," laughed Gerald, " you may be a better spy than either his Majesty or myself ; of course we know that no one would suspect *him* of an attempt to raise money on a paste ring—yet, if you really believed this *diamond*, why did you refuse the royal request ? and why do you now offer me so mean a sum ?"

" Perhaps," drily retorted the banker, " to bribe you out of your silly suit to my niece."

"You would fail, then, if you forced a diamond mine on me, in exchange for this — *paste* ring."

"Ha, ha," sneered Fernet, "you adhere to that story, fearful of being robbed of your only treasure; trust me, it will be safer in my custody."

"At least, *you* will not rob me of it, if you pay one thousand crowns."

"Which I will do," promptly answered the *millionaire*, eager to overreach this *inconsequent*; he seized a pen, and wrote, adding, "Give me your *paste*, and this order on my house in Paris is your's."

"My servant waits without, let him and one of your people witness the transaction," said O'Donnel, gravely.

"With pleasure," sniggered Fernet, calling in a clerk devoted to his interest, at the same moment that Gerald summoned Lanty.

"Here, Lucas," said the banker, "I give Monsieur O'Donnel one thousand crowns for the ring of which I told you."

The man smiled his felicitations at his master.

"Which *I* say is *paste*, Lanty," firmly uttered Gerald.

"Mark that, Mounseers," cried Lanty; "divil a harm to the master's *cha-racter*, if he takes the gould *now* — though 'tisn't as much as I'd say by his as offers, if the thing *should* be rale."

"That's my affair," said Fernet.

"*Bien*," added Gerald, mischievously; "then let grasping obstinacy find out the mistake at leisure."

"When *I* call it paste," concluded Fernet, hastily withdrawing the ring from our soldier's finger, "then you may claim my niece and her dower, sir; take my order—Lucas, I have made a bargain!"

"May you always be as content with it as I am!" said O'Donnel; and pocketing the order, he walked away—followed by the exultant Macarthy.

That very evening Gerald was again sent for by the King. Louis, learning the straight into which his royal brother had been driven, had gently hidden him for not having applied to the friendship of France, and forced on him an addition to his usual allowance, which enabled James at once to reclaim and return the O'Donnel ring.

Next day, Gerald, again chatting with his fellow soldiers, was joined by old Fernet—our hero, aside, and in English, bade one of his friends rally him on the loss of his ring.

"Ha," commented the banker, rubbing his hands, "that diamond Lucas has taken to a Paris jeweller, from whom I expect every moment to receive *rather more* than I gave you, Monsieur."

"More or less," said O'Donnel; "I told you it was paste."

...ing his glove.

"*Diablo !*" exclaimed I  
actly alike ?"

" In all but value," qu  
my King and myself, th  
Fernet ; and, considering  
which his manner of receiv  
niece has laid me, it is nat  
should part with my *fan*  
*third* of its worth, with  
he offered did credit to his  
take advantage of a brave m  
moment when he is baffl  
hopes."

" What mean you ?" de  
Gerald could reply, Lucas,  
closely followed by Lant  
with —

" Oh, Monsieur, you ha

"Bless me!" said Gerald, coolly; "were you young, and a man of rank, sir, I ought to take satisfaction for this doubt of my word, given you before two witnesses. As it is, I suppose you know what your attempt at — I may call it — defrauding me of my diamond, here, has placed *your* reputation entirely at *my* mercy."

"That it has!" chimed in the O'Donnellites.

"Och, the negur!" shouted Lanty, "cotched in his own trap."

"Of course," continued Gerald, "I shall feel it my duty to apprise both our sovereigns of the facts, lest they should imagine *me* capable of passing counterfeits. It will be nothing new for a *negociant*, a *marchand* to have attempted a similar transaction; but the name of an officer of the Irish Brigade must not suffer unjustly."

"Certainly not," coincided Gerald's amused commenters, while Fernet and Lucas stood

"Meet statues for the Court of Fear."

"It is paste, then," sighed the aged man.

"If you admit that," took up the lover, "you know what follows: you said before your own man and mine, that when *you* called it so I might claim *your* niece and her dower."

"You did that, you old Jew—as I am ready to testify," said Lanty.

"Poo," cried one of Gerald's friends, "the



*canaille* care nothing for breaking their words; if they were men of honour, no witnesses were needful."

"Monsieur O'Donnell," pleaded Fernet, attempting to laugh, "I own that—even in your candour you have been too deep for me—honesty, it seems, is the best policy, after all. I assure you my only wish was to procure, at the highest sum I could afford, a present fit for my dear Angelique—what I have purchased of you is unworthy of her acceptance."

"Oh, sir," said Gerald, "this statement accords but ill with that of your having striven to sell the ring. Its original shall be Angelique's when she is mine; pray wear the copy yourself, for my sake."

The merriment of the juvenile hearers was now so boisterous that the uncle was fain to retreat, leaning on the arm of the lover—and hoped to hush up a story so little to his own advantage, by bestowing Angelique and her fortune on the gallant son of Erin; but no sooner was she the "fast married" Madame O'Donnell, than Lanty, and wags of a higher grade, including Louis XIV. himself, revived the tale, to the constant annoyance of Monsieur Fernet, who, to his dying day, had to bear the sobriquet of **THE DIAMOND MERCHANT.**

## CHAPTER VII.

TURN HER OUT—A SHAKSPERIAN TREAT—"MR. GREEN, FROM THE CITY"—A FANCY DRESS IS A CROWN TO ITS WEARER—LET IT BE CHANGED—THE MOURNER—HAVING A CALL—DOUBTS OF MY OWN IDENTITY—TOO FAR NORTH—PLAYING AULD NICK—ENJOYING THE FRUITS OF IT.

BUT to return to our own times. The feeling rakened in behalf of our poor men's families was great as to insure us a crowded audience, and theatrical exertions terminated most brilliantly. It was about the middle of the month of May, it, being in town, I resolved on visiting Covent Garden Theatre. My face was pretty well known the boxkeepers, one of whom I asked for a front it, near the stage. He looked at his list, and d me the two front rows of the stage-box were ten by a Mrs. White, but he could give me a ice in the next. The first act was just ending, ten the stage-box door was opened, with the ual announcement of "Company!" I saw a ut female stride over the benches, and take her it close to the proscenium pilaster. I did not, at

first, look at her face, as her head-dress attracted my attention ; a white satin hat, with a plume of three white ostrich feathers on one side, and three scarlet on the other. She was followed by two male friends and one female.

Scarcely a moment elapsed, after the arrival of this party, ere a voice from the *gallery* roared out "The Queen ! Queen !" This rallying word of disloyalty and scoundrelism was taken up by a few "sweet voices"—but, the Brandyburgh bubble had burst ! "Unsunned snow" was found to be very unsavoury mud. The scream at sight of Theodore, and the fainting Flyn, had not been lost upon the public. "God save the King" was called for, and the name of the monarch strongly accented; at the conclusion of the anthem, cries arose in the pit of—

"Go home, ma'am ! you're drunk ! Go to Billy Austin ! Where's Bergami ?"

Some expressions were used which I shall not repeat, but which the wretched woman had drawn upon herself. She endeavoured to face the storm ; it would not do ; the groans and hisses redoubled ; at last she rose, and made a hasty retreat : her exit was hailed by a loud hurrah. God save the King was again sung with the most unequivocal marks of devotion to his person, and the entertainments proceeded as though no such event had occurred.

a Blackheath ball I was introduced to a gentleman who invited me to visit his father's picture gallery, and speedily I availed myself of his politeness. I was little prepared for the treat afforded. The best pictures from the celebrated Shakspeare gallery, instituted by that patron of English literature, Alderman Boydell, were here collected.

The worthy proprietor—a portly, noble looking, good man, who acted as guide—boasted, with some exultation, that he had entertained most of the royal Academicians at his board. With him, Fuseli, Northcott, Barry, Opie, and Louisa were “household words.” I was charmed by the unaffected candour with which he would quote his opinions, not as spontaneously his—in a style not very creditable, not only to his verbal memory’s accuracy, but his deferential appreciation of every syllable *there* uttered by his superiors in rank; he said that he had loved pictures, but could not judge of them; when he began to purchase, however, the painters had given him some taste. For instance he ran into rather a singular error. Shewing us a miniature of his daughter, and saying whether the lady was absent, altered, or dear, he expressed his extreme value for it. His sister naturally observed—

“I conclude, then, it must be a very faithful representation.”

" Few people think that, Miss," admitted Mr. Green, " but look at the finish — the execution! 'tis done by the celebrated Ozias Humphreys."

Refreshments, including the choicest wines and fruits, were brought to us, and his female guest presented with a bouquet of exotics, ere we took our departure. All this told well for our host's paternal feelings too; we were only known to him as sent by his very amiable son.

To the honour and glory of old England, that " nation of shopkeepers," as the envious Corsican pleased to call us, the proprietor of this gallery was neither more nor less than a tea-dealer in Gracechurch Street. Show me any country in the world that can produce such princely merchants as our own dear little island! 'Tis true many splendid accumulations of painting and sculpture were to be found in France, but they were the property of military chiefs, who disgraced the name of soldier by the acts of brigands; plunder has enabled our French neighbours to boast of collections; the wealth acquired by enterprize, honest industry and a desire to promote native talent, had been the foundation of this truly English gallery.

If I remember rightly, it was Lord Ligonier who, when Master-General of the Ordnance, issued a request in the orderly book, " that the Officers of Artillery would be so good as to mount guard

their uniform." In after times it was considered necessary to be attired regimentally, both on and off guard. The only man in the garrison who was anxious of sporting a fancy costume, instead of the becoming dress of the Horse Brigade, was George —. A white jacket, with blue facings, no crease or any mark of distinction, except a staff hat and willow plume, he imagined could not fail to attract the eyes of the fair, as he cantered about the neighbourhood; and he adopted this singular dress at the expence of considerable bantering and teasing by the officers of his troop.

George B—— had called one morning to pay a visit of condolence to the Brigade Major, when a servant brought word that a party below stairs requested a pass to see the Arsenal, sending up their cards, in proof of their respectability. Lloyd, after peering at the pasteboard, which bore addresses in Salisbury Square, Lothbury, and other similar quarters of the city, asked George to write the pass, and he would sign it. This done, B——, who was in the main a good-natured fellow, ran down stairs to give it to the applicants. A burly man, perhaps Deputy of a ward, or may be—

"Knight, Alderman and Colonel of the Yellow!"

received the paper, and slipping a crown piece into George's hand, said—

"Thank you, young man, there's a trifle for your civility."

B——, who was a scion of nobility, (I forget on which side the blanket) was as turned to stone by the magic power of the *tip*; he stood speechless, wonder-struck, at the extraordinary mistake committed by the citizen — ere he recovered himself the party were out of sight, and he returned to Lloyd in a state of utter bewilderment. To be mistaken for an orderly, to have a dollar *slipped* into his hand, by a man who kept a shop — it was too much! — what event would happen next? the Millenium must be at hand!

The invalid enjoyed the perturbation of poor George, who most unguardedly related what had befallen him to some of his intimates, little imagining the unmerciful use they would make of his confidence. One would slip a penny piece into his hand, saying—

"There's something for your civility, young man."

Another would stop and ask if he would be good enough to get him a pass to see the Arsenal? a third would call after him, "Orderly!" and, to crown all, Smith, of the Drivers, provokingly remarked—

"Well, I'm neither handsome nor high-born, but I flatter myself that nobody could tip me for

an Orderly. By Jingo, B——, you will make a fine income out of that disguise."

All this George bore with great patience, but still continued to sport the dress which had been the origin of the citizen's blunder; at length some friend pointed out the absurdity of his adopting such a habit, and assured him that, as long as he wore it, he would be liable to be mistaken for "any thing but a gentleman"—the white jacket was therefore reluctantly laid aside.

On the 4th of July the news from St. Helena created as great a sensation in our garrison as in any other part of Europe. Napoleon, the mighty eagle, had expired in his rocky prison. So many gallant fellows were congregated, who had fought against this great child of fortune, in various memorable fields, it was not to be wondered at that little else was talked of, but the extraordinary history of the man who, from "a Lieutenant of artillery," became the arbiter of Europe's fate, leaving and excepting that atom of her, our own dear England.

Being somewhat of a relic-hunter, I certainly visited a Captain of our's, who, on board the *Northumberland*, had often the honour of playing at Whist with the illustrious captive, and, on one occasion, won from him four points. These cards, bearing the name and effigy of his card



antagonist, he has, I understand, carefully preserved, with an inscription engraved on the rim, "Won of the Emperor at whist, by ——" with his name and the date.

Calling on a valued friend in Gray's Inn a day or two afterwards, I was somewhat shocked to perceive him attired in mourning, and hastily demanded if he had lost any of the branches of his family that were known to me ; without saying a word, with a solemn air, he led me to the door of his inner chamber. The curtains were closed ; a dim, religious light pervaded the apartment. At the extreme end I observed a couch, on which, at first sight, nothing but white draperies were visible, by the light of wax-tapers placed at the head. Laying his finger on his lip, my friend led me closer to this funereal arrangement, and I beheld the *marble* countenance of the deceased Emperor, reposing on a pillow, the sheets and counterpane so arranged as to convey the idea that they covered a body.

"There is the friend I mourn !" said the eccentric ; "kneel with me, and pray for the repose of his soul."

This was said with such extreme gravity, that I began to entertain fears for my friend's sanity ; I determined, however, to humour him, and preserved the utmost decorum. The mourner rose

on the side of the couch, threw open a curtain, and said —

“ I knew you were coming, so prepared this day for your express gratification. I think Bertrand himself, sir, could not have done it better. I wish my friend Robert William Elliston could see these solemn rites. His tears would flow copiously — But, to change the melancholy theme, will you stop and dine with me ?”

“ Thank you, I’m engaged to your neighbour, Raymond, where, perhaps, I may see you in the course of the evening.”

“ You may rely on that,” answered the Bonapartist ; “ we are seldom apart.”

I dined at the chambers of the intimate above named ; he was engaged to an evening party, but volunteered dropping me at Lincoln’s Inn, “ to dine at Kennedy’s call.” I did not then quite understand these technicalities. A Mr. Kennedy had been called to the bar, and given a dinner in hall ; after which refreshers would be welcome to share the drinkables. We went, and, to my utter amaze, my introducer presented me as “ Mr. Mackay of Edinburgh,” (then performing at Drury Lane). Here I could contradict, Graham, Clarke, Burchall, and others, who knew me, warmly welcomed Mr. Mackay, whispering —

“ Keep it up, or we’ll never forgive you ! Hoax the lawyers, in return for past favours.”

What could I do? above two hundred members of the learned profession, among whom were some of its leaders, graced the hall. There must be Scots among them, and I had never then visited Caledonia, nor seen the man I was to personate; yet my familiarity with many of his countrymen, emboldened me to bother the big-wigs, though I own an Irish character would have been easier for me to sustain on the spur of the moment; but, unprepared as I was, I took my seat at the Vice-Chancellor's table, with bowing humility.

To reassure me, "Mr. Mackay's health" was proposed in a speech, neatly complimenting "the unaffected modesty of real genius;" of course I must return thanks, and rising with a Hem, said gravely —

"Mester Kennedy, and gentlemen! though I'm rackoned, in Embro,' no that ill at reciting the thochts of ithers, fra a prent buk, 'let no yer fules say mair than is set doon for em,' as Shakespeare says; in my ain puir language I've na poor ta express, just my sense o' the honour dune me—a stranger—by this erudite assembly."

Laying my hand on my heart, I bent my head and resumed my seat, amid the plaudits of the company. I was soon called on for a song, to which I replied with great simplicity that I was "no engaged for the operatic business, but

'ould try one verse of some wild ditty o' my native  
ills."

A Scotch gentleman now addressed me.

"Ye're personally acquainted with Sir Walter,  
believe, sir?"

"He has condescendingly noticed his ain  
lailliee, as he has it, sir; and, I am proud to say,  
at me in possession of some facts anent the Great  
Unknown Novels, of which vera few are aware."

"Mr. Mackay," said another, "I've only once  
had the happiness of seeing you in public, but  
when you appeared to me a stout, elderly man."

"'Tis my vocation, sir; art, trick, stage effect  
—whiles I can so disguise mysel that — but it wad  
na become me to boast. I dinna wonder, however,  
that you are surprised at my change."

He could not be more so than I was myself.

My supposed countryman had lived long enough  
in London to lose the accent, but, anxious to shew  
that he could still appreciate it when purely spoken,  
now said—

"You hear, gentlemen, what a different thing  
is real genuine Scotch from the blundering carica-  
ture of it so often imposed upon the public by  
cockney players. I ask you, is there any thing  
either harsh or drawling in the intonation of the  
true North Briton who has just spoken?"

"No, no! 'tis perfect, admirable, natural me-  
lody!" shouted my friends.

At last one of the elect ;  
ing it his duty to claim the  
for a gentleman who had  
lessly contributed to the  
who, committed by the off  
had supported it with unp  
unstudied acting, in which  
had he been present, need  
therefore begged to propo  
Benson Hill, of the Artiller.

The legal worthies filled  
like young Pottengin, when  
of Beefincrantz and Puddin  
tinct notion of its cause.  
not where, nor who was t  
what he had done to merit  
*drunk*, however ; and, agai  
the accent, to throw myself  
court.

senting myself to my sister, who sat up for me, like one of Malcolm's soldiers, when "Birnam wood was brought to Dunsinane;" but, oh, the day after! had Leander practised swimming with half the perseverance of my head, he'd never have drowned.

## CHAPTER VIII.

NO CORONATION—A ROYAL BANQUET—AN AGONY COACH—  
TINTS NOT IN THE RAINBOW—PRINCE HAL AND HIS FOL-  
LOWERS—FILIAL DIRECTIONS—THE MINORS—A GIG—LOVE  
OF LIVE STOCK—MORE CROWNING JESTS—PAGES—OF LINES  
OMITTED IN REPRESENTATION—QUEENLY OBSEQUIES.

THE Coronation now occupied public attention. I had made arrangements to view the procession from the Hall to the Abbey, and anticipated that my love of sight-seeing would be amply gratified, when, to my extreme annoyance, I found that leave of absence was not to be obtained from headquarters. Certain intimations made it necessary that a portion of the Garrison should be on the alert, in case of accidents—my company was included in the arrangement. I afterwards learnt that I had to thank "Carrurlyne" for my disappointment.

Gladly did I listen to an account of this splendid day, from the lips of one fully competent to enter into all the details. Captain (now Sir Henry) Cipriani attended in his official capacity,

and I am indebted to him for an anecdote connected with the ceremonial which I have before recorded, but which I hope may not prove out of place here. With the preliminary details I had previously been familiar.

Between thirty and forty years ago, you could not pass through Holborn, during a certain portion of the year, without observing a string of carriages drawn up near a large house, the upper floors of which appeared magnificently furnished; and the groups of well-dressed people seen going in and coming out could not, if you had a grain of Eve's curse in your composition, but make you ask who it was that received so many fashionable visitors in such a dingy district.

You were informed that the celebrated Mrs. Williams, the renowned caster of nativities and teller of fortunes, honoured Holborn by residing in it; and if you were lucky enough to meet amongst your male friends one who had paid the lady a visit, you heard that she was a very handsome, though somewhat dark woman. The females differed on the subject of her beauty, influenced, doubtless, by the good or ill fortune foretold to them.

Amongst the numerous applicants to this risky Lilly in petticoats, she had the honour of numbering the Prince of Wales; and, although



his Royal Highness endeavoured to preserve a strict incognito, he was hailed by his title on entering the abode of astrological research. The Prince did not scruple to tell the result of his visit.

“ The lady informs me that I shall live to be King, although my stars decree that I am not to be crowned. ]

In the autumn Mrs. Williams usually visited the various resorts of fashion, Bath, Clifton Hotwells, Brighton, &c. ; and it was during her sojourns at the two former places that what I am about to relate occurred.

No sooner was her arrival known in the city of Bladud, than her doors were besieged by persons of all classes ; as it had been duly announced that a simple consultation was within the reach of the humblest, whilst an examination of the heavenly bodies to ascertain whether or not your star was in the ascendant must be remunerated by a price too exorbitant for the superstitious in the middle walks of life.

Amongst the first who found themselves confronted with this awful personage were two young ladies of family ; the largest douceur was tendered ; and our Cassandra commenced turning over the leaves of the mystic volume. Suddenly the book was closed, and she started abruptly

from her chair. Then, leading one of the girls aside, she said impressively to her—

“I am too ill to take any trouble for that poor dear child to-day; you must leave me now, but only on this condition, that *you*,” and she grasped the hand of her auditor, whilst her dark eyes seemed almost lit up by supernatural fire, “you must solemnly promise to come to me to-morrow, yet what will have chanced. ’Tis well—now, go!”

Faithful to her word, the terrified girl returned the next day.

“I ask not for your companion of yesterday,” exclaimed Mrs. Williams, “she is dead!”

A burst of tears from the afflicted friend confirmed the fatal sentence. This fearful tale was speedily told, and hundreds flocked to look upon and consult the same mysterious oracle.

The late Countess of M—— conceived it possible by a simple artifice to puzzle the conjurer; and accordingly attired herself in humble garb, taking with her the well dressed governess, on whose finger her ladyship had placed her own wedding ring. A guinea was tendered by Miss ——, whilst her mistress, trying to assume a rusticity of manner, dropped a curtesy, and offered a crown piece. Their separate palms were scrutinized by Mrs. Williams, who, after a brief investigation, turned to the matron, saying,

"Why do you suffer that woman to wear your ring? is it not enough that she has already usurped your rights? Ay, blush and tremble, girl."

Mrs. Williams was right.

An elderly maiden lady had lost many articles of plate, jewellery, and wearing apparel. Their unaccountable disappearance had caused the most serious uneasiness to her housekeeper, a trusty creature, who never left the house, except on a Sunday evening, to attend Lady Huntingdon's chapel; but, whose stay-at-home habits were broken through by the sudden determination of her lady to visit Mrs. Williams, in the hopes of obtaining some information respecting the missing property. The pious domestic talked about tampering with Satan, — Saul, and the Witch of Endor, in vain.

Miss F—— had made up her mind to go; and, what was more, to take her good Sally with her, as spokeswoman on the occasion; the excellent spinster being of a nervous and timid temperament. They reached the dwelling of the Sybil; Sally gave the fee, and a list of the lost articles, adding—

"We shall be happy to pay you twice as much if you will assist us in finding them."

"*We* and *us*, woman!" said Mrs. Williams. "I wonder how *you* ventured to come to me,"

When turning to the alarmed mistress she continued, 'there stands the thief!'

Down dropt Sally on her knees, confessed the fact; and, in consequence of this information, the house of the pew-opener of her favourite chapel was searched, the property found, and restored.

The Hotwells was the next scene of action.

Amongst the various extraordinary circumstances which occurred during her residence on Bowry Parade, one will suffice. A gentleman, holding a situation of considerable emolument in the Custom-house of Bristol, determined to procure, from so celebrated a votary of the planets, his horoscope; and, on presenting the usual merdon, was desired to call on the following day for the important and scientific document. He did so, and found the lady in a most perturbed state. She appeared to be nearly overcome with strong emotion, as she bade him take back his guineas, and never, if he valued his happiness or respectability, look on her again.

Mr. O—— was a young man, certainly ten years younger than the handsome woman who so strangely forbade him her presence; and he was withal a nervous man. Apprehending that sickness or death were to befall him, he besought to know the worst at once.

"Neither ill health nor dissolution is threat-

ened; enough that disgrace, misfortune, and misery hang over you, unless you fly this moment, and pause not till you have placed half the world's distance between us."

"Why, what have I to fear from you, gentle and beautiful as you are?" demanded the alarmed O——.

"Leave me, leave me," replied the equally agitated fair, "and for once defy the malign influence of the stars, whose aspects now threaten destruction to both of us."

"At least inform me what shape the impending evil assumes. I will not quit you till you have so far satisfied me."

"Listen, then, and tremble! All last night was I engaged in casting your nativity; in vain I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had miscalculated a most important event. Still there it was, as plainly written by the hand of Fate as was your birth and mine; and thus it stood—that before the moon waned *you were to become my HUSBAND!*"

Her prediction was fulfilled. In three days Mr. O—— was married to the widow; and, in less than six weeks, he found himself in jail, loaded with the debts of his wife, who had deserted him, and resumed her former name.

I now come to the fact known only to one or two

who were in the immediate confidence of George IV., and which was related to me by Sir Henry, to whom the remark was addressed ; his official duties bringing him close to the person of his Monarch at the coronation.

No sooner was the crown placed upon the royal head, than, turning to his old and faithful servant, his Majesty said, exultingly,

"Cipriani, Mrs. Williams was a false prophet!"

And here I will take the opportunity of mentioning, from the same authentic source, an instance of the King's extraordinary acquaintance with circumstances and situations in which he could hardly ever have been personally placed.

It will be remembered that, in the year 1811, the royal family of France, residing in England, were invited to a banquet at Carlton House by the Regent. The Prince, with his usual exquisite tact, had caused a drawing-room to be fitted up for the reception of the Bourbons ; hung with blue satin, powdered with fleurs de lis—a gracious compliment which was not wasted on the *senti-ment* of the exiles. The Count de Lisle (Louis VIII.) Count d'Artois, (afterwards Charles X.) and all the members of the unfortunate race, had, with one exception, assembled. The dinner hour had arrived. Cipriani was on duty in the en-

trance-hall, the Prince suddenly appeared, and asked—

“Has the Prince de Condé arrived yet?”

“No, your Royal Highness.”

“How provoking! We only wait for him,” and he rejoined his guests.

Ten minutes passed—at their expiration the Regent again inquired for his expected visitor—still no news of his arrival.

“Cipriani,” said the anxious host, “I feel convinced that the Prince de Condé has got into a hackney-coach, and the constables won’t let him pass. Do step out, and see if it be so.”

The Exon obeyed—sure enough he found the venerable Condé in number two hundred and something; his diamond-buckled feet in the straw, and constables, one to each horse, telling the Jarvey that he must put his fare down in the street. The baton, carried by the official, soon acted as a passport for the rattling vehicle to approach the gates; gladly claiming the arm of his deliverer, his infirm Highness mounted the steps of the palace, where he was speedily welcomed by one of the noblest hosts that ever presided at festive board.

How came the Regent to know so much of hackney-coaches and constables? “It were inquiring too curiously to inquire so.” If his

maiden daughter, in her teens, once deigned to use a street conveyance, why not her father, in his twenties?

When I was a cadet, my friend Cipriani commanded the Huntingdon Militia at Woolwich; I observed to him the singular circumstance that all the other officers of the regiment were Captains White, Green, Brown; Lieutenants White, and Gray; and, I believe, an Ensign Black; he replied—

“Yes, my dear boy, we are a small body, but, I hope, in garrison or the field, we shall never be so unfortunate as to lose our *Colours*.”

My sister and self found our way to town in a “yellow post-chay,” to witness the Second Part of Henry IV., got up at Covent Garden, for the ostensible purpose of crowning the Prince, whose early foibles, and subsequent glories, seemed, to the loyal, coincidences with the character of George IV. But, though the well-timed spectacle of a coronation was “a great feature,” nothing had been omitted that could render the whole performance worthy of its Shakspearean Theatre and management. Two idols of mine, indeed, seemed ill-cast. Fawcett’s manner was too harsh and dry for “sweet Sir John;” I should have preferred Yates’s; and Farley’s Pistol to Blanchard’s. Farren was Shallow, and did justice to the



name. Emery presented an "eloquent Silence;" glorious were his drunken scraps of song, as he rolled about like a sack, under the care of Davy — evergreen Charles Taylor. Mrs. Davenport was not Quickly to be forgotten. Egerton proved himself a good Judge; and Duruset "full bravely fleshed his maiden sword." Macready acted the Sick King to the very death. Charles Kemble's comic scenes shewed with what natural ease he could throw aside his dignity — The serious ones were equally admirable. His look, when Gascoign talks of what the royal rake-hell would feel, if a *son of his own* so transgressed—was "enough to set ten poets raving."

The interview with his brothers, after their parents' death, was the most simply, gracefully touching bit I ever enjoyed, even at *his* hands.

The procession was thronged with handsome men — Hunt, Connor, T. P. Cooke, and others, beside the Prince of Lancaster aforesaid — but their sovereign, as Leigh Hunt says of his Paulo,

"Never was nobler finish to fine sight."

I could prolong the quotation, and in no way flatter the gentleman to whom it is, indeed, so appropriate, that one might fancy the bard of Rimini had drawn the younger Malatesta from the youngest Kemble, barring the "curls of black."

Of the many who delighted me that night, how few yet live ! of those — how few are now in Europe ! of these — the best have retired from the stage ; all, all are growing old. “ Where is the life that late I led ? ” — “ The friends of my youth, where are they ? ”

“ Out upon Time, he will leave no more  
Of the things *behind* than the things *before*.”

Byron. Hem !

It was at a party, given by my friend Raymond, that I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. (now Serjeant) Talfourd ; from that day to the present, whenever we have met, or corresponded, I have found him as unaffectedly amiable as he appeared to me at first sight ; and I feel proud in thus adding another illustrious name to the acquaintance I have already mentioned.

We assembled on this day to the number of some twelve or thirteen, legal men, some of whom are now *leading* men, preponderating in the ratio of eight to five. We had also that clever builder of theatres, Mr. Beazley, who, not content with his fame as an architect, often draws large houses by his talent as a dramatist. Mr. Cooper, of Drury Lane Theatre, was the only wearer of sock or buskin present.

An excellent dinner was provided, and divers ice pails indicated that the wine would be as cool as plenteous ; we had taken our seats at the

of that man who, on an  
said to his laundress (ne  
title bestowed on the res  
of our chambers?)—to o  
mine, on such a night as  
if my father comes, take  
tie him up with the dog

There were few better  
“ Mr. Random must have

“ Cooper,” said Grab  
dibus?”

“ Where?” asked th  
what may it be?”

“ Why, a tragedy,  
success, at the Tottenh  
from its classic beautie  
to the void ground near  
heard it announced for  
tleman. in Roman armo

as," said Graham, "the fellow meant that  
g drama called *Œdipus*."

1, of course I ——"

ee," interrupted Graham, and the conver-  
was changed.

most of this very pleasant day drove down  
lwich, the following week, in company  
lr. Dawson, and partook of the fare pro-  
t our well conducted mess. They left me  
oderate hour, and certainly quite sober ;  
ing to the horse taking fright, and jibbing  
a bank, they were thrown into the road—  
nd suffering some slight contusions, whilst  
panion was seriously hurt.

ublic house was near ; in fact, it would  
icult to select any portion of the road,  
n London and Greenwich, that did not  
such an advantage ; Raymond assisted his  
l and wounded friend towards the house of  
on, intimating that the gig was smashed  
ns.

it?" sputtered poor Dawson, from his  
g dust-filled mouth ; "what a fool of a  
must be then ! But, George, worse than  
I've lost my *gloves*."

mond knocked and demanded entrance—  
nates had retired for the night—after some  
he landlord came to the door, and, seeing

a got two corpses in my way  
going to have every room  
quests—they bean't the ci  
not by no manner of mean  
son isn't far off, they bea  
do let in, dead or alive."

Saying this, the door c  
ner was closed upon the  
the second host, whose  
likeness of the hero of t  
Samaritan, and rendered  
not only to my friends,  
was found still attache  
Tilbury.

It was some time befor  
the effects of this upset.

"The lessee of that m  
the Theatre Royal Doory  
wont to style himself, c

the weight of Royalty, recollecting that George the Third had considered *the* "young Dornton" very like Wales."

In justice to Elliston's memory, it is but fair to say that he produced a spectacle on which the greatest care had been bestowed to render it as like the original ceremonial as possible. It is to be confessed that some of the principal figures in this "counterfeit presentment" strongly contrasted the personages for whom they passed. No ruddy Lane walking gentleman, or heavy baronet, was likely to remind us of the lovely Londonderry, or the eagle Wellington. But the dresses were superb, the royal banquet well-appointed, and the champion, attired in real armour, mounted on a real horse, rode gallantly over the heads of the audience in the pit, performed his devoir, and buckled astern, in a manner that did honour to both man and beast.

The nightly greetings which the mimic monarch received, the burst of loyalty that hailed the placing of his foil-stone crown upon his managerial head, by the Right Reverend Mr. Gattie, who personated his Grace the Metropolitan Archbishop, sunk deeply into the heart of the romantic and susceptible Robert William; he could not resist fancying himself the being he personated. This innocent *monomania* was soon

talked of out of the theatre,—one evening some men I knew were determined to ascertain its extent; they went into the pit; their cheers were long and loud when the Royal form first came in view, every graceful action was rewarded with an approving shout; when he knelt at the faldstool they imposed silence on the audience, but, when he crossed the pit, they clung to the hem of his robe, and enthusiastically uttered “Long live your Majesty!” Overcome by such symptoms of devotion, King Robert, extending his hands over their heads, articulated through tears, “Bless you, my people!”

So completely had the illusion taken possession of this “King of shreds and patches,” that, on retiring to his dressing-room, at the conclusion of the performance, after moistening his royal lips with a copious draught of Madeira, he turned to his acting manager, saying—

“—, you have been a faithful servant to us for many a year, 'tis fit we should mark our sense of your devotion—kneel down;” seizing the wooden sword of state, he gave the royal accolade, then, with a dignified air, exclaimed, “Arise Sir ———!”

Yet, though Elliston's head might be turned by this imaginary exaltation, his heart still sympathized with the lowest necessities of his supposed

cts. One instance of Royal consideration related to me by an actress, as good as she ver, and *was* beautiful.

ere was a period of the Coronation ceremony ick the monarch knelt, for some time appa- 7 in silent prayer, while music and dumb supplied the place of words too holy to be hed in a play-house. A bevy of pretty pages idly around ; and, one night, their august er, from behind his clasped hands, muttered, impressive significance—

Now, if any of you little boys want to—leave resence, and—refresh yourselves—take ad- ge of this interregnum— make your retreat ! do it !—you'll not be missed, only *manage* to be back in good time."

happened that full half of these "little boys" big girls, or rather young women ; into e faces the really masculine pages leered, at ing this fatherly leave of absence, as if it had t—I can't tell what. My fair informant ed as she told it me, and expected an echo my lips—not in vain. What a *petit mot* will imes divert us, without our ever being able plain why !

er the Coronation came "The Ruffian Boy." ernaldi Duval, the bright and terrible," as Opie hath it by Cooper ; with Monsieur



Tonson by Gattie. Those who were not present will scarcely believe that the first act of that since popular afterpiece went but flatly on its first night. I did not stay for the second.

On the 7th of August, it pleased God to remove from this world Caroline of Brunswick, and the fourteenth was the day appointed for the transport of her remains from Brandenburg, on their way to Germany. Business required my presence in London, and my first visit was to my friend Bartlett, at the Foreign Office. Whilst conversing with him, we were interrupted by the sound of fire-arms, and concluded that some collision had arisen between the military and the mourners. In about half-an-hour word was brought of the affair at Cumberland Gate, but, as is usual in all such cases, the most exaggerated report reached us, the slain were multiplied into hundreds, including many of the military.

"My greatest dread," said Bartlett, "is that if Lord Londonderry be coming hither to-day, the wretches may attack his carriage."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried sincerely.

"Oh, they were all as quiet as doves when I *walked* through them," uttered a warm voice near us.

I turned, and bared my head, beneath the fine hazel eyes of the nobleman in question.

like an humble countryman of his, he had got "the more public the more private," and had often found the cool bravery that shone from his handsome face disarm his foes. It was characteristic of his *style* to bestow the gift of silence on the hysterical birds of Venus, and to compare with these emblems of peace a London mob.

Bartlett advised me to return to Woolwich directly, as he thought the news of this terrible deed might reach my sister, and create anxiety; he was obliged to call in Chancery Lane, and, wishing to avoid the mob, I left him.

And here (par parenthèse) I cannot resist mentioning a trait of Lord Londonderry's character, which fell under my observation upon another occasion, proving how little the pitiful attempts of democrats were regarded by him.

My friend Hill of the Artillery, my lord," Bartlett, "was asking for a frank; might we pass on your Lordship?"

"Stay," I said, "I cannot ask such a favour unless you have told his lordship for what and for how long."

Bartlett explained that I wished to send Mrs. Hill, widow of Llandaff's celebrated Bishop, his illustrated pamphlet, in which the Premier's Recollections of an Artillery Officer, vol. i., page 154.

as he wrote the direction  
the dear old lady at Calge

So much courage and  
person so prepossessing,  
John Bull could not be,  
content with such "fai  
*nister.*"

Never had I seen the  
this day, but scarcely I  
Inn, when a dense m  
was seen advancing; the  
them of the lowest and  
their looks were infuriate  
for mischief. The excl  
their lips were fearful.

With the most disg  
oaths they vowed they  
through the city, if the  
out of the coffin, and car

her last home in quiet; but these zealous friends of the "injured queen" hoped that something might arise, in the passage of her body through the city, that might lead to the opening of the well-filled shops and warehouses. That was their object, and they could not but have chosen a more befitting watchword than "the Queen," no matter whether dead or

alive. As to the two virtuous gentlewomen who have since restored that honoured title to the crown, it held in the days of George III.'s reign. And consort.

## CHAPT

A WARNING TO BAILIFFS—S.  
WYE AND WHEREFORE—A  
PERIMENT—BROTHER SOLD  
DREADFUL LAY—LADIES DAY  
PING THE QUESTION—REFUS  
CANDID GRATITUDE—VIRTUE  
DULITY.

I SHALL not minutely  
trips, to play for the ben  
certainly not for my own;  
deserves a brief passing i

A tolerably large party  
Sabbath, to re-unite the  
included Mr. Cooper, from  
friend from Greenwich.

as début, however, our locality furnished me with an opportunity for raising a laugh. The stage of that theatre is exactly over a stream which divides two counties; when the Bums came to arrest me as Tangent, I ran back across an invisible boundary, shouting—

"If your writ's for Kent, touch me at your peril, villains, for I'm now in Surrey!"

It were superfluous to dilate on *how* I was delayed next morning, till there seemed little chance of my getting home in time to do the duties of my table. A chaise was our only resource, and, with hard driving, we reached the place, a quarter of an hour after the appointed period. We found the company assembled, but dinner not spoiled—though *we* were rather overstayed for "scampering about" after our country aliases.

Some grouse had been sent me from Scotland. They ought to have been dressed some days before. I noticed them ere they came up—they did not look half done.

"I can't help it," said Turner, "they won't catch the fire; and they was deadly lovely, in spite o' the stuffing put to make 'em keep."

Their craws were full of heather blossoms, which he had left in, mistaking them for sweet peas. Barlow and I nevertheless composed a

sauce which might have made a man eat his grandmother ; warmed up in this they were devoured betwixt us all—not a soul venturing to call their flavour too *high*.

Having obtained my winter leave, my sister and self bade farewell to our numerous friends, and left Nightingale vale for a visit to the West of England. We both felt regret at quitting a place, which, by some attention, had been rendered so delightful. The garden was full of autumnal flowers, and every where bore evidence of the industry of Turner and myself.

A few days' sojourn in town enabled us to see many of our acquaintance, and to visit the theatres.

We saw Kenney's "Match Breaking," at the Haymarket, an elegant little comedy, in which Terry, Jones, Mrs. Chatterley, and Mrs. Baker, shone their best. This drama had not a long run in London, nor was it ever a favourite in the provinces, though the plot was original, and the language correct—it "lacked bustle"—'twas said—so much for public taste !


I had not been long in the neighbourhood of Bristol, when, one day, calling at the post-office, I encountered an old and much valued friend, whom I had not met for many years, the intimate acquaintance of Sir Alexander Dickson and myself, during our "wars in Flanders."

Mr. Trotter, then commissary, attached to the attering train, was now peacefully residing on the banks of the Wye, and superintending a farm. He introduced him to my family, and received a pressing invitation to visit him. Of this I shortly availed myself.

After a delightful journey, and a pleasant crossing of the Passage, I found the worthy Scotchman snugly housed, with a farm round him, of about eight hundred acres, on Tiddenham chace. Although the estate of my host lay on a flat, or table land, the scenery in the neighbourhood was of very picturesque beauty; the rich and varied tints of Autumn added to the charms of the landscape. After a hearty welcome and lunch, Trotter was obliged to leave me to myself, having affairs, connected with his agricultural pursuits, that would occupy him till dinner. I rambled alone, and soon found myself on the height commanding a view of the Wye; this lovely river is little known to those who rave about the Rhine. For my own part, I am English enough to confess that I should prefer a second visit to this charming district, to encountering the discomforts of travelling on the Continent.

We dined tête-à-tête; the evening was occupied talking over past scenes, and recounting our various adventures since we parted.





black cattle, and peculiar  
imported from his own  
animals appeared to have  
of locality. Although su  
had planted a ring fence o  
Scotch fir and larch; they  
healthy, and promised, i  
to become very respect  
spars.

A singular rock, name  
the first thing we visited.  
Now what the Devil cou  
in a scene so heavenly I  
ture; but there was a ti  
which we walked was  
pality, and the Welsh ha  
rial, ascribed strange fan  
witness his bridge at A  
proofs of his supposed fo

wings of the famous pile, but its reality far exceeded in beauty all that art had shewn me. A great portion of this splendid structure was clothed in ivy, its deep foliage contrasting with the white and time-honoured walls to which it clung. We crossed the ferry, and, led by the pretty daughter of the owner of the boat, entered the Abbey; the extent of the building, the elaborate carving on its walls, the clusters of columns of the most delicate proportions, and the famed southern window, all served to delight me. I scarcely remember to have experienced greater pleasure than I derived from roaming through these ruins, and felt much disposed to protract my stay as long as daylight allowed me to explore odd nooks and corners, worthy of remark; but my friend reminded me that he expected a party to dine with him, and, as I knew they were assembled in honour of my humble self, I was obliged to forego the picturesque, and prepare for the social.

The clergyman of a neighbouring parish and his son, with a retired army-surgeon, practising *amateur*, and some half-dozen of the neighbouring squirearchy arrived shortly after the appointed hour for dinner. We sat down to substantial fare, with excellent Madeira and Port, and, like My Lord Duke's snuff, of my host's

the fine young man who  
now and then I listened  
to the praises bestowed by  
on the extraordinary im  
"the Chace," since it had  
management of my indefa  
friend. I could not avo  
ration of the surpassing  
bourhood, and rejoiced to  
who saw it every day, we  
regardless of the beauties  
attract the attention of a

Broiled bones, and a  
little oysters from Ten  
and genuine Schiedam, v  
at a moderate hour ; and  
inmate of the farm had r

A brilliant autumnal  
forth early. I determin

small bridges had been thrown over the deep gullies that sloped to the river. A huge mass of grey stones, which appeared to have been cast from the plain above us, attracted my attention. The bright beams fell on this avalanche, which glittered with a brilliancy that was not to be seen on the neighbouring rocks. I dismounted to pick up a piece of the shining material, and found that it was what, as a schoolboy, I had been used to call "Plum-pudding stone;" as the lump I had selected would have been but a small slice of its namesake, I put it in my pocket. I must here confess my perfect ignorance of geology, but shall presently show that the curiosity of an ignoramus led to good results.

A succession of ever-varying landscapes was afforded by the winding of the beauteous Wye, I did not think in accordance with the great George Robins. He being some years ago "entrusted" with the sale of "the far-famed Piercefield estate," in his usual style dilated on the value of the property, concluding his description with this astounding intelligence—

"But the Grand Desideratum is the views!"

With the ruins of Chepstow castle, and the quiet old-fashioned town, I was much pleased. A gentleman, who occupied a sweet cottage, mid-way on our journey home, pressed us to

hope you will stop dinne  
ing to me, " you're welc  
I beg your pardon, but c  
tion? This turn of the  
in its course, and I am s  
but you admire it as muc

I cannot resist one mo  
afforded me when the clc

" Now, gentlemen, fil  
know you will both dri  
your pardon — the King

This façon de parler,  
dious on paper, was extr  
The less reason there wa  
the more surely would t  
with his pet phrase.

I accompanied Trotte  
over a portion of the fa

three or four feet above the surface, were covered with moss and lichens ; of course I imagined that to remove them would be attended with too heavy an expense to warrant the undertaking.

To make room for a newly-placed gate, one of these obnoxious rocks had been broken, and I saw that the character of the stone was precisely the same as my plum-pudding specimen. I ventured to suggest to Trotter the possibility that the opposite side of the river might, at some remote period, have been subject to a volcanic eruption, and that, during the convulsion, these stones, evidently unlike all others on his side the water, might have been showered over these fair pastures ; he received my notion with coldness, but I at length persuaded him to try an experiment ; his labourers were sent for, the earth, which, by the way, was of the richest soil, was dug up at some depth round several of the most formidable of these impediments, when, to Trotter's joy and surprise, it was found that much less of rock was below the surface than above, so that, with a trifling labour, the stones could be removed, and the fields reclaimed. I could not but exult that an accidental remark of mine proved of such utility to the landed proprietor.

I took leave of my hospitable friend with the most sincere wish for his complete success in his

our person, when  
heard her queer name, v  
tell, because thereby ha  
without forestalling its

When our County r  
volunteering into the  
(about 1809-10,) the—  
This corps consisted  
prime of life ; soldiers  
beloved by the citizens  
and sociability.

A *fair* specimen of  
Lieutenant from the L  
and lively, but moral  
sample of his brother c

Colin Raby, though  
termed "a strapper,"  
life beardless as he wa  
expurgate the *sobriquet*

no hempen brows, no parsnip-tinted lashes, had been entailed; his features were prominent and noble, with an expression of cheerful thought; but so mild, so pure, so calm, so unobtrusive, that the ladies said "he was worthy to have been a clergyman, like his papa;" while the ladies'-maids *kept on a-wondering* about him, if—and whether—a thousand things, which I have not space to repeat.

When I hinted at him "as a sample of all the rest," I meant all but one. One exception proved the rule; one any thing but unnatural contrast to his fellows, nevertheless, elicited such comparisons as complimented all parties concerned. "The slightest speck is seen on snow;" but the whiteness of the ——shire's repute was not stained by the name which Lieutenant Ulic Carrol had earned; that of a "rollicking lad, a fine creature, all heart." To his quieter brethren he was the foil, the coquettish set-off, *couleur de rose*, no further harm; and if, Austrian fashion, they had reversed the proportions of hue in their dress, sporting cream-coloured coats, trimmed with scarlet, Ulic might have represented the facings; his hardihood would have stood *cuff for cuff*; his uprightness might have *collared* the whole regiment.

Carrol was an animal of dapper figure, and



sign-board comeliness ; black eyes, curls, whiskers, red cheeks and lips, white teeth, each alternate instant visible ; for he laughed at every thing—at nothing ; and was altogether as inconsequent a bit of “ food for powder ” as ever graced the army.

In spite all sentimental doctrines about “ congenial souls,” Ulic’s regard for Colin was enthusiastic ; and Colin, though less ardent, held Ulic as his “ brother-in-arms.” He never lectured the scapegrace, who, for his part, quizzed “ Raby Baby,” and “ Lubin the shepherd,” before the whole mess. But our Damon and Pythias knew each other well, each knew himself too, and that both were known to those above and beneath themselves, in age or rank, as ready to give or take a joke, but incapable either of insulting, or of brooking an insult.

One summer evening, the pair sauntered, in mufti, up the hilly streets, leading from their lodgings near the mess-house, to the down.

“ Smooth-face ! ” said Ulic, “ when I call you *milk-sop*, you know well enough I’d knock down any man bla’guard enough to drame, in his sleeve, that I was brute baste enough to mane any disparagement to your pluck, my Arcadian ! ”

“ Nay,” returned Raby, coolly, “ there’s *one* man who, if *he* dreamt so, you would not knock down.”

"I'd not, sir? who's he then, I'd be proud to  
learn."

"Myself, master Ulic."

"Yourself? by the blessed Bridget, that's a  
loser! but, if you were such a big baby, I *would*;  
—"

"If I gave you time; but, perhaps, I should  
strike first. When you got up again, indeed —"

"Man alive!" cried Carol, "May be I'd never  
get up. *That* would turn all my pluck against  
myself, and smash me entirely; the certainty  
that I must fight with you if get up I did—"

"No chance of that, my hot potato! tho' I  
hope you will fight with me, in another sense."

"What, together, side by side? long life to  
us, that will we! But, faith, you've bothered my  
gimint. By milksop, I only mane—you have  
many more nice ways in spaking, dressing,  
every thing, than even our best-behaved fellows,  
that I'm sure you must have been your mammy's  
pet. How would she be brought to spare you  
from her apron-string?"

"She yielded her own wishes to mine, which  
sprung from a feeling of duty. I am not quite  
feminate enough to be ferocious in my gallan-  
try, as some apparent milksops have been. See  
Alcibiades and Claverhouse!"

"I'd like to see 'em right well. What regi-

raison that bar'rn goin  
a bit of a love pome,  
No matter, my chaney  
lantry. What I mane  
devil among the girls.'

" I must recrimina  
not such a young Mar

" I never *was* at M  
my edycashun?"

" No, *my* Marlow's  
say."

" Oh, another thin  
meant — from famale  
sure, you're at home,  
as awk'ard as our ha  
knocked out, for bein  
But, in the streets or  
me help spaking to  
."

chastise *him*. As for the women, they're never really angry, or if so, easily mollified."

At this moment a very flaunting girl crossed the path of the two *militatres*, and Carol began—

"How d'ye do, my love?"

No reply, but a stare, and toss of the head.

"I say, pretty dear! swate lips you have, I'm fond to belave, but I want to see 'em closer."

"Then want may be your master, for me," retorted the minx.

"Not a bit of it, my darlint," he added, approaching her. "I tell ye, I must—"

"Must?" she sneered. "Must is for the King, not for every fellow as wears his livery. I know your impidint face, though you *are* in plain clothes."

"By the mother that bore me!" cried Ulic, intercepting her retreat.

"*Your* mother, bog-trotter!" quoth she; "your mother might be used to be pulled about, before witnesses, by strangers, whether she liked it, whether 'twas made worth her while or no; but, come anightst *me*, and I'll box your ears, I'll tear your eyes out!"

"Mighty well, Miss; your servant!" said Carol, retiring; but Colin pointedly quoted—

"'They are never really angry,' or 'easily mollified;' try her!"

whom he fell, had not st  
must have rolled down  
pugilist ran giggling a  
hero rubbed his ear, mut

" 'Tis *I* that am *Molly*  
The vicious jade!"

" Yes," said Colin, " every way—*that*. Yet *à*  
*manier qui fait tout*," bel

" Believe what I don't

" Ay, sometimes — but  
men feel that 'there is a  
and think less of the fo  
which it was committed.

excuse any *honest* freedom  
proper manner."

" Prove your words, i  
Carol eagerly. " Kiss m  
meet."

count that for nothing. 'Slips go over again' at boys' play, you know. The next unmistakeably modest woman we meet I will also kiss, and come off unscratched, for it shall be without force; only give me time."

"Time!" said the astonished Ulic; "what, for half-an-hour's flattery, I suppose."

"No, no flattery. I'll tell her the truth, and as few minutes as possible; look to your watch, if I exceed *seven*——"

"Bet ye a dozen of Madara you don't *succeed*," thundered Carol.

"Poo! Subs can't afford such wagers."

"Trash! you're afraid."

"Certain that you'll lose rather."

"Stuff and nonsense! 'tisn't in ye to do it, r."

"Come, if you win, I'll forfeit the Madeira, to be drunk at mess. If the reverse, you shall stand bottle of champagne, to be shared between us at my lodgings."

"Sir, you're the *fairest* of layers. Done with you."

"Done."

It was now twilight; they were in a lonely path on the extensive down, and soon saw a tall, spare, erect figure approaching them, with fearless business-like step. She wore a neat

ably respectable.

“ Hurrah !” laughed  
“ the champagne’s mi  
more) the *râle*, as so  
be your’s, for that  
good-looking nose off

In the days when  
to supply the gaps ma  
were mothers, and w  
Early marriages were  
left single at “ the ye  
wean herself from gir  
for her juniors. Si  
covered the art of g  
vances. Some marr  
century are conqueri  
der creatures are no  
at the same period, th  
daughter I heard sigh

looked less *annuated* than she was, and still stood on the sunny side of forty—I mean the thirty side; though “the sunny side of thirty” may be fifty-two.

Ulic drew out his watch, as Colin, advancing a step or so, bared his head, and, with a serious bow, began—

“Madam.”

“Sir!?” exclaimed the spinster, trumping his full stop by something between the admiration point and the note of interrogation.

“Pardou my abruptness,” Colin continued, “my name is Raby; may I ask your’s?”

“Dear me!” fluttered the prim damsel, “what can you want with my name?”

“Much, ma’am. I am a poor soldier.”

“Poor, and a soldier?” repeated she, in feminine curiosity. “I thought, by your bow, you was an officer.”

“Yes, ma’am, on the eve of fighting abroad.”

“Well, sir, and how does that concern me?”

“Why, ma’am, the eyes of Europe are upon us. Mr. Carol, there, has forced on me a heavy wager, that I shall prove, even with ladies—a milksop. It is for *you* to disgrace me with the whole garrison, or to remove that odium from my character.”

“Me, sir? Wagers are silly, spendthrift things,



shortness."

Carol rammed his knee  
check an explosion of im-  
prudent, but *authentic* sen-  
timent for the catastrophe  
Colin, with insinuating

"Miss Popjoy, that is  
apology must I state  
to——salute you."

"Salute!" she reiterated  
as it were. Gracious bless  
mean to——"

"Kiss you, ma'am, if you

"But if I *don't* please,  
she.

"Then, ma'am, I lose  
tation, that's all; of course

"Ha," she said. "I have  
much grace left. You do

lent a provoking fire. Carol trod on air, as Colin sighed—

“Well, ma’am; say but that you forgive me; beneath the dangers, toils, privations, of a foreign *cam—cam—*campaign, I should not die the happier for having disgusted one of the dear country-women, who have so often sacrificed time and means, tired hands and eyes, to send our sick and wounded——”

“Flannel waistcoats, and—*ceteras*,” interrupted the patriotic Patty. “I’ve made dozens in my day, for ’em.”

“Heaven reward you!” said Colin, fervently.

“Well, I vow and protest,” she admitted, “you seem a steady, pretty-spoken sort of a man. Man? I should say, compared with me, a mere——”

“Baby!” broke in Carol, impulse getting the better of interest.

“True, sir!” she cried.

Raby might be ten years her younger. She went on—

“And then, as one of my native land’s brave defenders ——”

She knew that he never could have seen shot fired in earnest.

He waited for no more, took her hand, gently lifted her black lace, and murmured—

“May I?”

less sonorous. He ne  
but I happen to know.

“Thank you, sir!” g  
with tearful eyes. “I  
there, may behave him

“Bravo!” cried Ca  
mission to follow *his*  
boisterously up ; but l  
her scattered senses, a

“That was not in t  
my hand ; but, Mr. Ra  
self, don’t let him tou

She dropped it. Ul  
ishment from her un-p  
himself with mumbling  
that—

“Modesty had ba  
within the seven minu

Mrs Martha allow

did she peruse the Gazette, with affectionate solicitude. Among the wounded, at one of our glorious victories, she saw—

“Lieut. Colin Raby of the —th, severely, not dangerously.”

“Lieut. U. Carol, slightly.”

Both distinguished themselves, recovered, and drew useful conclusions from the result of their wager.

It was not very long before I heard this story that the now quite elderly Mistress Martha Popjoy gave half-a-crown to a *soi-disant* ex-soldier, because *when* she asked him, “if he had ever served with Captain Raby,” the fellow swore “he knew the gen’leman well, as the bravest officer that ever took King’s pay.”



## CHAP7

EXORBITANT LANDLORDS—A Po  
— THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL —  
CONSONANTS —ONE OF CAREY  
ROAD—A SUPPRESSED PROFILE  
STRUMENTS OF TORTURE—CA'

EARLY in November,  
for London, determining  
way. Having time at  
for the first night at E  
of what I had heard, in  
sexagenarian describing  
tropolis, and gravely :  
stopped for the passeng  
and that they slept the

this occasion. How

edial old gentleman. Seeing us come from the White Hart, he took occasion to hint that they must have made us *pay* there ; on my assuring him that I had no reason to complain of the charges, he replied, " I think I know every inn in England. Did you ever hear what was said by the elder Colman, to the landlord of the Ship at Dover, house, to this day, notorious for exorbitant charges. Well, when Colman was about to settle with the landlord, he complained of having been much disturbed by the rats. Mine host declared that he had tried all sorts of things, but could not get rid of them. The traveller offered, he would take a moderate sum, instead of the sum demanded, and give a receipt, *he* would give *rather*, which should effectually drive away the rats. The innkeeper was really losing custom by the vermin, and complied, when the dramatist concluded, ' Now, just show the rats such *bills* as these, and take my word they will get out of your house as fast as they can, never to return.' "

This pleasant he-gossip also described a curious inn near Coventry—it represented one thick rail stuck erect in the earth, and one lying *on* it,—he had asked its meaning ; his landlady replied—

" Why, sir, the mails to and from London set here. I bade the painter do something to signify the up-and-down posts, and there 'tis, you see, without much trouble."

Late in the evening we reached Oxford, and reposed for the night under the sheltering wings of the Angel.

An intimate friend of our's, who was a member of the University, joined us soon after breakfast, and kindly lionized us over the many attractive sights of this seat of learning.

But how or why attempt to describe the palaces of its High Street, its halls, quadrangles, libraries, galleries, and "theatre?" The view from the Radcliffe, the ivy of Merton, the dancing-water at the end of Addison's Walk, called up a thousand associations of idea. The spirits of the great, who there had learnt or taught, seemed hovering over the scene. We thanked the bygone wars 'twixt "gown and town," the exploits of quondam "bull-dogs," and the umquhile luxuries of "the buttery hatch," to which Philip Massinger might have owed inspiration. When we stood in the Bodleian, we stared as if it had never before occurred to us that there were so many books in the world. The perfume of its Norway oak, its reverend stillness, scarcely broken by the stealing steps of some old hard reader, in tattered academicals, all imprest our fancies.

But the stillest, the most intent student there was well clad, young, handsome—rather pale, grave more than melancholy—with a quiet stead-

fast air, which would of itself have interested our curiosity, even had not our friend, after saluting this gentleman *en passant*, sighed "Poor fellow!" Of course we asked "How and why?—he looks not like one of your *Poor Fellows*."

Our conductor roughed the subject, till alone with me, when he said—

"That youth is well born and rich, but was early devoted to learning; amiable as moral, a legitimate attachment could not interrupt his philosophical career—he wasted little time on wooing. The beautiful girl could appreciate him, and was soon won. By general consent it was arranged that she should reside in a small house which he took *here*; a female friend would be her companion, while her only rivals, books, kept the married *bachelor* from his home. Even on the wedding day he brought her hither, determining to begin matrimonial life as he meant to continue it.

"Nothing could be more rational, more happy! Our gay devils (though really respecting the bride) intended to rally the lover, on the reconciliation he had effected between the contrasted, oft-contending duties owed to Cupid and to Pallas—but—our mirth was smothered—as I feel now. Next morning the husband awoke beside the corpse of his wife."



The narrator indeed looked choking. I was mute till he could conclude.

“Some of us feared he would go mad—destroy himself, fall into a consumption, and die—try travel—pleasure—turn methodist, or atheist—but, as soon as the funeral was over, he came back, just as you saw him—silent but calm; his whole mind seems now given up to letters, for their own sakes; he is not ambitious—speaks neither of the future nor the past. I believe him resigned, but mark me! he will never marry again.”

I shall put forth no common places on “the inscrutable ways, &c. &c.” but gladly quit so sad a theme now, as I did then, and recount one piece of information for the benefit of the curious, which I received from a *very* little old woman, who acted as guide over the Peckwater collection of pictures.

“This is a portrait of that remarkable person, Dun Scotus, who made a vow to copy out the Holy Bible without tasting bit or drop. And, wonderful to say! he performed his task; but, as soon as ever he came to the final S in ‘Finis,’ he dropt down dead. The picture was taken of him whilst he was in the middle of his undertaking, and is esteemed a correct likeness. The book is in the Bodleian.”

Three days passed rapidly, thus pleasantly employed.

Once more in London, I called for the bill of the play, before I had even looked at the bill of fare. But, as it was needful to dine, ere going to the theatre, I paid the latter document all due attention, taking care to name such an hour for our repast as would not interfere with the more mental feast.

As Mr. Puff says, of the "three morning guns," "Give those players a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it." Covent Garden's one—as a stuttering friend of mine used to call it Co-Cock-Coronation, induced the management to crown a hen—the handsome Mrs. Faucit, as the Empress Elizabeth, in the Exile, which was reproduced with quadrupedal splendour. Daran was one of Young's most effective performances. Maria Foote rolled her lovely eyes in spite, and looked delightfully with all her might, above Alexina's thin muslin sleeves, as if the elbows of so duteous a daughter defied even Siberian crabbedness to chilblain them. Fawcett seemed young as his own Lobski—Meadows succeeded in succeeding Liston, as the "finished traveller;" and Farren was the "dancing Governor." more of which anon.

In the equestrian procession, the English Ambassador was always hailed with cheers, which used to make me bless the Gods. The virtue of

theatrical supernumerar  
a nasal twang, and a g  
ployed him to brush coa  
afternoon he much amu  
little patron, who had di

“ I have done all you  
and now I'm going to th  
man as plays the Chancell  
the man who walked in t  
that functionary, “ is too  
to go on for his character  
my hair curled, Miss Mil  
my sister.

I cannot here resist the  
another speech of Perrin's  
digression. He once asto

“ If you go to see Cher  
so good as to observe the  
of them as makes the w

As I hoped to pass some weeks in town, and new, from long experience, that residing at an hotel was not the most economical arrangement, secured comfortable lodgings in the Adelphi. Our friends soon came about us; the day after we had taken possession of our new quarters, on the departure of one amongst them, our landlady invited my sister into her chamber, and said—

“Well, ma’am, I knew Mr. Yates, and Mr. Cooper, off the stage, directly; but I never saw such a difference as dress or daylight makes in Mr. Farren.”

“Indeed!” quoth her hearer, carelessly.

“Why, bless me, don’t *you* think so, ma’am? At night he looks an elderly man, with light blue eyes, and lips, thin legs and voice,—yet, when I let him in here, just now, I found him the sweetest young gentleman! I showed him to our people, as he went out.”

An indifferent nod was the only reply.

“I mean when he had been to see *you*, ma’am,” persevered Mrs. Bayley,—“He told me to say Mr. Farren—thinks I to myself, if you’re Lord Dingleby, stage-effect is downright magic.”

The good woman had mistaken the name murmured to her; it did somewhat resemble that of the “triumphantly careering” comedian, but belonged to

“Love turned a Lieutenant of Artillery;”

one of the most gentlemanly of our *boys*, in aspect somewhat between St. Pierre's Paul, and Romeo. Our hostess must have fancied a playhouse fairy land, indeed, if she for an instant believed *him* capable of looking like Sir Peter.

The servant maid of this house was one of the civilest creatures possible,—we liked her, and she soon became attached to us, as what follows will exemplify. Letting me in, one evening, she said—

“ I beg pardon, sir, but here has been a man after you—on business.”

“ Where from ? ” I asked.

“ Carey Street, if you please, sir.”

“ What did he want ? ”

“ Why, of course, I don't *know*, sir ; but I was frightened about you — because—”

“ Because why, child ? ”

“ Because — he was rather in a red waistcoat than otherwise.”

The girl had been in our parts, where bailiffs, with disinterested benevolence, wear that badge, by which debtors may know and avoid them. She knew, too, that there were several lock-up houses in Carey Street ; but the caution *was* needless for me, just then ; and, in fact, the *man*, as it proved, had brought but a message from my friend Raymond, whose chambers were in the neighbourhood.

The kind damsel, under her first impression, might suppose me obliged to get out of the way, by my departure the next evening for Bath.

I had received a letter from my friend George Charlton, begging me to join him, and some other military amateurs, who were about to perform for the benefit of a veteran officer, whose resources were sadly limited, but whose character was of the highest respectability, and who had seen much foreign service. I was told, by Charlton, that "my celebrity would ensure a crowded house," and that the performances were under the best military patronage of the place; that his father, a General Officer, of my own corps, was anxious to witness my histrionic talent, and that his house and table would be at my command. Of course I could not refuse an invitation so flattering.

The companion of my journey was a charming old lady, whom I afterwards ascertained to be Mrs. Sewell, the widow of a high legal functionary, in our North American colonies.

This dear soul, instead of composing herself to sleep, kept up an animated conversation till dawn of day, recounting many very interesting adventures that had befallen her, both at home and abroad; one of these made a lasting impression upon me, and I shall here relate it.

Some years ago, Mrs. Sewell was posting from

London to Bath, for the recovery of her health, accompanied only by a female relative; a lovely autumnal moon was lighting them from Marlborough to *the* Devizes, when a well-drest man rode to the side of their chaise, and courteously pointed out the beauties of the country, felicitating them on the weather, in which they enjoyed it. They could not repulse his politeness; he presently added—

“ You must be brave, ladies, to travel without male protection, considering the state of the road.”

“ I believe it is the finest in England,” said Mrs. Sewell, “ and have heard of no accidents.”

“ Accidents? no, madam! I allude merely to the company which frequent it; but, of course, you would not *risk much*, without armed servants.”

“ Good Heaven!” exclaimed the invalid, “ is there then any danger?”

“ None worth your fear, believe me,” he answered, familiarly laying his hand on the glass-frame, as the chaise descended into a sandy bottom. “ Every thing, my dear madam, may be so arranged that not even your driver need be aware of a gentleman’s necessities. The unfortunate and bold may *take* from men what they are proud to *beg* of the fair. Trifles like these I

reserve to silence-squalling beldames, and meddling postillions. I should be sorry to do anything disagreeable in *your* presence."

Insinuatingly he revealed a pistol, and bent to his saddle-bow, as he continued—

"It is with great reluctance that I must trouble you for your gold, and any valuables which you may have at hand; that watch, *par exemple*. 'Thank you, ladies!' as the trembling women gave up all that he could make portable; "Thank you, ladies. Good evening!"

Very deliberately he rode off; scarcely was he gone when Mrs. Sewell remembered that, in her right, she had parted with a paper of no use to him, but most valuable to her. He had behaved with such urbanity that a strange confidence induced her to bid the post-boy overtake him. This was soon done. Ere she could speak, he smilingly said—

"What, ladies, after one interview with me, seek another? this is a compliment! Your pleasure?"

"Sir," almost laughed Mrs. Sewell, "I am on my way to try the Bath waters for my health."

"No doubt of their efficacy, madam; a charming place—I know it well—perhaps may meet you there."

"Sir, when I tell you that my housewife-case



By no means, I  
case, " let confidence be  
abstract whatever memor  
—nay, lest you should  
end of your journey,  
pound notes—you are  
of the rest I will have to

The poor lady was  
return him the remainder  
not, for her life, help him

Fresh supplies soon  
she never again encountered  
*d'industrie*.

The early hour at which  
Bath allowed me some time  
I had made my toilet, as  
Charlton came to the house  
two or three military  
with him in this work of

by the fair running hand of the polite, intelligent, and handsome Mr. Brownell.

Dined with the General; met a delightful party. Our to-morrow night's display of course, the leading topic. The worthy General, whom we were thus pleasantly serving, confined to his bed by gout, or he was to have joined us.

The young ladies of the family played and sang at dinner, and I was asked for a comic song. I opened that I had not long before received, from Mathews, some admirable lines, by Poole, to a popular Welsh air; I was so desirous that the ladies should enjoy the wit of the writer, fancying the melody, if they pleased, that I was "just about to begin," when the impropriety of so doing struck me in a moment. The burden of the song was thus Anglified—"Ah, hide your *nose*!" and I never said or sung such a direction, in the presence of the venerable general, would have been likely to bring to him a vast deal of trouble.

The important day arrived—all went smoothly the next morning, and the evening's performance proved to give great satisfaction.—The ladies and gentlemen of the company vied with each other in supporting the amateurs, and encouraging their exertions. "The Way to get Married" was the comedy, and it may be remembered that there

is such a character in the cast as shop-boy Richard, irreverently denominated "Dicky" by the hero. This said Dicky has some half dozen lines to utter ; but the young gentleman, to whom the character was assigned, determined to convince the audience that he was fit for better things ; so, instead of condescending to speak in a rustic dialect, he gave the words of the dramatist with an elocutionary precision that created a hearty laugh, *at* and not *with* the aspirant.

His longest speech—

" Twarn't genteel o' he to take my apurn."

He chose to deliver—

" It—was—not—genteel—in—him—to—take—my—A—pron !"

It was too late, after the performance, to sup at the General's, therefore we had our broiled fowl and stewed oysters at the White Hart ; our party including Mr. Woulds, the popular comedian. Although the soul of whim, whilst engaged in his calling, his manners in private life were melancholy and gentlemanlike, till he knew his people well—then he could evince much quaint dry humour ; he gained our especial regard by the very handsome things he said about our exertions.

To my great satisfaction the friend who had so kindly attended us over the sights of Oxford had

ed in Bath, time enough to go to the play ;  
with him, the next day, I returned to

was pleased at this, as it afforded my  
an opportunity of hearing a more impartial  
nt of my proceedings than she could have  
ed from my lips.

this period I visited Drury Lane, to witness  
's De Montford. The piece, as originally  
en, is a highly poetical illustration of a phy-  
antipathy ; but was ever too monodramatic  
nartificial to act well. Kean was as unfit as  
been John Kemble for the nervous morbid  
; *en passant*, it is no treason to say that Mrs.  
ton was a great deal *more* unfit than Mrs.  
ons for "the noble Jane," nor did Cooper  
realize our ideal of Rezenvelt. Miss Baillie,  
had so altered the last act as to ruin her own  
points. Kean voluntarily touched the body  
victim. The De Montford, of whom we had  
would have expired of such a contact. No  
on *one* passion can be effective for the stage ;  
female Shakspeare," as Mistress Joanna was  
l, tacitly admitted this fact, by introducing  
her plot a degree of adoration—almost unna-  
—felt by De Montford for his sister. In  
, on "Love,"—the authoress was constrained  
in Friendship, dread of dishonour, and sundry

other auxiliary emotions ; completing, after all, a tragedy which could never be performed with success.

An ex-Fusileer, now a barrister, and joint author of a very valuable work, called on me, to accompany him to the Society of Arts, close to my present residence. After a hearty laugh at Barry's monstrosities—his full bottom wigged absurdities, Fonblanque led me to the model room. One piece of somewhat complicated mechanism attracted my notice—its label bore the following revolting title, " Machine for boring the eyes out."

My shudder at reading this drew from my companion the explanation that the rest of the description had slipped down in the glass case; the words " of potatoes" would, if seen, have prevented my feeling of disgust at this useful article of farming machinery.

A townsman of our's occupied apartments in the same house—with a branch of his family my sister and self had been intimate, and he passed much of his time with us.

This bold dragoon related to us the following, which, although I cannot call it an anecdote, I must repeat.

A royal personage, now no more, who looked into every thing which he felt it his duty to know, with a zeal rendered welcome to those beneath

him by his accessible urbanity, and *bon hommie*, had once reviewed a regiment which its officers pronounced "Confessedly the best mounted corps in the service."

Its veterinary surgeon took the whole credit of this to himself; indeed he had been so exclusively devoted to his profession that his manners were far more original than polished; considering, that though he had not met with the accident of high birth, in the word's modern acceptation, he must have descended from an equestrian family.

To the gold-laced spurrers of his "Patients, his picturs, his pet-lambs," as he used to call the horses, "his wish was to *pay respect*;" but the loquacity which his zeal prompted added many a curiously flourished *et cetera* to the "your's respectfully," which his sincere and lowly heart subscribed.

The day before this review, an honourable captain, who enjoyed some portion of the Duke's confidence, observed coolly to the doctor, at mess —

"I hope you know that your idol intends inspecting the stables, and all that; you must lionize him."

"I, my dear captain! I 'ave the 'onour and 'appiness to address his Royal 'Ighness the Dooke o' York? My blessed monarch's second eldest

grow'd up son? Think, captain, my manners—

“Will tickle him immensely.”

“I *tickle*? Sir, I wish to be reverend. I'll Royal 'Ighness him, never fear.”

“Pooh, man,” returned the waggish captain, “he must be sick of such unvaried style, he has plenty of other titles, remember.”

“Oh!” pondered the doctor, “I'll 'ave 'em all by 'art then, in good time. I'll diversify—I'll variegate enough, trust me.”

The review went off with splendid *eclat*—no sooner was it over than the Duke, prepared by the captain for a character, required the doctor's escort over the horse nurseries and toilets. All bows and perspiration, our surgeon approached, and entered on his office.

“This way, and please your Royal 'Ighness! every 'ole and corner is kept fit for your august self to eat your 'lustrous dinner off, my princely grace.”

“Thank ye, thank ye,” nodded the inspector, “what, what? I think something ails that one's fetlock, eh?”

“'Er 'eel, commander-in-chief, it 'ave bin 'urt—poor 'Ermione! she ran away with the 'onourable 'Enery 'Arrison, and jined an 'unt, my 'eir presumptive! he 'it 'is 'ead at the same time. I 'andled 'em both, your serenity! the 'ealing art,

you know — Bend your noble eyes on that 'ere mare, my blood royal ! as 'andsum as she's 'igh. She had a foal last year, as I christened arter your blessed self, my Frederick the Great ! for I pays respect."

" Thank ye, thank ye."

" They say her dam lived to an 'undred, Dooke, don't believe it, cause I warn't her doctor. Ha, ha ! you'll excuse me, my 'Ighness ! but, says I to myself, this wery morning, just to give me courage for your awful presence, I'll turn my back on no man — present company excepted — either for my receipt against the glanders, or for my respect for the 'ouse of 'Anover, my York ! I've three families—wife and children, one ; these 'ere precious beastiss, two ; and the Royal Family, three, my 'ero of 'Olland !"

" Loyal soul !" chuckled his good-natured hearer.

" Yes," continued the doctor ; " I only wish that your Osnaburg bishopric 'ad as many 'osses as there are days in the year, every one on 'em in the last stage of all the diseases under the crown ; see if I udn't cure 'em for you, graciously, my Guelph of the 'Oss Guards !"

A burst of long suppressed laughter, in which even the suite dared to join, cut short the surgeon's eloquence ; he laughed himself ; and the



munificent patronage extended, from that day, by the Duke to his family — left the worthy man no doubt that, on this momentous occasion, he had indeed succeeded in “*paying respect.*”

## CHAPTER XI.

BENTRY — THE HALL OF IRIS — GOLDEN ELOQUENCE  
F QUERY — LIFE IN LONDON — A WIDOWER — THE  
FANCY — SHUN TAUTOLOGY — A BARBAROUS LIN-  
ACTOR VERSUS AMATEUR — OPERATIONS — CORONATION  
S — A FORMIDABLE EPISTLE — MY BARK WORSE  
BITE.

amused by seeing the Covent Garden  
skewered on a pair of dead muttons,  
to ticket *them* as "The Two Gentlemen  
a."

rama was reproduced as an opera, and  
ree not only sung but spoke as Shaks-  
elf might have approved. Bishop had  
re than usually inspired by the sonnets,  
lear enunciation of our Julia did them  
justice. She looked the disguised pil-  
love most symmetrically. Jones and  
rough gentlemen enough, reminded one  
lose in question; the former could not  
e Nightingale's complaining notes," to

appropriate music. Liston narrowly escaped disapprobation by sticking too closely to the "lady's fardingale;" his Crab was a handsome Newfoundland—"ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning."

Mr. Abbot, as Proteus, had to contend with one of the Outlaws, Mr. Comer, a better and a bolder swordsman than his antagonist, who, thrown off his guard by the earnest vigour of the attack, received a cut across the eyes, which, had the weapon been sharp, must have taken the top of his head off. Never from a mortally wounded soldier, never from an hysterical woman, have I heard two such piercing screams as were uttered by Abbot. His executioner ran off, I forget whether before or after this ebullition, whether unconscious of, or frightened at, what he had done. "Beauty Hunt," on the contrary, ran on, almost as instantaneously, and bore the reeling blinded victim away on his broad chest; its cream-coloured dress, as well as this giant Eglamour's white plume, "dabbled in blood."

Ladies cried or fainted, gentlemen ran round to enquire the mischief's extent. Egerton and Jones successively came forward with bulletins.

"Mr. Abbot begged the audience to believe that the affair was purely accidental, and his own fault; its consequences, a surgeon asserted,

be slight; meanwhile Mr. Connor would  
the rest of the character."

The public considerably dispensed with the re-  
der of the drama, and many parties left the  
. We lavished our praises on Mr. Hunt in  
earing of a female whom he joined before we  
d the theatre.

quired next day of "Old Polly in the Hall,"  
: Mr. Abbot lived, that I might call and con-  
with him. The man replied in choice Cockney,  
sounded like

Mye Terrace, Knightsbridge, sir."

ere I learnt that though one of our comedian's  
ad been nearly separated, the sight was un-  
d. A non-combatant is not obliged to be  
brave," but, if Abbot did not bear the shock  
Spartan, he certainly recovered with a grace;  
ief anxiety seemed that of impressing on all  
s the truth that "poor Tom Comer was as  
le as himself, an honest kind soul, who had  
striven to teach Sir Proteus how to make  
and keep his head."

was by a party of Barristers that I was in-  
ced to the celebrated supper-house of law-  
and lawyers' clerks, the Rainbow, close to  
ncient city barrier. The atmosphere of the  
was redolent of toast cheese, tobacco, and  
ity liquors;" the frequenters had acquired a

habit of calling things, from the house downwards, by quaint titles, thus—

“ Yes, I shall blow a Wellington at the Bow, and take a *go* of cold without.”

“ I shall content myself with a rabbit and a *nip*. If you get there first, tell John Colls that I’m coming if any one inquires for me.”

All this was Greek to me. I think I can say few men have up to the present hour less of public house experience than myself, or more aversion to all kinds of slang; but the men with whom I visited “ the Bow ” were of the highest respectability, their presence sanctioned mine.

It was amusing enough to hear the landlord, the before-mentioned Mr. John Colls, enumerate the various articles consumed; and, with the precision of Master Bidder, add the sum total.

“ Coming, sir—let me see—two eggsses—two cheeses—two stouts, four punches—no cigars? So much—thank ye, gentlemen.”

The plural seemed in fashion at this house; one very priggish gentleman, (who did his utmost to conceal his professional blue bag beneath his military cloak), imagining it constituted by a final *s*, went so far as to call —

“ Waiter ! where *are* my negus ? ”

Many of my readers, doubtless, remember the active and efficient constable who attended nightly

ent Garden Theatre, to protect his Majesty's against the insinuating arts of pickpockets, and female. One evening, between the acts, surprized to see this zealous functionary his way to the front row of the upper boxes, holding up his tiny staff of office, thus s the audience.

'the gentleman who so misfortunately lost rse, will apply to me, Donaldson the offi- will point out the generous individual who ndsomely found it, and so nobly gave

speech elicited shouts of laughter and ap- . Between the play and farce I encoun- him in the lobby, and congratulated him his display of oratory.

od bless you, sir," he replied, "I was only performance of my duty ; but I'm vexed—*common* vexed—the purse was picked up e of our saloon ladies, as good a creature, way, you know, as ever wore feathers— poor one too. Well, I pointed her out to ht owner—as I found by his identifying his a brown silk net, with twelve sovereigns, me silver in it—what d'ye think the shabby spirited fellow did, when he got back the ty? So help me, then, he only gave the ear girl half-a-crown ; and it has cut me so

much to the heart, that if any gentleman was to say to me, ‘ Donaldson, you’re out of sorts, will you take a glass of brandy-and-water?’ I’m d—d if I could refuse him !”

It was impossible to resist so ingenious an appeal ; although his accent did not indicate his birth-place, this clever manœuvre was every way worthy the canny north.

Early in the new-year, (1822) Patrick, son to my kind friend Major (now Colonel) Frederick Campbell, was entrusted to us for a few days, to enjoy a play or two. He was a fine boy, about eleven years old. His knowledge of life’s realities — such, too, as he had never witnessed at home, on one occasion surprized me. Circumstances obliged my friend Yates to take a bed at our quarters for a night or so. Pat saw that his fellow-guest was worried ; and, on his leaving the room, said to me with the off-hand coolness of a man —

“ What’s the matter with Yates? Is he in debt?”

This youngster much delighted in the theatrical amusements he witnessed. By the way, we saw a tragic old man (the Solitary, or the Recluse, I forget which) very *power*-fully acted at the Olympic by a new person, I was assured a young one ; little did I dream that this identical Tyrone would represent Irish boys as successfully

his latter life as he played aged heroes in his youth.

Tom and Jerry was just then the rage—a partly else, partly disgusting series of scenes, at which, vertheless, one could not help being diverted. The crying sin was that of letting such men, and, ove all, such women appear at Almacks. The ost masculine, the most immoral blue who has nced in Willis's rooms, whatever may be her dologue, I do not believe could be capable in blic of pantomime quite so Corinthian as ate's and Sue's.

It was during Yates's sojourn with me that the fore-mentioned Perrin broke into his room one orning, crying—

“She's gone, Mr. Frederick, she has departed, r.”

“Who the devil?” asked Yates.

“Mrs. P., sir—dropsy has done it at last—she y in my bosom for twenty years, sir.”

“Poor fellow!” yawned Yates, rubbing his es, “then go, I shan't want you.”

“That's very kind, sir,” pursued Perrin, with- it seeming inclined to avail himself of the leave, rather obey the order for retreat.

“Yes, sir, Mrs. P.—dropsy, sir, for twenty ars, Mr. Frederick, she lay in my bosom!”



"And never moved?" demanded the little mimic.

Perrin, with a look of horror at such levity, rushed from the apartment. Yates told us this with some remorse; but added, like a child—

"I must have died myself if I had not said it, the impulse was irresistible. The image was before my eyes! Mrs. P. dropsy and all. Besides, *he'd* never have moved if I had not done something strong. I am very sorry; but 'pon my soul, I could not help it, Benson."

Another proof of his impulsive and imaginative temperament recurs to my memory. Maturin had just sent him "*Melmoth*." Yates was intently perusing it, while I wrote some letters; now and then I looked at him—he seemed positively devouring the volume before him—presently he shook out his kerchief with abrupt vehemence, accompanying the action by that half-articulate sound which we make to drive away an animal—

"Hollo! Frederick, what ails you?" asked I.

"Shoo! shoo!" repeated the reader, "those d—d Peacocks, Benson, but for them I should have—Oh, Imalie!"

It will be remembered that the heroine he named lives on a lonely isle, in a purely natural costume, attended constantly by a body-guard of

no's poultry, whose elevated tails, with all  
 eir eyes, stand between her fair limbs and the  
 zing lover. I advised my glowing visionary  
 study Peeping Tom forthwith.

Yates's reading mania did not soon subside.  
 recollect his saying, with a provoked air—

“Benson, I'm haunted by myself! One novel  
 ich I hired began with, ‘Where is that rascal  
 tes?’—Then I got *Mansfield Park*, and opened  
 random, to ‘the moment Yates perceived Sir  
 omas, he gave, perhaps, the very best start  
 had ever given dnring the whole course of his  
 earsals.’—Lastly, I tried the *Rosciad*. It had  
 t struck me that I should really feel surprized  
 not meeting my own name in whatever I read,  
 en I stumbled plump upon this line—

“‘And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.’

“It's too bad!”

There was a boyish naïveté in all this that  
 eatly tickled me, and though various events have  
 ndered an intimacy betwixt us undesirable, I  
 a sure my theme, should he read this, will see  
 at I remember, with pleasure, the days when,  
 he used to express it—“Benson Hill, of the  
 oyal ‘Till, ranked Frederick Yates, with his  
 ay-mates.”

Although I have not trespassed any of my pri-

vate family affairs on my readers, I may here say that my sister now published her second work, which, like the first, met with high encomiums from competent and impartial judges, who knew not the youth of the authoress.

Thus I became familiarized with the routine of correcting proof sheets, calculating pages, consulting publishers, et cetera, long before I dreamt of doing literary in my own matter-of-fact way.

I was recommended by a friend to "a treasure in the shape of a hair-dresser," and accordingly placed myself under this artiste's scientific fingers. He waited on me, but, before he commenced operations, begged to "call my attention to a preparation, which was the result of many years' application, and that now he had brought it to perfection, he could safely assert, without fear of contradiction, that the Mac-casker and other inventions would cease the opposition of their fruitless competition; he had, by the advice of some classical friends of his, gentlemen from Oxford, called his composition the 'Oleum Pascens' — Oleum, he was led to believe, being Latin for oil, and Pascens signifying *for strengthening the hair, and clearing the head from dandriff*."

Thus strongly recommended, I could not do less than purchase a bottle of this wonder-work-

ease; the inventor, with a graceful bow, paid the three or four shillings which he had charged, and then began to pass his fingers through my somewhat thick hair. After making some arrangements of the locks, he demanded of me which indicated the interest he felt in my situation—

"Do you wish, sir, to have it dressed Hally-ally?"

"On my word, I have not the advantage of knowing what you mean."

"Dear me, sir! I thought you spoke French! I don't, but I mean in the same way that the English in Allie wear their heads."

"In recollection of the happy days passed with my noble fellows, to whom the *friseur* alluded, I quite enough to gain my consent that he should exercise his calling after the fashion he

Mr. Foote, of Charlton Place, whom I have mentioned, called on me, and stated that he had volunteered to perform, "gratuitously of course," for a night or two at Bath, thinking that the manager would jump at so fortunate a chance; but my friend's amazement at his offer, dubbed "the exhibition of an amateur exhibitor," had been disappointed. Charles Kemble was just about to leave for a month.

"A common player, whom they must pay highly! such blindness to their own interests!"

"Nay," said I, "these fellows think of nothing *but* pelf. They know *he* will overpay *them*, by drawing great houses."

"But, Hill, such rudeness to *me*, on whose exertions, condescensions I may say, they had no claim, as have the people of my own district. This 'would not be believed in'—Kent."

"Yet think how many miles it is from Kent to Somersetshire. *Your* fame may not have travelled so far, though a mere player's has done so."

'Twas strange, not even this soothing strain seemed to heal the wound inflicted on my friend's self-esteem.

Some amateur actors are horrified if a brother dabbler turns player, and is tolerated; he must be cut, as unfit ever to have mixed with them.

One of these sticklers for dignity got ruined somehow—tried to redeem his fortunes by commercial speculations — made bad worse — and, chancing to meet a poor comedian, whom he had formerly patronized, said pompously—

"Give ye my honour — the fact of the matter is this; you have seen what I can do, and I will; many gentlemen of less experience, less practice *have* done it; felt no degradation in accepting

salary. Yes, my friend, I shall take to the stage — No fear as to success, eh?"

"Why, no, sir," returned the player simply, "you used to drive your *own* horses famously — and many squires *have* turned coachmen."

"Fellow!" exclaimed the would-be hero, "I mean Tragedian."

"Then, sir, I'm afraid you will find it too late in the day for you to acquire ease, grace; besides, *my English* will do for the road, the box — but *our's* is not at all theatrical, quite too *gentlemanly*, I assure you — I hoped you meant *stage coach*, sir."

A new idea was thus started, and the amateur's mind wavered between the hopes of driving horses out of town, or audiences out of doors. A military friend in whom he *confided* these rival schemes *betrayed* them to us.

Yates and his sister, "me and mine," Raymond and another, had a box at the Opera, close to the stage, to see the new creature, Caradori, as the heroine of "Il Barone Dolshiem." The modest, lady-like blonde, our ostensible object, harmed us, no less did the glorious Ambrogetti, in Brandt. The divertisement and ballet bewitched us that perfect beauty, Mercandotti. Yates said she "gave him elegant ideas, and

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brought on anxiety of mind." These became by-words for love-fits, ever more, with our coterie.

The first of February, I rejoined at Woolwich, after a somewhat prolonged leave of absence. I found my late residence in Nightingale Vale occupied, and took a house on the Common, commanding a view of the barrack-field, with a distant glimpse of a part of London, below bridge.

Leaving Turner to put up bedsteads, lay down carpets, and other disagreeables, I returned to London. After a late sitting overnight, I had allowed one noon to pass over me in bed. My sister had breakfasted and was dressing, when the servant entered, saying—

"If you please, ma'am, there's a gentleman from Tewksbury—he says he hasn't got not never a card, but that was what I was to tell you."

Isabel guessed at once that our visiter was the Shakspearean Beard; few men but himself would have chosen such a mode of announcement. I was hotly called for, and soon joined the eccentric Thomas. He was glad to find we were on the eve of again settling at Woolwich, and promised to "inflict his tediousness" as often as he could on "Arrybello and bushy-headed Benson."

On the 5th, we quitted the Adelphi. Just as we started, his Majesty left the House, and our Jarvey

jammed three times in the crowd ; we alighted, and a porter, and made our way through the b to Charing Cross, fearing we should be for the Woolwich coach, but that could not neither. In it we sat with patient loyalty, and many noble fellow-sufferers shivering in their meted carriages. The Gentlemen Pensioners, their stage—or state dresses, looked queer by light, with whiskers and their own hair, with-rouge ; their necks accustomed to stock and hat, took ill to the ruff, which they wore chok-y high and tight ; even the Duke of Sussex ed *Suffolkated*.

Our excellent and ever hospitable friend, Mrs. onel Scott, insisted on our sharing her dinner and our own cuisine was in a fit state for ration.

That my new locale was known to some one of uaintance the following will prove. The second ning after our arrival, Turner brought in a er, which he strove to deliver undetected by sister, nor could I wonder at his caution. Its gar paper, fold, and thimble seal, were indeed picious ; but its direction still more so—

“ Mistr. Captin Bensun Ill Esqr.

Tillery Gentleman Hoolitch

Komon By the baricks.”



My man must have thought me resolved against the *blues*, yet the only contents of this envelope were literary and pious. A tract in verse, called "Thomas Brown, or the Sabbath Breaker Reclaimed." I was not wrong in attributing this delicate attention to dear George Raymond.

It was about this time that Yates, one day, unexpectedly joined us, as we were dismissing our dinner, ordered back for his benefit; he was on his way to act at Rochester, but Fawcett had refused him the loan of the "Cozening" dresses; so he came to borrow whatever stage trumpery I had, intending to start by the Paris mail, which would pass over Shooter's hill between one and two, after midnight. He was fagged, excited, thirsty—sleepy. I would not let him harm himself by too much wine, but hoped to revive him by an early cup of tea.

He became babyishly self-pitying—

"Ah, Benson! *I've* nobody to smooth *my* little path, and toast *my* little muffins. I say, Miss Bell! may I loll on the sofa? na now!" taking possession of it. "Oh cry! how nice!—Rot old Ashmole, the wardrobe keeper. Benson will pack up *his* for me, and in good time, *I* know."

So murmuring he fell into a long sound sleep. When he opened his eyes, and saw us beside him, he clamoured—

"I say though, Benson! I hope I'm in time for the coach; Lord, if I should be too late! but I'm not, am I?"

"How should *I* know? or why should I care!" was my churlish retort.

"Na now, Benson! but the portmanteau of things—if that's ready—here, Turner! we'll run—I say—"

"And *I* say, sir!" I exclaimed, "do you suppose Mr. Frederick Henry Yates, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, that *my* domestic arrangements are to be interrupted, *my* dinner protracted, *my* sofa invaded by your snores, and then that *I* am not only to lend you clothes, portmanteau, servant, but to pack for you, and wake you in time? You suppose that *I* am to do this for *you*? No! nor for any *other* Mountebank that travels."

Yates's whooping, hooting laugh proved him incredulous, as to my power of disobliging or scolding him.

"Come here, sir," I continued, dragging him down to the dining-room—"leave my house! get out of my dwelling — but—*not* 'till you have supped, my Pedzy! 'tis but eleven o'clock yet—and here's the trunk all ready for you, my little mountebank! I'll see you off myself."

What a "dear good Belsol" it was!\*

\* I believe that Mr. Yates is neither so well nor so merry now as he was then. If these recollections afford him any amusement, shall be right glad to hear of it.

At his request I ran down, some days after, to Rochester, to play for his benefit,—he thought that a military amateur would attract the officers of the garrison, and he was not disappointed; a large muster of red coats assembled; the star and his soldier satellite were kindly received.

Soon after breakfast my companion, pleading business, left the Inn, and, on the arrival of the hour for starting, he prevailed on me to settle the bill; handing me what he thought his share, but evincing a distaste for returning to the hotel. What his reasons were, he best knows. I imagine some little disagreement with the chambermaid; that personage, on receiving her usual gratuity, remarked—

“Then, sir, the gentleman who slept in 32 does n’t want his bed again to-night; ’cause, if he should, I must put the place in order. I’m sorry he didn’t come himself, as I’m sure he wouldn’t think half-a-crown quite enough for such a job!”

To this hour I am not aware to what job she alluded, but should my old friend encounter *these* sheets, I have no doubt he will recollect his visit to Rochester.

## CHAPTER XII.

PHIC DATE — A PRECIEUSE — A JOSEPH — A HIGHLAND  
TRACT — RETROSPECT AND ANTICIPATION — FLATTERING  
MANAGEMENT — EVERY BODY'S BETTY — THE GAMESTER —  
OLD COUNSEL — REHEARSALS — A SELECT AUDIENCE —  
MY APPEARANCE IN LONDON — MY CO-LABOURERS.

EARN'T, with deep regret, the death of my  
dear friend, Weaver, of whom I have spoken  
before to me during my sojourn in Athlone.  
Informant was Mr. Belson, one of the prin-  
cipal clerks in the Office of Ordnance, in Dublin,  
who had lent his aid in the Knighting of the  
lous Aldrich.\*

Mr. Belson was one of the best amateur artists  
I met; I have heard it affirmed that the  
clever and well-known caricature of "Post-  
in Ireland" was an effort of his pencil,  
which published with some other name attached

With my lamented friend, Weaver, he was  
in the habit of corresponding, I will not say in  
glyphics, because all his drawings were de-  
scribed at a glance; they were ingeniously de-  
signed, as well as correct in outline. I remember

\* Vide "Recollections," &c., vol. i., p. 78.

to have seen a letter of his, with about fifty figures used instead of words ; and where the date would have been written, a groupe of skaters, with some dismounted cannon, lying on a bank in the foreground. If this was not " Ordnance off-ice," why he had wasted his time and talent.

Sir Walter's interesting story of Montrose was brought out at Covent Garden as an operatic spectacle, and ill-complimented by the introduction of quadrupeds. A friend of mine called it " the piece with singing horses."

Fawcett was gravely casting it—

" Allan Macauley—Mr. Abbott ;

Angus Macauley — Mr. Comer ;"

when Egerton, with equal sedateness, interrupted him by—

" I beg pardon — but, pray, is *Miss* Macauley to be in the piece?"

The idea of that *very* remarkable actress, thus suddenly conjured before the company, created a general laugh, which, for some minutes, suspended business.

" The magic of a name" is resistless with beings so excitable as actors — I have heard another instance of this fact.

Some years ago, a well written historical tragedy, of Italian plot, was sent to Covent Garden. Its hero was placed in situations of great power

pathos. In one place, wounded and sup-  
posed dead, he was concealed by his enemy in a  
net, from the lattice of which he threw him-  
self, and, wandering about the country, without  
support, was fain to support nature even on some  
heap which a peasant had just gathered, and left  
on the earth, covered by her cloak; this too he  
appropriated, but was finally slain. Some of the  
language was very beautiful, especially two apos-  
trophes—one beginning with “Sweet bird!” and  
another with “Oh, Moon!” yet, strange to  
say, the reading of this drama convulsed the  
company with laughter. The spell lived in a  
single word — one name, which the author, dead  
of all ridiculous associations of idea, refused to  
change. The title, both of the play and its hero,  
*Grimaldi*; its hearers could not banish the  
image of their old favourite, fighting with the  
balloon, pretending to be killed, taking a fly-  
leap through a window, frame, glass, and all,  
eating stolen carrots, dressing himself up as a  
ermonger’s wife, flirting with a “Brobdignag  
canary,” and crying out — “Ah, Mooney!”  
The stage direction ran “Grimaldi, dashing  
a tear,” they saw Joe wiping his eye with  
his foot. The play was rejected; but, so amused  
had been its auditors, that we believe the mana-  
gerial expressions of “gratitude for the prefe-

rence shown to that establishment " were quite sincere.

But — to Montrose — Yates, I knew, had a capital part in it, which he had studied with unwonted care. He now wrote requesting me to see him do Ranald of the Mist. I went to London on purpose, called at his lodgings, where the only information to be gained relating him was that he might *perhaps* be found at the Shakespeare, an hotel in Great Russell Street, much patronized by actors and literary men. I went, and there he was ; but, alas, in bed, labouring on dry land under all the uncomfortable accompaniments of ship-board, in consequence of having dined out the day before. Let it be understood that his star (or stomach) was more in fault than he, being so easily affected by wine that, if he exceeded " ladies' allowance," he was — not intoxicated, but ill. It was impossible for him always to remember, while excited by social converse, the necessity for a caution unrequired by his stronger-headed friends ; so that he was frequently censured, when, like Cassio, he deserved compassion.

Seeing him in this plight, I promised to call again, and made a hasty retreat. About half-past six, I returned ; my poor friend was just as bad as I had left him in the morning. What was to be done ? it was too late to send to the theatre

and state his severe indisposition — he must get through his night's work as well as he could, and nurse after it. I called on a chymist close by, and, without saying aught that might degrade the sufferer, requested that some draught might be administered to enable him to fulfil his duty.

Mr. Kiddell, a very intelligent man, said—

“ I am glad you came to me, sir. I think, if any one can set him on his legs, I can. I have had no little experience in these matters ; many a night have I enabled poor George Frederick Cooke to perform, when he despaired of appearing. I'll give you a mixture in a moment.”

Arm'd with a phial filled with “ this cordial Julep,” I hastened to the bed-side of the invalid, made him swallow the draught, got him up, huddled on his clothes ; fortunately, shaving was unnecessary, as the false beard of Ranald would hide his then naturally slight one, of a day's growth. In a coach I conveyed him to the Theatre, assisted him to his dressing-room ; the play had begun.

Unluckily, he had left a bunch of keys behind. One of them locked up his wig, paint, &c., but not his stage costume, which I encouraged him to assume, by ordering a biscuit and glass of cold brandy and water, as his refreshment, while I ran for the said keys. Returning with them as quickly as possible, I found him nearly equipped,



but — horror of horrors ! finishing a basin of mock turtle soup, which he had sent for from a pastry-cook's during my absence. Such a dish for a man situated so volcanically !

I went into the front with sad presentiments. At length my friend appeared ; it was evident to those accustomed to his powerful and full-toned voice, that he was not well ; he exerted himself to give it due pitch, and in so doing—the apron of the Countess of Essex can tell the rest. She was at the wing to which he ran, so that few persons saw or heard the exact truth, or knew in what sort of Mist the Ranald was involved.

Cries of “ He's ill, he's ill, drop the curtain ! ” plainly proved the sympathy the audience felt for his malady ; and, to my great relief, not a single sibilation augmented the woes of poor Yates.

Mathews had politely sent me an invitation for self and friends, to be present at the dress rehearsal of his new entertainment. This was too good a thing to lose. Accompanied by my sister, and Miss Emma Yates, who was staying with us, we attended.

The Youthful Days delighted me. The Monologue presented us with the half tipsy, “ and all that sort of thing,” Steward of a public dinner, “ and every thing in the world,”—this character was drawn from life ; had Peake, its author, been

Own child to the original, he could not have done it better.

Patrick's day in the evening, I came off what is called "duty for the week." On that day ten years I had been promoted to my first lieutenantcy, having then been three years in the regiment. Spite of this baker's dozen of servitude I found myself only half way up the list, and going through the dull routine which I had performed on first joining. Whilst on active service I forgot the tardy promotion to which I was doomed, but at home it became so irksome that I began to feel an inclination to leave the army. I knew I could obtain half-pay, and I imagined that, by the exercise of any talent I might possess, I could not fail to secure a better income than my military one. Visions of the stage floated before my eyes, pipe-clay became hateful to my sight, play-books my constant companions. I tried to combat this feeling, but in vain; the die was not yet cast; a little patience, gentle reader, and you shall see the game played out.

The next week I dined at the annual meeting of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund. Here I saw actors mixed up with the magnates of the land; and the countenance given to them, even after they had ceased to amuse, proved that they were not that despised and degraded race of beings some of

ampton ; and, although  
to him as a military man  
me by stating that he  
for acting, that he had  
heard from other quarters  
successful efforts; he added

“ I hope no false promises  
embracing the stage and  
fortune are open to you  
fluence can at any time  
not scruple to command

All this flattering was  
ceptable to me, as it served  
I found gradually becoming  
veloped.

Two days after this, I  
with me ; I told him what  
and he, if possible, used

that his conduct and manners deserved no less ; but I, who knew the illiberality of many members of my corps, feared that one of these Killjoys might have been present, and, by coldness, or slight, have drawn from the fiery Frederick some violent observation in support of his right to be received as an equal in the best society.

Accompanying Yates to town, I was asked to sup with Raymond, after the opera, and, at his chambers, was first introduced to Mr. Betty, whom I had seen perform, with such delight, sixteen years before. The Roscius, though grown to mature manhood, still preserved the youthful beauty of his face — a more ingenuous, guileless countenance I have never looked on. His voice, which in his boyhood had been silv'ry sweet, had become somewhat weak and husky — but it was one you could not hear without being pleased with the speaker, it was so cordial !

Betty had a “ great respect for the army,” and I soon became his “ dear blessed Captain.” Let it be comprehended that *I* never passed myself off as having attained the stupendous rank thus given me ; but, as only by quoting Shakspeare could any friends excusably say, “ *Lieutenant*, will you drink ? ” — many civilians, especially if actors, bestowed this brevet on me, just as I was most inclined to depreciate and deprecate it ; for

which vile taste I sincerely beg pardon of all  
“ the Royal Artillery, and *the Band.*”

Betty and I vowed eternal friendship, and, from that moment to the present, have not broken our faith.

On my way to the hotel where I intended to sleep, I was much shocked at meeting Fairfield, whose appearance was sadly altered from the gay being I had once known him. A reverse of fortune at the tables had reduced him to a very low ebb, and he had parted with portions of his wardrobe, to procure the means of indulging in the fatal habit which now appeared to absorb all his thoughts; there was a wildness and uncertainty in his eye, a hollowness in the cheek, that rendered his forced attempts at gaiety really quite ghastly.

During my stay in town I wrote a note to Mr. Morris, the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, requesting the favour of an interview. Thus had I taken the first step. On the following Saturday I called on him by appointment, and, after bestowing his strict confidence, told him my strong desire to try my fortune as an actor, and my willingness to make my earliest effort under his roof.

The Manager heard me with patient courtesy; informed me that his arrangements were already

made for his approaching season ; that he did not think it any way advisable for me to appear in London, till I had gained a little more knowledge of stage business ; a season or two in the country would serve to make me more acquainted with the minutiae of the profession ; and that, should I carry my intentions into effect, he should be happy, when I had gained some practice, to hear from me again.

All this was good advice, and, like all other advice, rather unpalatable. I longed to commence my career in the metropolis, thinking I had nothing to do but appear and secure a profitable engagement. Such ideas sprung from want of experience as much as from the vanity essentially necessary to induce a man to leave any other calling for the stage.

Young Charles Mathews wrote to me, asking if I felt disposed to take a part in a private play, which was about to be got up at the Lyceum, and to be acted by personal friends of his ; to which I replied by signifying my willingness to attempt any character in the lines I was most accustomed to perform. By return of post I heard from Mathews *père*, who said—

“ The part is in English. I think a very good one. It is the damned farce of ‘ Mr. H., ’ which I always thought most unjustly treated. From

having seen you act, with great pleasure, at Woolwich, I pronounced that you, and you only, could act Mr. H. for the private play. The part shall be ready written against you arrive. Pray dine with me on Sunday, and take a bed. One of the amateurs, with whom you have scenes, is an inmate with me — a great advantage. If you will come to the Lyceum on Saturday evening, I will take you home with me. Pray do."

'There was no resisting "Pray do!" so I did exactly what my friend asked me, was introduced to the amateur, to whom he alluded, a Mr. Gyles, found young Charles full of the play, and heard to my surprise that, "upon this occasion," Mrs. Mathews was about to re-appear upon the stage.

Sir Andrew, (or rather people of his kidney, for the puritanical Baronet had not yet made himself ridiculous) would have said that we desecrated the Sabbath, as the morning of that day we passed in rehearsing away in great force, the spacious picture-gallery serving as our temporary theatre.

A large party assembled at dinner, consisting of Mr. Pugin, the architect, with whom Charles was studying; Mr. Britton, the antiquarian; Mr. Elder, of the Ordnance office; Mr. Knight, the pianist; young Mr. D'Egville; Mr. Henderson; and last, not least, Mr. and Mrs. Liston. Of course, with such varied talent, our evening was a brilliant

Mathews was in his best cue, and Liston in -rate humour.

he early part of the week I devoted to study ; knew that much depended upon the effect I at produce before a London audience, even gh I appeared as an amateur, and I found the every way worthy of the pains I bestowed it. Thursday evening, finding myself "letter ect," I presented myself to the Master of the els to report the same ; Mathews was pleased y some very complimentary things, touching zeal in the cause and my attention, but added— As usual, accidents have happened to thwart views, and make me miserable when most I ected to be happy ; in the first place, Charles been thrown from his horse, and is as lame as e ; and poor dear Mrs. Edwin, who was to have your heroine, is dead — hoarse. What we to do I don't exactly know, but that good ure Dick Peake is hard at work to overcome lifficulties. To-morrow we have a rehearsal, I hope things will turn out better than they ise at present."

this I cordially joined, as it would have been ter disappointment to me had the perform- been postponed.

he following morning I heard, with sincere t, that Mrs. Edwin still continued too ill to



appear ; but that a lady, Mrs. Weippart, would *read* the part—this was a damper ; however, all the other persons in the piece were perfect ; and I looked forward to the evening with pleasure, not unmixed with anxiety.

In compliment to Mathews's gastronomic admonitions, I had ordered "roast beef" for my dinner ; but I found that my appetite was seriously affected by the state of nervous excitement I endured.

Yates, who joined my sister and self, said and did all that a friend could to induce me to take my usual quantity of substantials ; his powers of persuasion failed. I felt desperately inclined towards a glass or two of champagne, but my experienced adviser would not allow me to add fire to flame, and stinted me even in the quantity of sherry and port.

Under his direction, I repaired early to the theatre, that I might get drest and collected before I faced the lamps. As soon as I had attired myself, and of course I took more than usual pains with my toilet, I stole a peep at the audience, and certainly never looked on a similar one in any theatre. No places having been reserved, parties pleased themselves as to situation when they severally arrived, the boxes were consequently filled with the first comers, whilst the pit, and

even the gallery, was occupied by rank and fashion, who did not break through the rule of going late to the play. Feathers and diamonds were to be seen where they had never waved or sparkled before ; and the pit contained almost all the “noticeable” writers of the day.

Party feeling was dismissed, and Tory and Whig sate on the same benches. In those good old times these were the only two political distinctions, with the exception of the blacking-making Lord of the Manor of Glastonbury, who enjoyed in his person the incarnation of Radicalism. Such an auditory was a goodly sight to look on, but somewhat formidable to encounter. The ingenious Prologue to the comedy was to have been spoken by Mrs. Edwin, but the audience were apprized, by printed notices, that it would be read by “Mr. H. in person.”

The three chords, which to my unmusical ears appear to finish every overture, were duly given, the tinkle of the Prompter’s bell sounded, and with “considerable nervousity,” as Mathews called it, I stepped forth. A most gracious reception was afforded me ; and I read the opening Address with as much “good emphasis and discretion” as I could command.

The Rubicon was passed ; I found all my self-possession restored—the piece commenced. Mr.

Gyles enacted the Landlord with much humour. One of the waiters gave his replies as though he had served for seven years at Old Slaughter's; but the other, from fright, was converted into a dumb waiter; that is to say, not a syllable of what he had to utter being audible, even in the orchestra. Mrs. Weippart did all she could, under the disadvantage of a short notice, to render Melissinda as agreeable to the audience as to her lover; the Lady visitors kept up the scene whilst the chirpings of Betty Finch set the audience in a roar. The very long speech in which the hero recapitulates a thousand names, all more easily borne than his unhappy paternal appellation, was warmly applauded, and would have deserved it more, but that, whilst in the midst of it, I caught sight of a popular comic actor sitting in the stage-box, whose face was fearfully portentous, and the expression thereof any thing but encouraging. The burst of laughter which followed the unhappy slip made by the self-tormented hero, when he accidentally betrays the secret which he so long guarded, that his name is Hogsflesh, was delightful, and soon drove from my recollection the stony visage of the unmoved professor.

A vaudeville, designated the "Comedian d'Estampes," followed, in which young Charles sustained a character throughout in imitation of

Perlet, and succeeded admirably. His song was deservedly encored; it was difficult to say which merited the greatest praise, his dramatic or operatic talent.

“Werter” closed the evening’s amusement; the mother and son playing the two principal characters. The German costume became Mrs. Mathews, and she cut bread and butter as though she had been born in the Sandwich Islands. This being, I believe, the only occasion on which Mr. Richard Brinsley Peake trod the boards, it would be unpardonable not to mention that his personation of a Postillion was about as rich a bit of quaint humour as ever was witnessed, and that his dress from queue to jack-boots was most appropriate.

Before midnight the private performance concluded, and all my cares on that score being ended, I determined to make ample amends for the abstemiousness I had practised at the dinner hour.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A MADE MAN—I HAVE MY TRIALS—A GODFATHER—SUBSCRIPTION EPISTLE — A DINNER SCHEME— THE BEST GUESTS—GOING WESTWARD — THE CANTWELLS — RAYMOND'S BE-LESQUE—ARTISTICAL CHAT—JAVA POISONS.

A RATIONAL being would have retired to bed after enjoying an excellent supper, but I listened to the persuasions of my friend Yates, and long after midnight was introduced to a society called, with justice, "The Eccentrics," then holding high change. The president was the well-known Mr. Brownley, who for many years acted as parliamentary reporter to the Morning Chronicle, and of whom it was observed by Fox, or Sheridan, that he possessed talents of such high order, his station should be in the body of the House instead of the Gallery.

He duly inducted me into the mysteries of the society; and it may be worthy of remark that it was the last time he ever filled the chair as

President; fell Sergeant Death laying his hand upon him very shortly after the evening to which I allude.

The members of this odd assembly were principally gentlemen connected with the press, a tolerable sprinkling of barristers, and actors. Without being absolutely a debating society, the Eccentrics gave ample opportunities for speech-making, and I have heard some noble specimens of oratory from the leading members. Political and religious topics were studiously avoided; the object of the debate being to give, to the trivial events of every-day life, a consequence and importance that called forth all the powers of the speakers.

Mock charges were brought against individuals, supported by plausible evidence — then refuted by other witnesses; and the apparent fact being nearly proven, its possibility was defended or excused, with a liberal, lenient, philosophic Bulwerism, which some stern moralist, in *his* turn, decried as tending to undermine, not only public laws, but private virtue.

All this might spring from the question whether some harmless beef-eater was or was not a vampire. Many of my friends talked themselves into fits of serious indignation, as if life and fees depended on their words. Per contra, some

speakers, "who, inclination fondly took for taste," delighted us by their blunders. When listeners, lacking self-possession, were inclined to laugh, Raymond's agitated "Bravo! hear, hear," and Graham's simple "Hush, silence!" would re-assure the unconscious ass, and spur him to fresh capers.

Mr. Longueville Clarke, now a judge in India, and Mr. Aichbawn, the barrister, were also among the most popular of the speakers, and not a few members of the British senate but might have envied the easy flow of language and the graceful delivery so constantly to be witnessed in this pleasant society.

From Yates I learnt that a new opera, from the pen of George Colman, was about to be produced. I was aware that my friend enjoyed the intimacy of the author of "Broad Grins," and was much amused by learning that, when the dramatist first mentioned the forthcoming piece, he said —

"I think, by Gad, I have written a very telling part for Young, but I have not yet given it a name. My pagan hero wants to be christened, Freddy. Let us think of some outlandish, long winded, large-tongued name, such as dear Charles's silver trumpet would give forth nobly, eh?"

Inspired by the image, Yates, in Young's own voice, uttered—"Parbaya!"

“Capital, my boy! Parbaya be it then! a melodious, yet energetic title. As Young-y as aught he ever breathed of ‘Pultowa’s field,’ or the ‘Aulic Council.’”

The play was to be called “The Law of Java,” and Yates asked me if I could obtain for him any authentic costumes, as he knew such would be very acceptable to Mr. Colman. It happened that our regimental library had just received Sir Stamford Raffle’s History of that Island, containing a vast variety of illustrations, not only landscapes, but groupes of the inhabitants of all grades, and in varied dresses; of these I made coloured copies, and, before the play was read at Covent Garden, sent them to my friend.

Within the week after my appearance at the Lyceum, I received a humorous and cleverly-written letter, the joint production of the three Mathewses, Mr., Mrs., and young Mr., including a postscript from their friend, Mr. Gyles. One portion of this quadruple epistle I cannot resist introducing here, for reasons that shall hereafter appear.

“If it is any satisfaction to you, in addition to the unbought, and not to be mistaken tribute of a delighted audience, to receive the sincere commendations of a Lamb (don’t look sheepish), the author expressed his unqualified approbation of



your acting, and said, if Mr. H. had been as well acted on its first representation, the piece would have met a different fate. Upon my life, 'tis true !”

Mrs. Mathews continued.

“ What will you lay it's a lie ? But, jesting apart, every body says you were a *Capital H*, and that no letter in our alphabet had any chance with you, which *I* attribute much to my diamond ring” (which I had worn) ; “ it is, however, difficult to determine which shone most !”

Whilst mentioning letters, let me state that Mathews wrote a peculiarly legible hand ; his punctuality in the discharge of epistolary debts was exemplary ; he could not tolerate an absence of this virtue in others.

“ Some of the fools,” would he say, “ will tell ye that they've *no time* to write ; yet they can find time to eat, drink, dress, do a million things of no earthly importance, and then, by Heaven ! go to sleep, with one sin against civility, and another against veracity, on their *consciences*, if they have any. Isn't it abominable ?”

The kind-hearted Harry Betty had been for some time stopping at Chedron's Hotel, Leicester Square ; and, finding his *padrone* a worthy obliging person, was desirous to do him a good turn.

"I am thinking, my dear Captain, we could get up a dinner. I know a dozen or two capital chaps who would join me. I'll write to them all, and if they will give me their names, I'll take the trouble off their hands. Little Chedron has the best cook in London, and you know his wines are excellent; so, do beat up for recruits against Sunday the 5th of May. Dinner, wine, and desert, one pound one. Gentlemanly, and not extravagant."

I promised to name the intended spread to my friends, adding that Betty might count on me for a certainty.

The day arrived. At seven o'clock I repaired to Leicester Square, and perceived that the founder of the feast was in a state of considerable perturbation, in consequence of having received so many excuses, after he had, in his zeal for his friends, and desire to serve his host, ordered, as he said, "a banquet for the Gods;" no apartment at the hotel being large enough to contain the expected party, a spacious auction-room in the neighbourhood was fitted up for the occasion.

When I reached Chedron's, Captain Dobbyn and Mr. Tyrone Power were the only persons assembled; to these I was introduced. Yates and Raymond soon followed, and the true blue

eye of Roscius sparkled with increasing lustre as the *party* increased. Mr. Douglas Guest, an historical painter, arrived, and was warmly welcomed ; then came the gay and fascinating Tom Best, bringing with him a West India friend, and then half an hour passed, and not a single arrival. Dinner was announced as being on table, across the Square, and Betty, endeavouring to conceal his mortification, said—

“ Well, if that be the case, we must make the best of it — don’t let us be dull and dignified, as if we were a pack of Yahoos, done brown by defeat ; now then set forth the dismal cavalcade !”

We found covers laid for forty, and the table spread with the choicest viands. No sooner were we seated than Raymond, anxious to cheer the depressed spirits of poor Harry, remarked—

“ We are exactly the number prescribed by Lord Chesterfield, and I hope, Betty, you will not take upon you the part of the Tragic Muse.”

Power, who at that time had not dreamt of “ Teddy the Tiler,” was melancholy and gentlemanlike in the early part of the evening, in compliment, I presume, to the presence of his friend, the Captain, who was a great stickler for the etiquettes of society, and who had little relish for the broad comedy of real life.

But the man who kept up the ball, and whose joyous manners soon became contagious, was Mr. Best ; he drew out the comic characteristics of all present. Under his skilful management Betty was consoled for his disappointment ; Yates "*sung*" to us, and gave imitations in his best style. Raymond made speeches worthy of the bench or bar ; Guest was eloquent upon the Fine Arts ; the gentleman from Jamaica favoured us with Negro songs and sermons, talked most feelingly about emancipation, and spoke with great *affection* of Wilberforce ; Power related some adventures which had befallen him whilst lion-hunting in Africa ; Dobbyn, knowing Betty's love for the glorious art of war, described to him the last cavalry movements ; and, in short, the party which had assembled under such strange auspices, broke up highly delighted with one of the most agreeable days that had befallen them.

Early in the month I dined with Major R——, for the express purpose of meeting his son-in-law, George W——, of whom I have made frequent mention in my first volumes. The reader may recollect that he is there described as a wild young man, who thinks of little else than the gratification of his own passions, regardless of the miseries he may entail upon himself or the objects of his pursuit. I had heard that George

— was reformed, and, as I knew he was married, I rejoiced to learn that so desirable a change had taken place, but I was not prepared for the extent of his reformation.

With a rational, unostentatious aspect of steady piety and moral conduct, the rake-helly George — was not satisfied; no — he, like Mawworm, was “pretty sure he had had a call,” and determined to give outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual grace. His hair was combed straight over his forehead, his face had become pale, not from fasting or prayer, but the effects of his early debaucheries; he affected a plainness of attire, and, from his breast-pocket, peeped a brazen clasped bible.

He received me with great coolness, and was not a bit more cordial with my friends, Raymond and Yates. He would not hazard his precious soul by sitting at the same board with his father-in-law and the profane guests invited, but was found seated bolt upright, with a volume of Calvinistic lore in his hand, when we joined the ladies at coffee.

Quadrilles were got up, at which W — looked scandalized; but one young lady appealed to Raymond for a waltz, saying —

“Pray let us waltz, let us, pray!”

“Let us *pray*!” echoed *my* George, falling on his knees.

He again blistered his uncongenial namesake that night ; Mrs. W—— passing from one room to another, let her shawl drop from her shoulders. My friend offered to arrange it — the lady, “ not caring to have a *man* so near her——” declined, when, with clasped hands and elevated eyes, he drawled—

“ Thy service is perfect freedom.”

He would not, I am sure, have been so “ tender and profane too o’ my conscience,” had he believed in the efficacy of either W——’s *faith* or *works*.

Nesfield, of whom I have previously spoken, had left the army, and devoted himself exclusively to the Fine Arts ; he had often expressed an earnest desire to be made known to Colonel Cockburn, of our’s, whose magnificent views of Rome, and splendid work on Pompeii, had placed him at the very top of the list of amateur artists ; I signified the wish of Nesfield to the Colonel, who, in his usual unaffected kindly manner, accepted an invitation to meet his brother brush at my humble board. Nesfield had brought some recent sketches with him, for my inspection solely ; and it was with difficulty I could persuade him to allow me the gratification of bringing them under the Colonel’s notice. They were deservedly admired, and our evening was pleasantly occupied in dis-

cussing the rise and progress of water-colour painting, from old Paul Sandby, down to Prout, Copley Fielding, Varley, and others whose pencils had produced such magical effects.

Be it remembered that, at this period, Cattermole, Lewis, and Hunt, had not charmed the world with their beautiful productions, or they would have been named as worthy associates of the artists, whose works we had been praising.

My sister and self attended the first representation of "the Law of Java." The long received fable of the Upas Tree, on which Colman had founded his play, had been completely contradicted in the work from which I had copied the Costumes.

Certainly, the Drama was a strange jumble. Parbaya was glorious; his godfather and parent retained a family likeness of delivery. Liston looked irresistibly; but the grand affair was Maria Tree's victim *Scena* of "Tyrant, I come." I confess I am not musical, but the novelty here introduced of an unseen band playing behind the scenes a march to the place of Execution, at the same time that the orchestra in front accompanied the singer, produced an effect thrilling, electric! Success crowned the night.

Yates, his sable stains adhering to parts of his brown hair, supped with us. We told him

he had looked as like a little black cook as Garrick could have looked like the little black boy with the teakettle; but we added, justly, that he had played in a very David-ish way, too.

Abbot, who personated the Emperor of Java, had been asked during the evening if he was pleased with his part, and if it afforded him any opportunities for gaining applause; to which he replied—

“Why, I think the Imperial dignity of *my* appearance will insure me three rounds, as soon as I am discovered on my throne; but the audience will even then find out, that, as to the play, it is but a cock-and-a-bull story.”

The fact was, the wag alluded to very large golden images of these creatures, placed at the foot of the seat of Royalty, doubtless from the best “authority.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

FULL DRESS—HIBERNIAN BLOOD—BILLY—THE READING—THE  
RIVAL EARLS—IVY COTTAGE—FAMILY JARS—THE HAY-MOW  
—MY HORSE—REVIEWERS REVIEWED — MIMICS MIMICKED—  
HIGH TREASON.

ABOUT this time I received a note from dear Harry Betty, promising to call on a certain day with a friend of his, Mr. Jenkins, as they wished to consult me, "on matters vital to the state." I wrote back an invitation to dinner, adding, that my sister would be delighted to make acquaintance with Roscius.

On the appointed morning, at a somewhat early hour, I heard a carriage stop at my door, and, looking out, beheld a pale, gentlemanly youth, in pantaloon trowsers, alight with my Harry, whose togafied cloak falling aside, betrayed black silk stockings and tights, white waistcoat and cravat, a light blue coat, with some club or fancy button. Hastening to welcome them, I saw an air of more

than usual importance in Betty's handsome peony and golden-whiskered face.

"The lady sister, my blessed captain," he began.

I lost no time in presenting him to Bell, and, after a few old-school compliments, he said—

"My dear captain, I've something to propose, to which I hope you will agree. But you must let me tell my story in my own way. Last night, Captain Augustus Dobbyn, Tyrone Power, and my friend Billy," pointing to Mr. Jenkins, who appeared quite accustomed to be so named, as he smiled and bowed at the abbreviation, "we were talking over the dreadful state of the poor dear Irish; 'my blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds,' starving in *their* own land, dying by inches, owing to the failure of the potato-crop, and we all felt anxious to do our little damndest, or blessed-est rather, my dear madam, to relieve the noble creatures. Well, I need not tell you we're none of us overburthened with the rascal counters, and what we could subscribe wouldn't buy a meal's victuals for more than a dozen out of the thousands who are perishing, like so many Otways and Jane Shores—or citizens of Calais; so, after laying our heads together on this terrible affair, Augustus Cæsar—Dobbyn, I mean, said, or should have said, 'The play's the thing in which

to catch the—sum we want to bring’—for the benefit of the Irish. We all liked the notion vastly, and then began to think of whom we could enlist in the glorious cause; your name was one of the first upon the file, and it was resolved, *nem. con.*, as we used to say at Cambridge, that I should call on you, and ask if you would join us in our work of charity.

“So this morning early I ordered posters to be put to the Purple,\* giving the Hector horse a holiday, and prevailed on Billy” — (here another smile and bow followed the repetition of the gentleman’s pet name) “to accompany me; and now, my blessed captain, give us your aid and counsel. I have brought down a couple of plays, great cards of mine; if you will allow me to show you the cast, and read portions of them to Miss Hill and yourself, we shall be able to come to a decision about what the play *is* to be; that will be a great point gained.”

To this arrangement I consented, with the proposal, that after dinner, over a glass of wine, we would resolve ourselves into a Committee of Taste.

\* The *Purple*, so the *ci-devant* Roscius called his carriage, a large vehicle, in which, at the period when he played twice a day, as, for example, at Glo’ster in the morning, and Cheltenham in the evening, he has often changed his Douglas dress for the more homely tartan of young Norval, in which to begin the tragedy a second time.

Meantime I escorted my friends over the Arsenal and Repository.

We dined early, my sister soon left us, but Betty would not read till we rejoined her, as he did so, saying—

“ ‘There was a time when Warwick needed not *his* aid to gain admission here ’—that is, my darling madam—to *such* as you—you must have been a very little chap at the time of my row. I was but a valiant Thumb, myself. Since then, you see, I’ve not been so much mixed up with the dark-eyed maids of Spain — so I rather shied the lady sister,—but, by the Lord, I found you so accordant, I see I can still make myself conformable—in fact, you are a capital fellow ! I wish we could make you an *Eccentric*.”

“ You do me too much honour, Prince William Henry,” replied my sister, laughing.

“ Not a bit, serves you right, very much right—so help me to decide between two earls — Warwick and Essex.”

“ Then read Essex first ; for, after Warwick, though that is not good, the other would be rather unhappy than a favourite.”

“ How just you are ! sweet saint. Stand clear, Billy, here goes.”

Parts of both the tragedies named were appropriately spouted to us by Betty ; his own vein of

fun frequently marred the pathos. There was a line like —

“ England shall find she has a friend in Essex.”

“ Now *you*,” he said, “ living so handy, must have *lots there*.”

But when he came to something about

“ Tyrone has promised us a mighty power,” he shouted—“ Tyrone and Power ! a mighty auspicious promise for the Paddies.”

After due deliberation on the respective merits of Essex and Warwick, the latter was declared *the* favourite, and the names of the persons intended to sustain the parts over and over again reiterated. Now and then Betty would express his fears lest his troop would not prove loyal after the following fashion—

“ If dear Augustus should be dignified, or Temple prove a recreant knight, captain, we are done brown ! Billy ! do *thy* devoir ! for well thou know’st two rules are Guiscard’s !”

Calming his fears, I promised to attend a full mote early in the ensuing week. After taking breakfast with me the next morning, I saw my friends safely ensconced in the Purple on their way to town, bearing my promise to join the project proposed.

I had not seen any of my friends at Ivy Cottage

since the "Mr. H." night; a note from them being equally inviting with the day, I walked to Highgate, Kentish Town, or wherever Mathews was pleased to lay the *venue* of his residence.

Instead of the reception which on all former occasions had awaited me, I found Mathews in an awful state of gloom, his eyes bore evidence of recent tears, and his voice was so tremulous that he could hardly articulate the words of welcome, he, in spite of appearances, tendered me. I was alarmed, and eagerly inquired for his wife and son.

"Oh, they are both quite well, I thank you," he replied with a bitterness of tone and manner that surprised me; "*I* am, as usual, the sufferer—I think I *have* told you that if ever I set my heart upon any particular object or design, something is sure to happen. However, don't stay here; if you have the least charity, walk with me round the grounds; the house is a Hell to me at this moment, what with the begging pardon on one side, and being accused of obduracy on the other; let me at least take advantage of your arrival, and try to forget my annoyances."

We rambled about his beautiful little domain; I endeavoured to bring him back to his usual cheerfulness, by praising all the various improvements which had taken place under the tasteful

direction of Mrs. Mathews ; he clicked his tongue in his mouth, but made no other use of it till we came close to a large hay-rick, the produce of his own fields.

“ Do you see that ? ” he asked, pointing towards the mow.

“ Yes, and I congratulate you on feeding your own cattle from your own farm.”

“ Cattle ? yes ! horse — races — it sounds very pretty, and vastly agreeable, no doubt, but I ask you, do you see *that* ? ”

“ To be sure I do, my dear sir ; I were blind else.”

“ Then give me leave to tell you, you see the best friend I have in the world. Yes ; nobody thinks of hunting me out *there*. I can go and sit down at the bottom of that hay-rick and cry by the hour ; that’s what *I* call luxury, nobody to interrupt me — no pestering sympathizing friends to plague me with their damned provoking — ‘ What *can* be the matter ? Why surely *you* have nothing to vex you,’ and all that beastly commonplace stuff, as if I hadn’t *more*, a vast *deal more* to bear than any other living man I ever heard of. Why this very day ——.”

Now, thought I, I shall know the cause of all this distressful dolour.

“ This very day, after having implored, begged,

entreated, all but cried, and commanded Charles never to attempt to mount my grey horse, the only animal I ever could cross in the course of my life, with comfort to myself—a creature made on purpose for me—he must needs disobey, take the poor animal out of the stable, over the country, the Lord knows where, and brings him back with a pair of broken knees—knocked to atoms, ruined—had thrown the poor creature down—he never even tripped with *me*, and here I am without a horse to go to Epsom on.”

“Poor fellow!” I exclaimed.

“Poor fellow!” repeated Mathews, “who d’ye mean; me, or the horse?”

“Why, neither; I was pitying Charles, who I know must be suffering dreadfully, from having fallen under your displeasure.”

“You may spare your pity—although he has had some slight punishment, a roll in the road, and a few bruises; but *his* knees are not broken; I wasn’t going to ride *him* to Epsom!”

In such a mood ’twere vain to offer any observation connected with the subject of his regret. So, begging him to let me take advantage of daylight to look at some additions to his gallery, I left him to chew on’t.

In about an hour he joined me, somewhat more calm and collected than he had been; whether or



no he had sought the consolation of the bay-rick, I did not inquire, but proposed, since he was not in his accustomed spirits, my return to town.

“No, you won’t, I thank you; you are the only person to whom I have told my sorrows, and I sha’n’t let you go. We have some people coming, whom I know you will like; but even if that were not the case, it would be absolutely cruel in you. Broken knees! No Epsom!”

In the hope of diverting his thoughts into another channel, I asked if he had read a critique upon a new farce, that had been roughly and somewhat unjustly handled, in one of the morning papers.

“Dear George Colman,” he raved, “never wrote any thing finer than his ‘Ode to We.’ That ‘Plural Unit,’ a hired critic. The notion of *one* man pretending to be legion, doing the royal pronoun in a garret, or a pot-house; telling the public not only what it *ought* or ought *not* to do, like, dislike, or care about, but even telling it what it *does*, and what it *never* does, in spite of its own convictions—daily experience. ’Tis worse than nose led; ’tis driven open-eyed by a cat of nine *lies*—I mean it *would* be, if it did not judge fairly, and laugh at three-fourths of the *Wx*’s without identity, *US*, with no selves of our own, who presume to say, or rather write anonymously, ‘*we* differ from Hunt, Hazlitt disgusts *us*, Lamb out-

rages *our* taste.' Pooh, fiddle! et cetera, as Dan Terry has it."

I was repaid for my consent to remain, by having the pleasure of meeting, amongst the guests, the celebrated Mr. Adolphus. But, before I speak on any other subject, I must mention that, whenever Charles was asked for by any of the party, Mathews by signs referred the querist to me, to account for the absence of his son.

While we were in the gallery, one of the persons present praised Yates's imitation of Young. I saw that Mathews's nerves were at work, by his setting every thing straight and square on the table before him.

"Young," he exclaimed, "best of fellows! elegant, witty, moral, affectionate, pious, loyal, has but one fault, never had."

"That of liking Yates's imitation of him?" asked a gentleman of the party.

"No, no, he *don't*,—he may say so, but he can no more like *it* than it can be like *him*. His only crying, or rather shrieking sin is that he will 'thmooth' down letter-paper with his nail, to split it into note. 'Thmooth?' Now, if there be one noise on earth more infernally detestable than another, it is that confounded *cree*! and though I've told him fifty thousand times that it always drives me mad, destroys me, begging, entreating, all but

going on my knees to him not to do it, at least, within a mile of *me*, still he perseveres ; and what is most provoking, vows in his ‘ thweet ’ placid manner that *every* time I tell him is the *first*. He deserves—but, no ! Charles—Young is a human being, he does *not* yet deserve to be libelled by the mimicry of a filthy Marmoset. Why some of the brutes even call that nasty little viper’s M<sub>K</sub>—like ! Very ! —I’ll shew it ye. Look at this ! ”

Here exaggerating his own halt, and caricaturing his own brow, mouth, &c. &c. he “ waw waw’d ” a few words, then cried—

“ There, that’s Yates’s Mathews. Now I ask any candid person who ever happened to see the original, is *that* one atom like *me* ? ” He seemed to forget that, as he did it himself, it could not choose but be a little like him. He huffed his dinner, and snubbed his dessert. On some greengages and hock being placed near him, he cried—

“ No, thank ye, no cold stomach-aches and Gowland’s Lotion for me. I am ill enough already, labouring under a complication of diseases. Nose-hunger, and can’t relish a pinch of snuff ; drunk yesterday, and *wasn’t*—never am ! and yet I feel as if I had been—*beastly*.”

After dinner, Mr. Adolphus, premising that he had been employed as counsel for the Cato Street conspirators, produced the autographs of such of

these unworthies as could write. He explained that, on the night previous to their execution, he had visited the unhappy men, and requested each of them to give him some slip of writing, as a remembrance of their having been his clients.

“ You perceive,” he said, “ what an excellent, legible, and gentlemanly hand their leader, Thistlewood, wrote—how steadily he formed these characters—although perfectly conscious that it was the last time he should ever hold a pen. *This*, now, is very creditable to the black man ; but *this* is curious ; here is a strong exemplification of the force of habit, and the strange materials of which human nature is composed. The man must have cherished some vague hope of escaping the capital punishment ; and, under that impression, did not like, as they say in the Old Bailey, ‘ to throw away a chance ;’ the Gods, you see, had made him poetical, in this wretched jingle of four lines—with the almost certainty of death for high treason in the course of a few short hours, he had not the courage to express himself at full, but vents his impotent rage on ‘ S——th and his bl——y crew ;’ the fellow dared not write Sidmouth or sanguinary at full length. With the gibbet and the axe then in preparation for him, he boggled at a libel !”

## CHAPTER XV.

A GREEN RETREAT—PROCRASTINATION—THE CÆSARIAN OPERATION—A LOVE LETTER—PIERCING EYES—FEMALE COUNSELLORS—PAINTERS, POETS, AND PLAYERS—I'D BE A BUTTERFLY—A LADY'S FEARS—A WOMAN'S REASON—IRON-Y.

OUR deliberations upon the intended play went on, and Windsor was the scene of action selected. One of the most zealous of the committee was Mr. Frederick Green, a gentleman who had been a deserved favourite on the Bath stage, but, having married a lady of fortune, sister to Lord Hawke, was now enjoying his otium in a delightful house, Hyde Street, Manchester Square.

To his residence our whole party adjourned after a long debate, as to *when* the play was to take place; and, although invited to a biscuit and glass of negus, were shortly seated to the best impromptu supper possible. Mr. Green possessing as much good taste as hospitality—his wines were of the first quality, and it was at a very advanced hour in the morning that our party broke up.

The result of our last night's deliberation was that Betty should proceed to Windsor, and take upon himself the issuing of announce bills, using his best influence to procure the patronage and attendance of the gentry of the town and neighbourhood.

It would be vain to attempt the description of the thousand and one obstacles that presented themselves to retard our charitable intentions. Promises of support one moment, and desertion the next — suffice it to say that few out of the many who had been so zealous, as far as mouth-honour was concerned, fulfilled their engagements.

Betty was perfectly unaware of this state of affairs — he had been nearly a fortnight at Windsor, and subjected to the annoyance of more than one change in the day announced; but, hoping his friends would keep faith, was regardless of expense in giving due publicity to the intended benefit.

The first intimation he received of treason in the camp, was that, beneath his bed-room window, as if just thrown in, he beheld a large and legibly-written scroll; this he eagerly seized and read—

“ Betty! beware of Wathen. Take heed of Temple. Come not near Kenneth. Have an

eye on Millington. Trust not Smith. Mark well Augustus Dobbyn. Benson Hill loves thee not. Thou hast wronged Billy Jenkins. There is but one mind in all these men, and that is bent against Betty. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee.

“Thy lover,

“ANNO MIRABILIS.”

I can well imagine the effect produced by this billet; but the fears of my friend were somewhat allayed by the arrival of the chosen few who had kept their faith. No sooner had we assembled than Roscius produced the Shakspearian document, “half pleased, and half afraid,” all curiosity to detect the Soothsayer among the so-called Conspirators; but the warning voice came from far, and although it was never discovered who it was placed this caution in our Cæsar's way, I subsequently heard Betty address my sister —

“Ah, Madam! ‘thou hast wrong'd Billy Jenkins.’”

An accusation by no means deserved, but elucidating the source of this mysterious papyrus.

The theatre was tolerably well filled; but it was evident that the postponements had created disappointment, and doubts as to the performance really taking place, which had seriously militated against the overflowing house the sanguine Harry anti-

pated. He was in glorious spirits, and his personation of Warwick elicited great applause.

A trifling circumstance occurred which I cannot resist mentioning. Amongst a variety of curious letters in Mathews's possession, I had seen one written by a fond husband, in Dublin, to his beloved wife, then playing at the Haymarket theatre, proposing that, at the end of her engagement, she should join her loving spouse in Ireland; but every paragraph in this epistle was concluded with the outpourings of the uxorious husband's adoration, and "bless your dear eyes!" again and again repeated.

No matter if he described his theatrical prospects, or the view from his window, it was all with the same burthen — but let him speak for himself —

"Hold jones his a bit of a tierunt but the Sall is saf my Izabela Bles your deer eyes—i ham to av haf a ben on a good nite that will Make us both comfortable as i hope to hav yew sune in my harms bles your deer eyes — Dublin is a durty plaice on hacount of the bugs but the vew of the Witlow mountings is hansum and so do comb and sea it—mind bring plenty of sixpensis for gards and coochmen as that is quite enuf for a fea from a ladey travuling A lone bles your deer eyes."

With the recollection of this affectionate epistle,



and the knowledge that the lady who played Laura Durable was the identical Isabella so tenderly addressed, I could not resist trying the effect this benediction would have on her, and, in the course of the performance, seating her on my knee, squeezing her hand, and looking her full in the face, I exclaimed in the most impassioned tone—

“ Bless your dear eyes !”

She started up, as though suddenly shot, for, since the letter I have alluded to had been sent her, she had deserted her tender partner, and how many “ dear eyes” she had blest by the light of her countenance I believe it would be difficult to determine. Sufficient that her charms had *pierced* the heart of more than one married man, to say nothing of bachelors.

The proceeds of our charity-play fell far short of our expectations, but still an acceptable sum was forwarded to the committee of noblemen and gentlemen who were using their best endeavours to ameliorate the distresses of our Hibernian fellow subjects.

It was my pleasing duty to escort to town two of the ladies who had performed with us, Mrs. Lazenby, and her sister, Mrs. Fawcett. They had constantly assisted at our Woolwich amateur doings, and I did not hesitate to mention to them

the idea I had formed of trying my fortune on the stage. Every thing that could be encouraging was said, and it was suggested that I should offer myself to Mr. Trotter, the manager at Worthing.

"You will find one of the most charming theatres in the kingdom — small, but so admirably regulated—you would be quite at home," said one of my fair companions.

"Mr. Trotter," added the other, "is a man of fortune, of gentlemanly habits and manners, and I am sure would be delighted to have you in his company. Let me beg of you to write to him at once, as he is now making arrangements for his coming season."

I had known the worthy manager for years, and promised the ladies to bear their kind suggestion in mind.

The day after my return to town I had the gratification of being made known to old "George Colman the Younger," and received the kindest acknowledgments for the trouble I had taken respecting his last production. The pleasure I derived in an hour's converse with so delightful a person more than compensated the pains I had taken to meet his wish.

I did not allow many hours to elapse before I wrote to Mr. Trotter, tendering my services to him, and requesting to be favoured with as many

particulars as possible, relative to the step I was about to take. A few days brought me the worthy manager's reply, which was most satisfactory and business-like, even to naming the middle of the coming month as the period when he should expect me at Worthing.

The Sunday following this decisive arrangement I dined at Ivy Cottage, and took an opportunity before the party assembled to acquaint Mathews of my plan. He assured me that he was heartily glad to hear of it, as he had not the slightest doubt but I should soon have reason to be gratified at the change in my pursuits; that a very little practice in the country was all I required to insure a speedy and lucrative engagement in London, and that I might always rely on his best influence with managers.

All this was extremely gratifying, and I hardly ever sat down to dinner in a more enviable state of spirits than on this day.

It was my good fortune to be placed next to Miss Kelly; I had never before met her in private life, though so long one of her most ardent admirers. I was much charmed by the brilliancy of her conversation, and the extent of her information, not only as connected with the art of which she was so distinguished an ornament, but on matters of general literature.

I remember the intense interest with which she listened to my narration of the attack on Sir John Purcell's house in Ireland—it having been my good fortune to hear the gallant old man relate the tale with great gusto, entering into the most minute details. These I would fain have softened, as too sanguinary for fair audience; but to my surprise, Miss Kelly eagerly demanded the truth, in Sir John's own words, which I therefore endeavoured to repeat. She listened with earnest attention, but, no sooner had I finished the story, than she sank back in her chair, and, but for the timely aid of Mrs. Mathews, who led her from the room, would have fainted.

The melo-dramatic enthusiast owed it to herself and her friends to have checked, instead of encouraging, my description; I certainly should not have given it, could I have foreseen its effects.

The retirement of the sisters was a signal for the other ladies of the party to leave us; and, as Mathews had promised to pass some hours with me at Woolwich, commencing from dinner time the next day, I embraced the opportunity of entering into conversation with one of the guests, whose appearance was highly prepossessing, Mr. Naysmith, the celebrated landscape-painter, and father to Mrs. Terry. The old gentleman's spoken pictures of the scenery in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh were

delightful, and made me more anxious than ever to behold Scott's "own romantic town."

Many anecdotes were told of Sir Walter, who at that time had not avowed himself as the author of the Waverley novels—any thing relative to the debateable question could not fail to be attractive. Terry fanatically idolized "the Wizard of the North," and took so little pains to conceal his bigot adoration, that he very often subjected himself to quizzical remarks from men less given to literary sympathies than was dear Dan himself. It was natural that he should pride in an intimacy which did honour to both parties.

I had promised Raymond that, no matter how late it might be before I quitted Highgate, I would give him a call in Chambers, as he "wished to communicate something of consequence." It was past eleven ere I reached the Inn of Court. I found my friend intently perusing a *small* volume, very unlike any of the Statutes at *large*; I soon learnt that it was Foote's farce of the Liar, from which he was studying the part of young Wilding; the important something he had to name to me was his earnest desire that I would be his Papillon at a private play, which was to precede a ball and supper at Mrs. Burchall's, in Queen's Square, on the following Thursday. I gladly consented, feeling that the more practice I obtained the better I should be

able to undergo the ordeal of a professional appearance.

Raymond, pleased with my ready compliance, proposed our rehearsing the scenes at once; we were just about to commence—Act 1st, Scene 1st, when a loud knock at the door checked our proceedings. The midnight visitant was Yates; who, in the kindest manner, offered to act as prompter, and thus allow our intention to be carried, with an unexpected advantage, into effect.

When we arrived at the scene where master and man are discovered drinking, Yates quaintly observed—

“ But, George,—I say though — where are the properties? ”

Upon which good-natured hint we suspended operations, and sat down to our sandwich and wine with great zest; in fact, so pleasant did we find our present occupation, that we did not resume the language of Foote, but contented ourselves with recounting our own personal adventures, unconnected with “ Marble Hall ” or “ Abingdon, in the county of Berks. ” It was long after day-break before the trio separated.

Spite of late hours, I got home to Woolwich in good time to make the necessary preparations for my friend Mathews’s visit.

My sister felt some aversion to meeting him. What her motives were *not* I can show at once.

On her telling some military ladies that they might meet Mathews if they called at our house on such a day, one of them had sneered—

“Oh, I can see *him* when I like, by *paying* for it.”

“On no *other* terms were strangers welcome to him,” retorted Bell, “and I was wrong to think of obtruding uncongenial company on so fastidious a genius.”

“If it had been Young, now!” drawled the lady.

“My brother has the honour of Mr. Young’s acquaintance, but *he*, we hear, will come down with such a bevy of his titled friends, that poor Artillery officers can’t expect a moment of *his* time.”

This suffices to indicate that my intended craft was considered respectable by my sister, who honoured Mathews as one among the practical champions of its respectability. She had heard of his domestic worth, extra-professional cleverness, of his brave and cheerful patience under great trials, his gentlemanly habits, kind conduct towards his fellow-labourers, and almost invariable display of respect for the public, who would fain have spoiled him. She *also* knew that he “hated pink-ribboned Misses, who talked of *talented* and *refreshing*.”

It was possible that he might mistake her for one such, and then she “knew how he would look.”

I could not remember that, on the occasions of my taking her to his Lyceum Monologues, he had ever looked alarmingly unamiable. I asked what she meant, and was reminded of a characteristic trait of “poor Mat,” which she had witnessed at Bristol, 1818. He gave his entertainment at our assembly room, which is in Prince’s Street, near the quays.

In the midst of one “*pet* bit,” a flat dray, loaded with iron-hooping, rattled along the cart road, rendering inaudible all Mathews was saying. He ran his fingers through his hair, shifted his leg, grew very red, smiled uneasily, and, as the noise ceased, muttered—

“Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen! I was about to tell ye ——.”

The clattering machine lumbered on afresh still nearer. Mathews looked as if all his teeth were “on edge,” listened with spiteful eagerness, gulped at his glass of water; the cause of the interruption stopped; once more he essayed to speak—

“Though *I* am *not* ‘native here, and to the manner born,’ I *ought* to rejoice at *any* proof that the commerce of this ancient and loyal city flourishes, not only by *day*, but by NIGHT, and ——.”



The cruel dray rolled on again. Mathews, thoroughly "worried," would not attempt to continue till the object of his horror was fairly out of hearing; but by those nearest to him might be caught sundry snappings of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and sounds like —

"Give it up! no use! beastly metallic noises! of course — I knew it — was sure of it — said so. Such things never happen to any body but me; can be but *one* motive. My Irish namesake's here, and I —."

The laughter-blended applause subsiding, Mathews bowed, and, while his rat-eye dealt scornful fury round, said pointedly—

"Forgive *me*, ladies and gentlemen! it was impossible for me to proceed while forced to think with Hamlet, 'here's *metal* more attractive;' but now—we *have*, I trust, heard the last of *that* very witty triumphant car; till the NEXT arrives, which I expect every moment, I will, with your leave, *endeavour* to finish my story."

This fidgety tenacity of the respect he thought due to his (real or affected) morbidly sensitive peculiarities would only amuse a stranger, forming part of his audience. Yet, having as hostess to humour such an individual, was quite another thing.

Private persons of the highest rank may be

laughingly lectured by any young lady of independent mind; but Mathews, though wishing to be treated in society as a mere gentleman, might think that no "Miss" would dare smile at his *fads*, if she did not know that he "got his bread by being funny on the stage."

To such fears I leave my sister for the present.

## CHAPTER XVI.

GENERALSHIP—VERSUS KEAN—A KEMBLE PIPE—THE HOPE OF  
A RACE—ROSCIUS'S STRATAGEM—A LECTURE ON HEADS—A  
SLIP OF THE TONGUE—MATHEWS IN TRAGEDY—LIBERAL  
OPINIONS—NAPPING ON MY POST—LOST, LOST, LOST—FOUND,  
FOUND, FOUND—THE CAUSE—I DENY YOUR MAJOR—SPOILT  
CHILD—TEST OF GENTILITY.

I HAD very gladly included in my invitation Mr. Elder, a particular favourite at Highgate, and at six o'clock my expected guests arrived. I made them known to my sister. Doubts of whether or no she should get on at all with the great Mathews, had rendered her apparently indifferent to the event; she, therefore, by cool civility, put him partly at his ease, partly in a humour for striving to please, and draw out one of whom he had not *heard* as a merely inoffensive automaton.

He looked round on some Kemble portraits, which adorned our walls, and, rubbing his hands, commenced his attack—

“All right! I see! loyal to *our* Royal family. There's her Imperial Majesty Queen Sarah; and his Serene Highness Prince Charles; and Stephen,

worthy peer ; and the glorious black Eagle — you know Bath well, do *you* remember poor Sowerby ?”

“ *I* do,” was my reply.

“ Ah ! then perhaps you *will* believe that *he* used to talk of things that happened to himself ‘in the reign of King John,’ and make the matter-of-facts think him madder than he was.”

“ I’ve heard him say so often, and, of course, was aware whom he meant.”

“ Well—and *your* sister, as a poet, I’ll trust with a rare bit of fun I’ve brought down in my pocket, which it would be treason to read before beasts — Keanites ! ‘Seen the clever Monkey ?’ ‘Yes, extraordinary, astonishing, indeed !’ ‘Go again ?’ ‘No, thank ye, seen him *once*, that’s enough,’ eh ?”

“ *I* have seen Kean *more* than once,” said my sister, “and hope to see him often — I can’t help admiring his genius in some parts.”

“ Yes, you *can* ! yes, you *do* ! don’t tell *me* ! you, if you *pretend* to be a Kemble-ite ? pooh !”

“ Nay, I don’t *pretend* at all about *that* ; but the Kembles were by nature too noble, too pure, too simple, to represent Richard, or Sir Giles, so well as Kean does.”

“ Come, ‘that’s craftily qualified too.’ *I like* you. Yes, we may give the *little* man over all

the old and ugly rascals of the drama — Simple? What will you say to the feast I have here for ye? Very scarce—bought up—very old—burnt down—never mind, *I* 've got a copy! another Feast—and not at all unfair like Koranzo's — dear John Philip's early poems. Listen!"

Then, with an admirable imitation of our tragedian's voice and carriage, he read the little volume from the preface, beginning— "I am sure I do not know what I ought to say" (or something like it) to "Where's my pipe, my boy?" "Look to my Lambkins!" "Hence, ye impure!" (or "profane," or whatever it is, touching the death of Mr. Inchbald) "Thalia's was the deed."

My sister's unfeigned delight assured Mathews that he was appreciated; he called her "Good Audience." It pleased him to be *fine* on many subjects, for her edification; to mount sundry of his hobbies, to gold-beat and wire-draw several old prejudices, and new brief whims. If he chose to insist that a spade was *not* a spade, he could "turn its shapely sweetness every way;" fume his ingenious exaggerations in Italics, vapour his superlatives in Roman capitals, and fall out with the mirth his own original way of "proving" an assertion excited.

Conscious that it would be ridiculous in me to attempt any rivalry with the splendours of Ivy Cottage, I contented myself by placing before my

visitors a quiet, unaffected dinner, and as good wine as they could wish to drink. Mathews proposed an early adjournment to the drawing-room, where we all chatted our wittiest, winding up rather late, over a broiled bone and brandy toddy.

Our breakfast party the next morning received an accession in the person of dear Harry Betty, who had driven down from town; Hector, the Trojan, drawing a lighter and more open vehicle than "the Purple." He was warmly greeted by us, and congratulated his 'blessed Mathews on the prospect of witnessing genuine sport, without the chance of a *sell*.'

"None of your Newmarket tricks here, I suppose, my dear captain!" he continued; "all fair and above-board in a garrison race. No bribing of jockeys, nor bolting of courses."

Mathews suppress the retort that seemed rising to his lips, and put himself by for a hit. Roscius was intoxicated with vivacity—it seemed inevitable that he should do something outrageous, nor was that supposition long doubtful; leaving his breakfast unfinished, he placed on his head a basket, the open wickerwork of which was composed of rare Indian shells, drew its handle under his chin, and walked about before our door, asking the staring passers by—

"Did ye ever see any thing like that growing in a field of corn?"

Vast numbers of people had by this time assembled on the course ; Mathews, observing this, turned to Barlow and Beard, who had joined our little coterie, and demanded—

“ Now, *can* any of ye tell *me* what all those fools yonder fancy they are going to see? For *my* part I don't presume to know. I never did, nor shall be able to ascertain, nor guess, what earthly motive people, calling themselves *sane*, and passing with the world as sane, can have—for wasting their time or frying themselves to death, in the height of what *they* dub ‘an English Summer,’ (three hot days and a thunder-storm!) For what? What *is* a horse-race? I never saw one! Did you? I'm serious! 'Tis all ‘Here they come!’ and ‘There they go!’ but, who? where? There never *was* a race won! 'Tis a mystery, all humbug! I attend every course I can, in hopes of making out why *others* do so; but I *can't*; no matter! May be Woolwich is doom'd to solve the problem. So Esperanza, Percy, and set on!”

Upon this we broke up the sitting. Betty ascended his vehicle, and I attended my friends on horseback. The drawing-room windows commanding a view of the course, my sister preferred remaining at home to occupying a seat in the Grand Stand.

The delays which constantly attend a start had

the effect of rendeting Mathews fidgety—the first indication he gave of his nervous irritability was ~~us~~ turning to me with the remark—

“Some of the people must think me a wild beast—they stare at me so infernally. ’Tis very annoying !”

Mr. Elder, who appeared to have much power over the outpourings of his friend’s spirit, coolly replied—

“Then you are wrong to let it annoy you—as a public character you are public property—you would be much *more* annoyed if they did *not* pay your talent the homage which their recognition implies. Did not you set the people of the inn hunting the house over for a child?—supposed, who went about crying, ‘I want to be washed.’ *You*, who ‘don’t like to attract public attention, when you are not acting.’ *That* must be when you are in bed, and asleep !”

“Of course—as usual—I must be wrong, and every body else in the right; but I didn’t come here as a gaping-stock—I came to see a race—not that I believe I shall.”

Whilst I was using my best endeavours to insure my friends a place close to the Winning-post, I little dreamt that, my attention being engrossed, Betty would take advantage of the fact. He no sooner saw me fixed, than he drove back to my



door, ran into the house, and called my sister from the drawing-room, then saying—

“ Now, my dear Miss Hill, just step into the Tilbury. They’ll start ere you can get up stairs.”

He almost lifted her in, bare-headed as she was. A gesture apprized Mrs. Turner of his scheme—a bonnet was hastily brought down, forced on its owner, and, before she could utter one refusal, she was driven off in triumph.

My sister had some cause to dread two-wheeled vehicles. If, from a gig, standing stone-still, one may tumble to the “cureless ruin” of one’s profile, what might not be apprehended under such eccentric guidance as the present?

Well did Betty know that *I* should have objected to what he had, by stratagem, achieved. This consciousness only enhanced his charge’s peril. Did he see any one resembling, in his ideas, either Mathews or myself, he would turn “the Hector” in a contrary direction, and lash him into a dangerous speed. In vain the poor girl cried—

“ Be moderate! that whiskered dandy is not Benson.”

“ Perhaps not, my dear creature, but the thief doth fear *each* bushy officer!”

Presently they paused, to watch the race. A rustic pedestrian begged leave to raise himself,

stepping on the spokes of one of the Tilbury's wheels, and hanging on at the side. Harry gave him permission. The man strained eyes and ears, panting 'twixt hope and fear, till, when the running horses were in sight, he gasped forth—

“Gracious Providence! here they come!”

“God of Nature! didn't you expect 'em?” cried Betty.

Wiser men than our clodpole have unguardedly betrayed *surprise* at beholding the very things they “went out for to see.”

Fortunately for all parties, a torn flounce was the only ill effect of this kidnappery of Isabel.

The sports concluded; my friends, including Barow and Beard, returned to lunch. Mathews had regained his good-humour, and declared that he should ‘never forget what he had *seen*, for the first time in his life, that day, and most probably the last. The next miracle he should expect would be that of finding an angler who had really caught a fish.’

It happened that some military dropper-in, speaking of Liston, said—

“Oh, the *sight* of him is enough; he has but to appear, and his face plays the part.”

“I beg your pardon,” observed Mathews, “permit me, if you please, to disabuse you of that very common mistake—the same thing has been

said about *me*, on *that* extremely pleasant side of the question ; and of the Kembles, on the other hand. False, sir ! unjust to both, as I think I can prove. Not a face in the world, handsome or ugly, would be worth a straw, to any but the owner, if it did not possess variety of expression, *looks* which actors must owe to sense, feeling, hard study, practice. You may meet a hundred men, with *features* as anti-classical as Liston's or your humble servant's ; yet they don't make ye laugh, they are simply disagreeable.

“ Per contra, look at Mrs. ——'s, Captain D——, and Madame ——'s, Mr. H——, C——. Both of these gentlemen have profiles regular as statues could show you, and, no doubt, animation enough for private life ; but, were they professional actors, those fine traits would need education, ‘each instructed feature has its rule.’ Now, Joe Munden had a superb head, Roman nose, full lustrous dark eyes, rich mouth ; yet see his Sam Dabs ! Did Liston ever look more fit for the broadest low comedy ? Same rule holds good with Jack Edwin the first, and many others.

“ Again, there's Fanny Kelly ; does her face play the part ? does not its *expression* make one forget its *features* ? Believe me, I'm not prejudiced by brotherly partiality. In the case of John and Charles Kemble, if beauty were at once indis-

pensable, and all-sufficient, then their admirers would not prefer them to the well-looking men of figure who abound on the stage; and could not tolerate Macready or Jones, because their features are less perfect.

“ It would be about as reasonable to assert that their ‘most sweet voices’ alone won applause for Braham and Incledon. As if they could have been famed as singers, without scientifically managing the gifts of nature. If I may be considered any judge, I give it as my opinion that Liston is an actor, or, as folks now say, an artist, who would have been just as popular as he is, if his visage had been fac-similized after Holman’s or Harry Johnson’s. Ay, and in Liston’s own line of business, too.”

This brief oration contained hints of great value, and future utility to me.

One of my visitants, previously known to Matthews, had too nearly fallen a victim to his love for a lady who could love nought save — (no matter what). The gentleman, announcing some kind office, by which he had saved Mat’s lame leg fatigue — the great man, forgetting all but gratitude and Shakspeare, thanked his young favourite, in a quotation I shall not repeat, but it accidentally bore on the most painful part of the amourette to which I have alluded.

Its hero fortunately did not perceive the allusion, and ran off again, as gaily as before. Poor Mathews! No sooner had the words escaped his lips, than he became pale and rigid as death. Nobody liked to speak—'till he burst forth, querulously, almost in tears,

“Great Heaven! *I* to HIM! I've heard of such things, and said ‘I don't know how the wretches do 'em.’ Some men might be excused, but *I* am not generally considered an idiot. 'Tis *my* trade to be *funny*. 'Twill be said next that I'd rather lose my friend than my jest. Call *that* a jest? *I* know better! can't tell what may happen to one's self—God pardon me! apologies would only make bad worse. *I must* let *him* fancy me a *brute*, a FIEND! that good dear lad. *I!*”

We assured him that his inadvertence had taken no effect on its theme. This roused him into petulance.

“Bless ye,” he cried, “you mean so well, don't know my feelings! nice man you are, good fellow, to yourself. Now what *is* the use of your telling *me*? Of course I know as well as you do, that it *might* not be heard, *might* not be understood, *might* not be felt. He *looks* deaf, a fool, a stoic, does he? Sir, he has such tact, such consideration for *me*, little as I seem to deserve it, that he'd *pretend* he did not care, and run off to grieve in secret.

But he *must* know that I could not *mean* to insult his sorrows."

While thus giving way to his scrupulous remorse, Mathews looked positively beautiful ! Our (all but) Werter's return, in tip-top spirits, convinced the luckless quoter that he had sinned with impunity. This restored his equanimity ; he even became boyishly frisky.

" I owe two sights to you, my dear Hill," he said ; " one, a real race ; the other, one good amateur actor. You are the only bearable specimen I ever saw, and I've, at least, *heard* of very many. Now, there's ——," (here he named the most distinguished commander of the Dramatic Gentlemen Volunteers), " he's a fine man, an elegant creature, speaks scholarly and wisely, an excellent character. Any husband or father might trust a female family under his wing, on a desolate island, in spite all the long stories and bad jokes got up by a pack of lying fools. All that's pointless, flat as the back of my hand. I *know* he's a moral, modest, safe lady's man, always was, 'tis his nature —After that, as for his acting, especially love scenes, I spit on such puny impotent attempts !"

I could not quite agree with either this praise, or this censure, but have since heard that, in *such* cases, Mathews made *himself* believe whatever *his* nature, averse to suspicion, *wished* to be the truth ; and,

per contra, if a man, even an amateur, played *his line of business*, he could be blind to a success which might have pained him, rather than give way to even a just degree of *jealousy*.

Again he said to my sister—

“ *I like you!* ”

She returned, rather pointedly —

“ ‘ Honours so great have all my toils o’er-paid ! ’ ”

“ There you go ! ” laughed Mathews ; “ no pleasing a Miss, she must quarrel with mere method ; don’t like my ‘ Epithee — Oh — I’ll come,’ as ‘ Charles Ingledon ’ used to say, when he tried to read his call for the music in *Isabella* — he could not master the Polly-syllables — know that story ? ”

“ I know it’s essence now — but, to the point, dear sir ! ”

“ Well, may one not mean by *like*, that one estimates and wishes well, and will be glad to see again, and all that ? ”

“ Certes, but may not I *detest* the word *like*, as much as *you* do certain other equally common and harmless phrases ? You are not like to gain-say that, so further pertness from me would be like any thing but the respectful.”

“ No liking lost, for all that, only I reserve the word *love* for the two creatures who belong to me, and with whom I never had an unkind moment.”

I wondered, just after our races, that he should forget Epsom — he resumed —

“Our boy wears one of Mamma’s eyes as a brooch, I the other ; their pictures, I mean — not that we need ’em to keep our hearts with her, as her’s is with us — You don’t know *her* yet !”

This was true ; though, when the Mathewses had been present at one of our charity plays, my sister had bowed to her acquaintance, young Charles, in such a way as not to fix public attention on the party, but he pointed her out to the dear lady, and she impulsively *kissed her hand to Isabel*, with wreathed smiles ; which rather astonished the etiquette party with whom Bell sat — considering that not even cards had yet been exchanged between the fair matron of Ivy cottage, and the poor young maiden at Woolwich.

But it is quite possible for creatures of soul to appreciate each other, without ceremonious introduction. When report truly speaks of manners perfectly un-stagey, unaffected ; dress easy, rich, simple, and modest ; conduct above suspicion, such as befits one who, from a chaste girl, was converted into a faithful wife, and exemplary mother — I say when even a stranger hears of *such* a character, it must be with revering admiration.

Soon after five o’clock, Mathews, with Mr. Elder, departed for Kentish Town.



Betty was so well pleased with the first day's sport, that he determined on witnessing the second, and shared a late dinner with us. On our returning to the drawing-room, he inquired—

“Don't you go to the Ball, to-night, my Captain? I should have liked to foot it featly here and there, with the dark-eyed maids. In days of yore I was just the thing for dancing—so my honoured and convivial parent used to say; when I call her so, you'll understand I speak laconically, not about the honoured—but the poor dearblessed angel of a maternity is, in reality, dull and dignified, the queen of grief. But, may I not hope to lead a measure, to tickle the rushes—eh?”

I could not explain to my sensitive friend the prejudices of the Garrison, but truly told him, that, anticipating a day of fatigues, I had not secured tickets for the evening festivities. I was, indeed, so tired that, while the rest were taking their coffee, I fell asleep on the sofa. When I awoke, my first question was—

“Where's Betty?”

“He left the room half an hour since.”

“Not gone to town, surely?”

“No; he has ordered a bed at the Barrack tavern; no doubt he will be back to supper.”

But, as Richard of Hickleton fair says—

“'T'en o'clock came, and na Betty. Eleven o'clock came, and na Betty.”

Going into my own room I found his beaver, and missed an old staff cocked-hat of mine. I sent Turner to the Inn. Hector and equipage were still there, but not their proprietor. We grew alarmed. I must not attempt to depict what we suffered. Messengers were despatched in all directions, still no tidings of the truant; between one and two I retired to bed, but not to rest, bidding Turner renew the search at sunrise, and bring me word of its results, be they what they might. From my first uneasy doze I was awakened by my man, who said—

“ Well, I’ve found Muster Betty.”

“ Alive ?” I hastily uttered.

“ Ay, sure, only dead asleep.”

“ But—where ?”

“ Whoy, in a cherry-tree, on Plumstead Common.”

“ Good God ! and now—”

“ Oh, now he’s asleep again. They’d let his bed-room at the Barrack tavern, as he didn’t come ; so he ran to the stable, threw himself down by his horse, calling the cretur after all manner of woines and places ; \* and so, with his compliments, and

\* I suspect that Betty’s words were “ Bucephalus”—and “ White Surrey.” If the refined “ Lord Duke” calls Bucellas after Alexander’s horse, my soldier-servant may be excused for a similar mistake.

he'll be with you to breakfast, by ten, and went off like a babby—the rumiest I ever see.”

I heard a fluttered laugh from my anxious sister's apartment, and, understanding that our wild dear guest was safe, I enjoyed about four hours of refreshing slumber.

On taking my place at the breakfast table, still jaded and unadorned, I found the hero point device, fresh and sparkling as if nothing had happened, yet with affectionate remorse growing on him, as his young hostess described our suspense, and as much of our terrors as might be fit to meet the ear of their cause.

“I wonder I did not think of that, as Mac says,” he cried, “when I reflect, be it ever so little, I am ashamed and sorry, sorry and ashamed; but hear me, for my cause! It was that friendly Ball that laid me low. Thence banished, I resolved in its bright radiance and collateral beams I would be comforted, not in its sphere; but, as a civilian, I fancied I might be turned back. So, seeing a looped hat upon a peg, in a cupboard of your chamber, captain—a dark corner of your cabinet, eh? I wore *your* beaver up—ay, up to where the as fair as noble ladies were descending from their cars to enter the lighted hall of banquet.

“Many a Juliana did I hand out. They took me for some great Naval commander doing Steward,

or Master of the Ceremonies. At last it was ‘ All in, just going to begin,’ as dear old Richardson’s fellows say—and so I wandered down, to mark the *military* order of this city, *Woolwich*, which makes it beloved and honoured of all travellers.

“ The night was neither chilly nor dark—through the doors and windows of very respectable hotels I saw lots of our brave defenders — who were not ball-going men. Some of ’em Majors, I believed *then*—my morning thoughts add *Drum* or *Sergeant* to that name, for they were any thing but proud.

“ I asked if they knew you ; not a soul but did applaud you to the echo. Surely no man can be more populous in the corps ; and so they drank your health, and then my own ; and some remembered me, and said such kind, such moving things ! they must be disinterested *now*, you know, since I no longer live by fretting my hour.

“ Well, I grew hot, and longed for something rural ; and on I strayed till I came to an orchard, and there I found a bower, with meat and drink in it united, rosy ripe ! which I enjoyed till sleep surprized me, and, when I awoke, I heard the voice of your doughty squire. The Turner, I must tell you, Captain, is a gem, a glory, a perfect treasure, a regular Kafips, but for whose rescue I should have been thoroughly kafouzled ; he

was rowing the farmer for finding fault with my intrusion; but, I said, 'Here's money for my meat.' Pretty figure for the part of Imogen, even in boy's clothes, is the Lord of the Manor of Hopton Wafers,\* now.

"Well, I came away—snoozed in clover with my gallant grey, or made that roan my throne, till the innocent usurper of my dormitory set off for London. Then I ablutionized, and here I am! guilty, indeed, but not impenitent; fitter to do another such a deed, than die for this!"

There was no being angry with the jovial, gentle Harry. I only sighed—

"A tolerably expensive trip you've made of it. Why, it must have cost you——"

"Spare your arithmetic! never count the terms! smile you but fair, and I am proof against their enmity."

By the time the Roscius had finished this account of himself, Beard, who had promised to breakfast with us, arrived, giving the following explanation of his absence—

A cockney equestrian, on a runaway steed, had knocked down a poor girl carrying an infant belonging to one of our corporals—the babe was killed on the spot—its young nurse looked on her-

\* A large estate, formerly the property of my friend, W. H. W. B.

self as responsible to the parents for its life. Beard had to quiet her hysterics, break the truth to the mother, help her through a swoon, extract money from the unintentional destroyer, and raise a subscription for the funeral.

"As if," almost sobbed poor Betty, "as if gold could do any good! Mr. Smith, you are not a father, nor you a mamma, my Belvidera, but here's Turner—he has one fair daughter and no more; the which he loveth passing well, I dare say. Now tell me, Stagyrte, if, which the God's forbid! she were ran over—what were the use of subscribing?"

"Whoy," bluntly answered my man, "'twould save my woife from being bother'd about money matters at sich a toime as her feelins was hurt with consarns of loife and death."

"Pooh, pooh! I tell you you're quite — quite —."

Betty followed him from the room, shutting the door after them.

Shortly re-entering, he cried—

"Fly, my noble Doctor! The sports will begin directly—don't lose them—I follow."

I persuaded him, however, to stay with us. The adventures of the last night having gained for him a notoriety which I did not wish to share; to

this proposal he readily acceded, and in an hour or two after the final heat he set off for town.

The quiet Mrs. Turner took the earliest opportunity to inform her lady, that—

“Mr. Betty behaved very much like a gentleman, about the sad accident as killed the babby, ma’am.”

“Very much! how much?” demanded Isabel.

The woman named *golden* proofs of parental sympathy, sent by the depreciator of subscriptions, through Turner, to the corporal’s wife.

“But,” added she, “Mr. Betty made Peter,” (so this in other respects contrast to Faulconbridge always called her *Samuel*), “promise that he would not mention the present to any body, ma’am — the dear gentleman talked quite awful, so of course *neither* of us have said a word about it to a living soul.”

The man had only told his wife — the wife only told her mistress, the mistress only told her brother, the brother is now only telling the public at large. Such is the fate of most secrets—but *this* betrayal, Harry, “Serves you right!”

## CHAPTER XVII.

A FETE—PERSONATION—THE QUEER LITTLE MAN—COUNT HIM A NOBLE—A MORSEL FOR A MONARCH—NAN SILLER—THE KING OF HEARTS—TRUTH.

THE day following dear Betty's departure, was the one fixed for Mrs. Burchell's soirée. Those of her friends who were to assist at the private theatricals, which constituted a part of the evening's amusement, assembled in the morning for the purpose of rehearsal.

The folding doors of the back drawing-room having been removed, a tasteful proscenium, and all that was essential behind the curtain, had been admirably contrived and executed under the able directions of Mr. Beazely; who also furnished a very sparkling address, to be delivered previous to the performance, claiming the good feeling of the company towards the little squad of amateurs who were about to venture on the task of attempting to amuse them.



Young Wilding afforded my friend Raymond ample scope for indulging in his Ellistonian manner ; not that I mean to imply he gave the part in direct imitation, but it was evident that he had studied the whimsicalities of his admired Drury Lane manager, and re-produced them elegantly blended with his own original humour.

The father of the "modern Mandeville" was ably supported, in Terry's style, by Mr. Charles Dance, a gentleman who has since then become well known to the play-going public by his very many clever burlettas and farces, some of these written conjointly with the versatile Mr. Planché and his talented lady.

The part of Sir James Elliott fell to the lot of the fair youth called, by Harry Betty, Billy Jenkins. An amateur player, so cast, is fortunate, if ignorant of the sneer attached, by regular actors, to this very insipid walking gentleman.

To be called "fit for the Sir James Elliotts," were death to a professional aspirant for the glories of light genteel comedy. *The Captain*, whose name must not be printed, said to me with pompous jocosity, one day—

"I have played in the Liar, *myself*."

"Ha !" I asked, "Wilding or Pampillon ?"

"Neither. I was the person of rank and title in the piece. I performed *Sir James Elliott*."

This en passant, but to return —

Blue Devils followed the Liar, and imitation being the order of the night, I played the short character of a Bailiff, with Matthew Stuffy's "cold id my lose," and, as an extra disguise, went about with my eye out, at least with one lid closed.

If any azure demons were conjured up by this piece, I have little doubt that they were soon exorcised by the announcement of supper.

"Such a getting *down* stairs"—to parody the newest news — I have hardly ever witnessed, and never saw a more determined attack upon the "vivers" and wines. It matters not whether in Queen or Grosvenor Square, the moment refreshment rooms are opened, the same anxiety to get a good place at the table is apparent.

Determined to carry into execution my plan of trying my fortune on the stage, the applause and commendations I received this evening were doubly valuable.

In one of my summer visits to my friend Charles Mathews, at Ivy Cottage, though received with the same cheering smile, the same warm hospitality as I had experienced on former occasions, I could not fail to observe an anxiety on the part of my host to interrupt the sincere expression of my happiness in again meeting his amiable wife.

"Of course, yes; 'glad to see you,' 'sweet

place,' 'much improved,' 'your exquisite taste, my dear lady'—so every body says, and what every body says must be true; but we like you too well to expect compliments—besides, I want you to come with me into the gallery, I've something to show there that will delight you."

"A new Zoffany or a choice Harlow, I suppose?"

"Not a bit; what you are going to look on, is, in the language of the proprietor of the travelling theatre at Norwich, Bury, and thereabouts, 'None of your shadows upon blankets, but the living work of —' "

The sentence remained unfinished, his hand was on the handle of the gallery door—

"Now, my dear boy," he pursued, "prepare; for you shall see my long Pole, and if it does not 'stir you up,' may I never again be encored in 'Bartle'my Fair'—I mean the song, not Smithfield."

He entered the room; not a living creature was visible; and Mathews looked searchingly about, never lifting his eyes above the surbase.

"I left him here when you rang the gate-bell; perhaps he's gone for a walk round the garden—roller, or has—'tis very annoying, so it is."

"D'ye mean Tiny?" asked I—(Mat had a little dog, so called); "Is it Tiny?"

“ Very ! ”

As he said this, his fingers were run through his hair with such rapidity as to convince those who knew his ways that he *was* annoyed ; but scarcely had he withdrawn his hand from deranging the economy of his curls, when from behind a table glided forth Count Boralowski, a tiny, indeed, who sent my memory back to the days when I was tiny myself.

In my first suit of dittos, covered with quadruple rows of sugar-loaf inconveniences, I was taken, as a reward for not having committed my usual share of mischief, to see the famous dwarf ; and I remember well, even at that tender age, being struck by the elegance of the small gentleman's deportment and unshow-like discourse, so different from the squeaking parrot-rote of Mr. Allen, then travelling with “ *Lady Morgan*,” both of whom I had seen at the last fair. These two very unpleasant pigmies were afterwards united ; I am not aware if her ladyship retained her rank, or resigned the title subsequently associated in our minds with a far higher order of celebrity. But I am wandering : the polish of the Polish Count delighted me. I was charmed with his interesting broken English, and in absolute raptures with his graceful manner of taking snuff ; it seemed strange to see so small a thing indulge in a habit then only practised by grown persons.

To confess how long ago it is since I first appeared “a forked thing,” would be to let the world into the secret of my age, a matter of importance to a man not yet too old to propose to an heiress, or, “for a consideration,” visit St. George’s, Hanover Square, with a widow. Enough that many years had rolled over my head; with a grateful recollection of the pleasure the little Count had afforded me, I had been delighted to hear that so exquisite a specimen of man in miniature as Boralowski was still able to gratify hundreds by his presence. And now once more we stood in the same room, though not exactly face to face.

Age had dealt kindly with him: a few deep wrinkles marked the lapse of time since last we met, and the hair, which I had first seen *en toupée et en queue*, and well besprinkled with mareschal powder, was now silver gray, and streamed in thin tresses about his intelligent face; the eyes were bright and sparkling as ever, and he advanced to meet his host with a smile perfectly bewitching. I was presented in due form. With a bow that would have put any master of the ceremonies to the blush, the Count held out his pretty hand, saying—

“Saar, any bodey dat my ver dear Mistare Matoos call his friend must be mine. I am ver glad to have honour to know you.”

The presence of this extraordinary being brought back to my memory every action of his which I had witnessed at my first sight of him. I therefore presented my box, knowing that where snuff does not act as an absolute introduction, it is often a ratification of friendly feeling. *Ma tabatière* happened to be one of the Patagonian size. No sooner did I tender this offering from Brobdignag to Lilliput, than the Count burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which for some minutes prevented his speaking : at length he managed to say—

“ Matoos, my dear Matoos, upon my vord, do look, I nevere saw sooch a ting in my life ! *Parbleu !* I tink I could put all my *bas de soie*, and two tree pair of satin *culottes* in him. Upon my vord, ha ! ha ! ha !”

His merriment did not prevent his accepting the proffered pinch, and producing his own small gold box in return.

After a while Mathews proposed to me a ramble round the beautiful grounds attached to the cottage ; as might be expected, the being we had left forming the subject of our discourse.

“ Isn’t he a sweet little fellow ? Now, I’m going to tell you what happened to us two, for I do think *you* are a likely person to feel an interest in my relation — I don’t mean the Count, Heaven bless his dear little body and big heart, I

wish I could claim kindred with such a perfect diamond Bible of a man ; no, I mean that I'm sure you'll be pleased at what I'm going to say, because I know you are a loyal subject, as all soldiers should be. So lend me your ear."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when he observed a large party making their way towards him, and, with a look of utter dismay, added—

"It's no use, I see that. The moment I fancy I can have an hour to myself, some incursion of Calmuc Tartars, Cossacks, Goths, Vandals, Fiends, sure to break in upon my quiet. Now who *are* these people who have invaded my premises?"

Saying which, he walked towards the group. Various introductions I could perceive were made to my friend, and presently the whole party entered the Picture Gallery.

I did not see my host again till the dinner was served ; he was evidently suffering from the infliction he had endured in answering the questions of so numerous a party, principally ladies ; once or twice he expressed his wish that the whole squad had been sent to——any other place but Ivy Cottage.

"Nevare mind, my dear Matoos ; dey are all gone, and you shall not be teaze no more," said the good-hearted Count, as he clambered up to

take possession of the chair which had been prepared for him.

I observed also that small knives, forks, and spoons were laid for him—a proof of the considerate care of his hostess. Mathews soon recovered his equanimity, and the *parti carré* seemed disposed to make themselves and their companions happy. Count Joseph fed more like a fairy than a man, though obviously quite habituated to all the niceties of good breeding requisite at table. On challenging him to take wine, he said—

“ Ah, sare, vill you pardon my rudeness to refuse? I nevere have drink vine, nor grog ponch, all de vile I stay in your countree. I do not require him, so I leave him alone. Vat shocking ting for me to make tipsy myself at dis time of my day, but I shall pledge you vid von glass vater, vid all my heart.”

With the dessert coffee was served for the temperate Boralowski, who appeared to relish it as much as we did our wine. With unaffected good humour he volunteered to sing a French *chanson*, accompanying himself on the guitar; and it was with difficulty I could restrain my laughter when I saw Mathews screw him up, on the music-stool, till he conceived himself high enough for the performance. To see this extraordinary little figure, hugging an instrument nearly as large as himself,



turned round and round till he came to a level with the table, had a curious and ludicrous effect.

The Count's singing was pleasing, and his execution on the guitar brilliant; his hands, diminutive as they were, had a perfect command over the strings; and the whole affair was so unlike display as to be quite charming. At an early hour he retired to rest; Mathews reminding me that what had been said by some histrionic wag of Simmons, that he never lay *long* in bed, was more applicable in the present case.

“ Well, now, my dear fellow, we have no fear of being interrupted, and I *will* proceed to tell you what I meant you to hear this morning, but for those invaders. If I did not know thou wert good audience, I'd see thee hanged ere I'd tell thee my story. You must know that an intimacy for many years has existed between the Count and myself. While I was at Durham, where he resides, I pressed him to come and see me here. He told me that he had long wished to visit town, as he was anxious to obtain an audience of the King. I was rather startled at this avowal, but could not in decency ask for what purpose, until I had him where I might be of some use, so I only became more urgent in my invitation, and it was accepted.

“ Well, the darling atom arrived, and soon after

dinner commenced the subject which appeared so near his heart.

“ ‘ Matoos,’ said he.”

Here the inimitable imitator assumed the voice, manner, and look of his theme so perfectly, that he had no occasion for going on his knees, which he did so effectively as the Infant Richard, Molly Maybush, and other characters in his Entertainments. The illusion was complete without this resource. Our tall comedian appeared to dwarf the lower the higher his genius towered.

“ ‘ Cher Matoos,’ ” he went on, “ ‘ please to tell how I sal get admit to Carlton House, upon my vord, eh ?’ ”

“ ‘ What is your object, my dear Count ? tell me that, and I shall be better able to afford you information.’ ”

“ ‘ Objec is to present a copy of de Memoir of Count Joseph Boralowski to Majesté, I write myself ; big book in splendid bind, prepare to offer to de King. How can get to pay my devoir ? Vat is to be done to go to court, to levee, upon my vord ?’ ”

“ This was a pozer ; loving the little creature as I did, and feeling the utter impossibility of such a figure mingling in the crowd of a levee within, and spectators without, I was in a perfect agony at the difficulty which presented itself in pointing this out to

my small friend without offending him, for it is a remarkable trait in his character, arising, I suppose, from the force of habit, that he seems perfectly unconscious of the existence of any singularity attached to him in private life."

Here I thought that Mathews was judging the Count's feelings by his own, rather than asserting what he could prove. I had certainly detected many signs of a mood diametrically opposite to that now attributed to Boralowski, in the words of his which I have already recorded.

"However," resumed Mathews, "as the whole soul of the little body was bent on his project, I promised to write to Lord Conyngham on the subject.

"Ah! you good creature, upon my word; in Durham I tink you only funny Matoos, now I see you are kind Matoos, very kind and good to your Boralowski.'

"Must give you every word, albeit in my own praise. My object was to do away with the ridicule which must have attended a public presentation, and, in addressing his Lordship, I stated my feelings and the facts.

"The following day it brought a reply; it contained his Majesty's desire—command I should say—that *I* should call at Carlton House on Thursday: as no mention was made of the Count, I kept the communication a secret, fearing that, after all,

the object of his ambition might not be attained. I need scarcely say that I was delighted at the prospect of paying my personal and dutiful homage to the *King*, and that I was in an unusual state of excitement. However, I braced up my nerves, stepped into the carriage, and astonished honest Thomas by telling him to drive to Carlton House.

“ Well, I reached the palace, showed Lord Conyngham’s letter, and with as much courtesy as though I had been an Ambassador from some great power, I was led once more to the presence of Royalty. Never can I forget my reception, never will the grace, the dignity of the King be forgotten. The moment my name was announced, his Majesty came forward to meet me, made me one of *his* bows ;— talk of the Apollo Belvidere,—nonsense ! stuff !” “ Very much so !” I felt inclined to remark ; for, duly as I admired the tall full figure of my King, and the grace of his condescending bow, I could not perceive why such proportions, such movements, should be brought into comparison with the charms of a small, slight, youthful form, fixed in an attitude thrown back, as if to view the slaughter it had just achieved. Mathews proceeded—

“ The King at once entered on the business which brought me thither, saying—

“ ‘ I have a great desire to see my old friend Count Boralowski ; I remember him well when I

was young, and being much pleased with him. Will you, Mr. Mathews, bring him here to-morrow evening?' I bowed. 'And,' added the King, 'I seldom go into public, I have heard a vast deal of your new performances, am I asking too much, tell me if I am, in requesting you, if it does not bore you, to let me hear any part of your last entertainment you like best.'

"I bowed again lower than before, and, in a few words, expressed my sense of the honour conferred on me, and my readiness to obey a command so graciously conveyed. I took my leave, was again attended with all due ceremony to the carriage, and hastened home to tell the news. My wife was delighted, the Count was in ecstasies; he would have kissed me if his lips had been within three feet of mine, but he mounted on a chair, threw his arms round my wife's neck, and said—'Ah! Madame Matoos, you have got a good man for your osban, I must embrace you, as *he* will not let me, apon my vord.'

"Long before the hour of starting for town, his Countship made his appearance in his best bib and tucker, with *the* book under his arm, in as gorgeous a covering of morocco and gold as I ever beheld.

"'Eh, bien Matoos! am I fit to pay respect to Majesté? is my dress enough good for court?'

“ ‘ Nothing can be better ; but let me carry your book till we get to the royal presence ; you will be fatigued with its weight.’ Heavy lightness, serious vanity as to its contents no doubt.

“ Well, I handed — I was going to say lifted — my charge into the carriage. As we set out I observed that the Count’s countenance lost its usual serene yet vivacious expression, and imagining that he felt awed at anticipating his interview with royalty, I dilated on the urbanity of the King, of which I had so often enjoyed personal experience ; but my companion soon enlightened me as to the cause of his agitation.

“ ‘ No, Matoos,’ he said ; ‘ I have stood before several very crown heads, it ees not dat, it ees not because de troble of my unhappy contré make a me sheltaire here, dat I can forget I am gentleman. Some time ago, it ees true, I receive de viseets, an peopul give my valet shilling for open de door ; bot now I go to lay at de foot of your King de his-toire of my leetel life, I am in terrible frightfulness. If fine, large Angleish Majesté shall not beleef dat dere ees room enough for great deal of pride, and man of honour even in dis breast, if he offair me money, my Matoos, upon my vord, your friend will faint, expire, dead as wall-stone. Oh ! hope Majesté cannot tink to give no money to Count Boralowski.’

“ I said all I could to reconcile the dignified scrap to an occurrence so very probable, assured him that the King would do every thing with the best possible grace ; but in spite of my eloquence, little Joseph was determined on treating great George to a swoon, if even the tassel of a purse became visible.

“ We reached our destination, and were ushered into a large drawing-room, one of the attendants begging me to name what I required, as his Majesty had given directions that attention should be paid to my wishes. The King seemed anxious that I should make myself quite ‘ At Home,’ and I was delighted at the prospect of again seeing him so. In a very short time I finished my preliminary preparations *à la* English Opera House, arranged my wigs and properties, and found my ‘ soul in arms and eager for the fray.’

“ About nine o’clock, the King and his dinner party entered the room : the moment his Majesty saw Boralowski, he caught him in his arms, kissed his two cheeks, and then placing him on the chair next himself, said—‘ My dear little friend, it is just two-and-thirty years since you were in this room before.’

“ An inclination of the royal head I took for a signal to commence, and, as good fortune would have it, I was in capital cue—voice in good order

—no need of jujubes, and only two or three sips at my glass of water between my saying, ‘May it please your Majesty—and your noble guests.’ The King applauded me most manfully ; the lords and ladies couldn’t do less. I found it worth while playing to such a capital audience, and did my best. My never-failing friend, Mrs. Mac Knight, appeared an especial favourite of the King’s, so was Daniel O’Rourke, your story, you know, and I left off, to use Parliamentary language, with ‘deafening cheers from both sides of the house.’

“ Refreshments were handed to me, the King recommending to my notice some iced punch, made after a peculiar recipe. I took some, and found it delicious ; but what was worth more to me than all the liquors or liquids in the world, was his Majesty’s thanks for the entertainment I had afforded him and his friends, such were his own words, think of that, Master Hill. Turning to Boralowski, the King said, ‘Count, do you remember —, the page, who brought you to me on your first visit here?’

“ ‘Majesté, ver well, nice kind gentleman.’

“ ‘Poor fellow,’ said his Majesty, ‘he is confined to his room ; you will oblige me by seeing him before you go. I will read your book, depend on’t ; and, as a token of my regard, pray accept this!’ So saying, his Majesty drew from his pocket a



remarkably small, beautiful gold watch, with delicate Trinchinopoly chain, and minute seals. ‘Good night, Count; good night, Mr. Mathews;’ and exit through door in flat the finest gentleman in Europe.

“One of the ushers led us to the page’s room. My friend, the Count, was the happiest creature living; he surveyed the bijou with streaming eyes, exclaiming, ‘Majesté noble body; my mind ees ease, he offer no money. Happy Boralowski to live in countree with such prince.’ We found the object of our visit in bed, to which I learnt he had been confined for many weeks: the eyes of the sick man lighted up with a strong expression of delight as he saw the Count enter, and he rose to welcome his visiter.

“‘Saar,’ said the Count, ‘Majesté tell me to come; I am happy to show my duty, but ver sorry to see you in bad bed.’

“‘My dear little gentleman,’ said the invalid, ‘I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble. His Majesty told me that you were to be at the palace to-day, reminded me of old times, and when I said I should like to see you again, promised that I should.’

“‘The King *told* you?’ said I inquiringly.

“‘Yes, sir,’ feebly articulated the sufferer. ‘Heaven bless him, for the kindest and best master that ever breathed; every day since my illness has

my gracious Sovereign sat by my bed-side for an hour, cheering my spirits, and ordering every thing I could fancy to be sent to me.'

"It was now *my* turn to shed tears, and how could I help it, at this rare and beautiful trait of human feeling in a man, the goodness of whose heart so many *beasts* are just now disputing; I won't attempt a word of praise, the deed speaks for itself. Again and again, I say, God bless the King! to which I am sure you will cry Amen!"

I did; so spoke Mathews about Boralowski, and that is the long and short of my story — of which I was reminded when I learnt that the little man had died at a great age. Over his last, but *not* long home, one might inscribe, as an appropriately brief epitaph—

"Wee Willie Grey, with his leathern wallet,  
Peel a willow wand to be his boots and jacket;  
Twice a lily-leaf will make him sark and cravat,  
Feathers of a flea will busk up a' his bonnet;  
Wee Willie Grey."

A friend assures me that the Count was represented to Majesté on one of these occasions; I had not connected Mathews's visit to the King (in Boralowski's company) with any professional display on the actor's part.

In taking leave, at least for some time, of *my great* theme, I owe my own intentions a few explanatory words.

Up to the date at which I am about to pause, I felt (regarding Mr. Mathews) as a young military man, who admired his talents, respected his character, was obliged to him as his occasional guest, still more so as his host; but not bound to blindness, or dumbness, on the subject of his marked peculiarities. Those who live with us, whose habits and interests are our own, who familiarly enjoy with us the sweets of mutual love, who know and are served by our *best* qualities, those *more than friends should* make allowance for all our ways, and do inevitably grow accustomed to attributes that forcibly strike comparative strangers.

What partiality does not veil for the kindred beholder, may be deemed too sacred for public revelation. No doubt many individuals, portrayed by Mathews to the diversion of crowds, had wives and children insensible to the oddities which set audiences in a roar, when faithfully depicted in a theatre.

My intimate and correspondent, however, left a fame which can *afford* candid treatment. The speeches I have retraced of his accord with the spirit of the descriptions and letters given in his biography. He is now as thoroughly a matter of history as Wynne or Wilkinson, Macklin or Moody. No one can *justly* or *truly* accuse me of irreverence or falsehood, in my accounts of him. Every par-

ticular of our *subsequent* intercourse, personal and epistolary, I may some day publish, as the events *really* befel. Most of the all I knew of *him* did such honour to the name of Mathews, as cannot easily be taken away from it by man or woman; and I am not the likeliest person in the world to make any such attempt.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

SUPERIOR OFFICERS—A FRACTURE—OLD AND NEW FRIENDS—  
ANTIPHLOGISTIC—CANUS MAJOR—A DUCK OF A DOG—A COL-  
LECTOR—CONTRIBUTIONS—LOSE MY BEARD—GOOD BY SUP-  
PER—THE WEEPING ROCK—WIND-UP.

Soon after muster, on the 1st of July, I sent in my request to the Master-General for permission to be placed on the permanent half-pay of the regiment, which, as I had no doubt of its being granted, I should consider not as a retaining fee, but a reward for past services, and surely seventeen years, including my cadetship, devoted to military life, were not *overpaid* by the trifling sum of about £80 per annum.

My resignation being accepted, I called to take leave of Sir Alexander Dickson. Although during our interview not the slightest allusion was made, on his part, to the intended change in my pursuit, I felt myself so justified in adopting the course that, had the subject been broached, I should not have hesitated to enter at full upon my

prospects. That my fate was not a matter of indifference to Sir Alexander, I shall show, by extracting a portion of a letter, which I received a few days after my having paid him a farewell visit.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I beg to assure you that I shall bear ever in remembrance the zeal, activity, and good conduct you displayed on the Expedition against New Orleans, and also at the sieges on the frontiers of France, in 1815 ; during the whole of which service you were attached to my personal staff, and I shall ever feel grateful for the assistance you so readily afforded me on all occasions.

“ It is with much regret that I learn you are about to withdraw yourself from the Artillery profession, but I sincerely hope that your future pursuits may prove beneficial ; and with best wishes for your health and happiness,

“ I remain, my dear Hill,

“ Your ever sincere friend,

“ A. DICKSON.”

I hope I may be pardoned for making known this very gratifying testimonial.

Our ever kind friends, Major and Mrs. Campbell, on learning that we were about to leave, invited my sister and self, once more to enjoy their

cordial hospitality, and meet the lady's mother, our dear Mrs. Colonel Scott. I was as surprised as pleased to find, in our after-dinner conversation, that the excellent Major was in possession of my plans; I received from him an affectionate assurance of his wishes for my success, and the constancy of his regard.

We have often met since I left the corps; as often have I been charmed by his general worth—and by the certainty that his friendship for me was unaltered.

My resignation not having yet appeared in the Gazette, I was still expected to attend parades, &c.; and I well remember, at the conclusion of a tedious field-day, which had lasted many hours, under a broiling sun, the delight I felt at the certainty that it was the last time I should be called on to suffer such an infliction.

Hearing that Warde was in town for a few days, on a visit to Mr. and the Honourable Mrs. Green, I availed myself of their kind invitation to meet the friend of my youth at dinner. He continued to give me the most satisfactory accounts of his career; and, on my telling him the resolution I had formed, augured results every way to my satisfaction — hoped we might soon belong to the same theatre—and, in short, was as warm and friendly as I could desire.

I beg that those in whose esteem I pride, will understand me as writing of James Prescott, according to the school-fellow and brother-officer cordiality I long cherished and *proved* for him. Whether or no that friendship is still possessed by Mr. Warde, the how, when, where, why of the case, I shall not obtrude on my readers.

Determined to enjoy as much as possible of the converse of Warde and Green, on theatrical affairs, I did not leave town till late ; taking my seat on the box of the Paris Mail, as St. Clement's bells chimed the hour of twelve.

In getting down, at the bottom of Shooter's Hill, my foot slipped, and brought my shin in contact with the iron tyer of the wheel so violently, as to scrape away a large portion of the skin ; this accident was very mal-apropos, as it confined me to my sofa for some days, preventing my visits to town, where I had numerous matters to execute, connected with my intended departure. I consoled myself, however, by studying a set of characters, from the list furnished me by my to-be manager, and the wound received the kindest attention from Beard, who, knowing how soon I should need ability for action, did all he could to hasten a cure.

It would have been very awkward to have found myself disabled for one profession, just as I had



given up another ; having laid down my arms, I the more required to stand well on my legs, and not be laughed at by some few of my old acquaintance, who, I heard, resolved to cut me, as a player. These were persons to whom I never was *obliged* for aught, save that *very* determination. They opined that I “ must, at least, take a stage name ;” but I would give them no such pretext for forgetting, not knowing, not seeing, or meeting me coolly. A false title would have made me appear ashamed of the step I had taken ; besides, my sister’s residing with me put such a thing out of the question. There was, however, a sincere uncompromising consistency in the prejudices of these officers, which was respectable, by comparison with the equivocation of *one* who had been our cherished guest.

He declared that he should “ ever feel proud in the society of a gentleman who owed *fame and fortune* to his own talents.”

Barlow, Smith, and Beard, laughed at this. The latter saying, in the absence of the hero, though he would as readily have said it to his face—

“ Ah, ha ! Master —, I see your drift, as the jackass said to the snow-storm. He is prepared to judge you, Hill, not by motives, but results. Mark his conditions, and the event, then say if this may be a brother !”

Even so it proved — while Smith and Barlow

remained true to the last. Beard has resided abroad for many years, but gladly should I see him again, though, at that time, how we squabbled ! Because he would not let me drink my wine, for fear of engendering inflammation ; while he, tempting, provoking demon ! smacked his lips over it, and egged on my sister to mock me with pity.

“ Capital beverage, Arrybello ! Poor Benson ! what he loses.”

At supper, too, he “ scrimped me o’ my coggie,” allowing me no more brandy than sufficed to make a toast-and-water coloured tippie — himself preferring what he called the “ Unblushing Hypocrite,” which he apostrophized as “ Pale Spirit”—continuing—

“ Yes, the philosopher of Geneva I, and wondrous works have been written by such upon the creature comforts.”

“ True,” I coincided. “ At a book-stall lately I saw an old folio, labelled ‘ Gin and Prog.’ ”

“ Expound, expound, well-educated infant !”

“ Why, the lettering was too wide for the back of the volume ; so that the remaining syllables, in the ‘ Origin and Progress of’ — something, were folded over the sides, and lapped in invisibility.”

“ ’Twas well,” laughed Beard, “ for ‘ Gin and Prog’ is *good*.—’Twere idle to inquire either the beginning or the end in such case.”

One morning, while dressing the part affected, he said—

“ A damaged leg reminds me—you dog !—of a curious fact. Every body is aware of the extraordinary instinct possessed by the canine race, but I heard an instance the other day, which I think worthy of being repeated. Some time ago, as Major —— was on his way to the Dock-yard, accompanied by his pet poodle, a drunken butcher, driving his cart furiously, ran over poor Mufti, and broke his *leg* ; the Major, though dreadfully annoyed, instead of pursuing the offender, and thrashing him, for which *he* would have had to pay a good round sum—like a sensible and humane man, thought of his animal’s sufferings, and taking him in his arms, carried him into the nearest Doctor’s shop, where the limb was set, and properly bound up. The dog recovered—and was, as usual, following his master, when, far from the scene of his own accident, he saw—they saw—both Master and Mufti, a miserable cur, who some ruffians had been pelting with brick-bats, and had broken one of the poor beast’s forelegs.

“ Mufti ran up to the maimed and howling tyke ; and, whether he whispered in his ear or not, I can’t undertake to say, but the Major assures me that they both trotted off, poor trundle-tail on three legs only, and made their way to a chemist’s

shop, Mufti going in first, and intimating, as intelligibly as possible, that his companion required surgical assistance."

"Did he get it, my dear fellow?" I asked, with a look of incredulity.

"You shall hear; by this time the Major came up with his pitying poodle, and, delighted by such a trait, offered to pay the chemist for any trouble he might take in carrying into effect his pet's wishes, for the recovery of a patient introduced under such extraordinary circumstances."

"Well, Beard," said I, "and now you shall, if you please, hear 'a leetel anecdot' which was related to me as positive truth—but mind, I don't ask you to believe it! A dear friend of mine, residing in Canterbury, possessed a small water-spaniel, of extraordinary sagacity; and this lady having a female intimate at the barracks, often made master Carlo the medium of communication; he had been taught to carry a small basket to and from the somewhat distant correspondents.

"The military lady was an invalid, and her *civil* friend thought that a present of early vegetables might prove acceptable; accordingly, Carlo was despatched, basket in mouth, as usual. Some days after this the ladies met—

"'I cannot thank you sufficiently, my kind Mrs. ———, for your very obliging present, which the dear dog brought me last week.'

“ ‘ Pray say nothing about it ; the peas were from our garden ; I hope they turned out well.’

“ ‘ Peas ! why, my dear Mrs. ———, they were the least part of the gift ; ’tis true the basket was filled with them, and your note at the top, but I allude to the fine couple of fresh young *ducks*, that your pretty Carlo carried.’

“ ‘ Ducks ! my darling ? You must be mistaken.’

“ ‘ Not at all. Ducks and green peas ; as nice a dish, at this season, as could be offered. I assure you my husband and myself enjoyed them vastly.’

“ In vain the mistress of Carlo declared that her present was solely a vegetable one, the other reiterating the arrival of the concomitant. On inquiry, and you may be sure a strict one was made, it was ascertained, that between the residences of the two friends a farm-house stood, and that a large pond belonging to it was open to the road, on which various web-footed gobblers were wont to float. Carlo had taken advantage of this tempting locality, and, ‘ all out of his own head,’ had killed a brace of tender quacks, and laid them, with the peas, at the feet of his mistress’s invalid friend.”

If my reader laughs half as heartily at this story as my doctor did, I shall be quite satisfied.

I wish I possessed now, of that brilliant com-

panion even the Pharmacopœia in the title-page of which he had written, impromptu—

“ ‘ Take Physic, Pomp ! ’ says our great Bard—  
The case of *Pomp* is somewhat *hard* ! ”

Just as I was packing up my little library, a short text came to our knowledge, on which we preached long homilies of fun.

An Irish gentleman, who had never need leave his own green isle,—enthusiastically fond of literature, the drama, and the Fine Arts, had written to a friend in London, saying—

“ I want your assistance in the materials I am collecting to form a thoroughly illustrated copy of those charming specimens of our living poets, the Rejected Addresses ; the plates to be architectural, landscape, and portraits, the best going, of any sizes, so they are but authentic ; as to show that I am regardless of expense, I shall ultimately have the book reprinted, to match and to hold the largest engraving.

“ With great research I’ve procured all I require — except a few, which may be difficult and doubtful, the more interesting on that account—and these I beg you to obtain without delay, taking time to get them good and cheap, but giving yourself no trouble, as somewhere in London the genuine articles must exist—easily found, by going about in search of them. My best way of telling you what

I still lack, will be naming the principal ones I already have.

“ All the real authors, and both the pretended.

“ Most of the Royal people named, and the military, from Congreve down to Boney.

“ Wyatt, Garrow, Cobbett, Wilberforce, Rowland Hill, Old Bedlam, and many others of the same sort.

“ Chiefly political, for instance, the Spanish battles, with the Kembles, Bradbury, and Elephant.

“ Also several rare old specimens of topographical sites, Day and Martin, including views in Arabia.

“ Thus you will see, at a glance, how little I need to complete the undertaking ; but it shall not be finished until I have made it so ; and pictures of every place, person, thing, that can be got, bound in it.

“ Be economical, but don't spare liberality ; and give me the friendly use of your time, without sacrificing your leisure.”

'Twas plain that he took the poems for really Rejected Addresses. This was in itself a scream ; still more so each conjecture which arose as to what a jumble of Whig and Tory, Saint and Sinner, Palace and Purlieu, such a thing would form, if it could be achieved, and what the writer expected to see it.

What elegant places must he have supposed all of those mentioned in the volume, by his making sure that they had been engraved.

“A whole guinea copy of Halfpenny hatch, proof before lettering;—a sweet view of Vinegar Yard;—tender twilight in Chick Lane!” laughed Beard. “Fudge him a few drawings, Benson; he can get them engraved in Ireland; no doubt, he’d pay highly, and swallow a false Martlet Court. Send him Fancy sketches of all the playhouses, and all the white houses mentioned in Coleridge’s Address.”

“Nay, I more agnize the Portraits.”

“Wright, Richardson, and Mr. Spring—eh?”

“Nor those alone, but martyr’d Higginbottom, Bumford, Cole, with Clutterbuck and ‘Muggins’ name revered,’ and valiant Crump! euphonious titles!”

“True! I see them all. Crump’s is a fine head! then there’s Justinian Stubbs, Esquire, with his two valets, first—just image the lettering! ‘Portrait of J. R. W. A. Dwyer, in his uniform as a private in the Blues.’”

“Followed by his successor, and that personage’s son—Emanuel and Patrick Jennings, with profiles of the youth’s playgoing coterie;—especially Mr. George Green, with palpitating hand, who so nobly restored the hero’s beaver!”



"Some," added Isabel, "might be paired, a lady to face a gentleman, as thus—Levi the Jew and Laura Matilda—The Black Prince, Lady Elizabeth Mug—Ghost of Dr. Johnson and—who?"

"Brandy-faced Moll!" cried I.

"Then for animals," pursued Beard; "If the Elephant—why not Rabbit and Pig? Oh, decidedly Pig! he must n't leave out Pig! An anatomical plate or two on large blue flies were good—with drawings from models of the sticks most prevalent in the O. P. riot—nightcaps, male and female, in best odeur at the period of the Burning,—Oh! and of the Guard's pigtails."

Thus idly we ran on at score. If the romantic illustrator had been at hand, to take our advice, and impositions, his collection would not have been perfect under fifty folios.

Seriously, though, if representations of only the real and important persons and places alluded to in that witty, ingenious work could be got together, they would constitute an extensive, interesting, and varied gallery.

Wearied with confinement, I made a bold push, and got to town; held council with Mr. Palmer, the celebrated theatrical tailor, relative to a wardrobe. This interesting, intelligent, sentimental humourist, and honest man, was so exceedingly well-mannered, that even the *Major* part of the army

could scarcely have produced any thing *much* his superior. Believe it who *list* !

I also entered into an arrangement with Mr. Truefit for a supply of wigs, should I require them.

Short time now intervened between me and the night fixed by Mr. Trotter for my appearance. I required every hour to myself, and wrote to the commanding officer of my battalion for leave ; this was flatly refused, and I began to dread some infernal let or hindrance to my well-matured plans. However, on the 16th, I obtained a fortnight's leave from the Adjutant-General, and had every reason to expect, that, before its expiration, I should see my name in the Gazette.

The skin continued painful, the bustle and excitement consequent on packing up did not tend to my cure. Two days were devoted to P. P. C. visits, whilst the indefatigable Turner was busily engaged in cording luggage, &c. The evening previous to my departure, my kind and attentive surgeon, after telling me that my fellow-citizen, Dr. Baynton, was the inventor of what he was about to apply, strapped up the limb ; a precaution now rendered absolutely necessary, as Mr. Trotter had decided that I should make my first appearance in Tangent ; and I well knew that the fetters I should be obliged to wear, in that character,

might so injure the peccant part as to throw me again on my back.

On the 19th of July my sister and self took our seats in the chaise that was to convey us to town, leaving behind, without one feeling of degradation, all chance of future **MILITARY GLORY**.

In London my hours were occupied in completing my varied arrangements. After an unusually busy day, Raymond, Graham, and Beazeley supped with me; and, in spite the regretted absence of Yates, by quaffing bumpers to my success, made my last night in town very jolly, till three in the morning.

Early in the day Turner brought up the heavy baggage from Woolwich, and volunteered staying to see it safely stowed on the coach at Charing Cross.

Here I had to part with my old servant. We had left many valuable proofs of our regard with him and his wife, to which I now added a substantial *douceur*; he pocketed it without examination, bade us good by, and, I thought, departed, till, just as the coach was driving off, we heard a blubbering roar. I looked out, and beheld Turner, gazing after the vehicle, with streaming eyes. Never but once before had I seen him shed tears. That was on the eve of our worst day at New Orleans, while I was making some directions as to

what he should do if I fell. Gaily and kindly as I spoke, he had then given way both to grief and anger; and now again he wept! — not so much because I had been a decent master, but, no doubt, at that moment, even to his rugged nature, rushed remembrances of privations and perils shared with me, in other days and in other scenes, mingled with the more pleasing recollections that to *my* house he had brought his bride, in my service become a father; and now, after he and his had lived with us so many years, he must go back to his old duty as gunner, I forward to my new duties as actor.

I can't blush to say that the good fellow's bit of Emery-like pathos made my stock feel uncomfortably tight. I envied my sister who could cry without pain or shame.

I have since met my man, and "baby," grown a tall woman—we have fought our battles o'er again, with sundry hearty laughs at some of our lighter skirmishes.

We had left, perhaps lost, many polite and pleasant acquaintance, whose names have not been mentioned in the foregoing pages, but whom we shall never forget to wish well.

To avoid personality, in a work like this, was as impossible as to eschew egotism; I have, however, taken no liberties which their themes cannot *afford*

to pardon. In many cases I might, with justice, have been less civil; but, so averse am I to indulging vindictive sentiments, that some *once* agreeable intimates, to whom I could now scarcely refer with temper, I have forborne from mentioning at all.

'Tis said the injured may forgive, the injuror rarely can; I know not this, but am aware that I have had chances for making enemies for more than the last two years, "which were not so before."

One has been the office of acting as mouth-piece to editorial decisions, some of which may have mortified the vanity of certain literary aspirants; yet, if prompt courtesy can soften unwelcome truth, I believe it will be allowed that I have honestly done my best to conciliate all parties.

I allude to my situation connected with the New Monthly Magazine, and its Editor, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had long enjoyed. He suggested my omitting his name, as my wittiest and Torrest fellow-guest at Ivy cottage; but I must now do justice to my literary chief, as one whose hospitable and urbane conduct makes my labours light, and every business interview a source of pleasure.

My book contains some papers which had previously appeared, but even they have been care-

fully revised, and enlarged ; yet form a very inconsiderable portion of the whole, as common arithmetic could *prove*. I hope, therefore, as they were kindly lauded when originally printed, that I shall not be censured for their reproduction, in a narrative to which they really *belong*.

Again, I sincerely thank the reviewers who so favourably noticed my first attempt, and repeat that I have used all the means in my power to make this venture still worthier of an indulgent reception, and, if possible, more clear than the last, in its announcement of *facts*, apparently misunderstood by *one or two* "gentlemen of the press," who mentioned me as "a Lieutenant in a Marching Regiment, turned strolling player," or "a person who happened for some period of his life to belong to the Artillery." That corps is not usually classed with the common run of what are called "marching regiments." To such, a man may indeed "happen to belong," but for the Ordnance branch of the service, a preparatory education is required ; one must "happen" to have been a Gentleman Cadet, ere one enters the Royal Artillery, to which I "happened to belong;" from my teens to my thirties. Nor did I then turn "*strolling player*;" never having been engaged but in the established theatres of respectable, and mostly fashionable towns. Not that my mind is quite so "flimsy" as

to underrate either marching Ensigns or travelling Thespians, so that they be but *honest*, or, at worst, incapable of *slandering* a man, merely because he may happen to differ from them in Politics, or because they have *previously cheated* or *attempted* to cheat him.

As one of "the poor and proud," I can only hint that I have not written, as I used to act, *en amateur*; but as I fought more for pay than for praise — more from duty than from inclination — it is not *easy*, under such circumstances, to be "very entertaining;" but if my judges confess that I have proved it possible to be rather amusing than otherwise, my most ambitious dream will be fulfilled.

THE END.

LONDON:  
P. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.











